

0th YEAR

August 1957, 50 cents

THE *Atlantic*



COURTSHIP in GRANADA

by *Gerald Brennan*

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Approved by the Board of Public Opinion

Chrysler Corporation, for 1957, aimed for styling that the public would hail as a fresh, exhilarating exploration.

Last October, when we put our cars of The New Shape of Motion before you—the board of public opinion, all received the most enthusiastic endorsement in our history. People took to the low, full-finned design—even more so when they learned there was purpose to this beauty. The fins reduce steering correction as much as 20 per cent. All this, plus far more glass area for far safer visibility. And they were equally impressed with the new engineering developments that kept pace with styling . . . Torsion-Aire Ride . . . Pushbutton TorqueFlite transmission . . . Total-Contact brakes. Instantly, the public recognized in all this beauty and brawn, the newest advance of The Forward Look.

And the result? Across the country, the switch is on, as more and more owners of competitive cars are turning to Chrysler Corporation. People know what they want in a car—in style, performance, economy—

and the cars of The Forward Look give it to them. It's as simple as that.

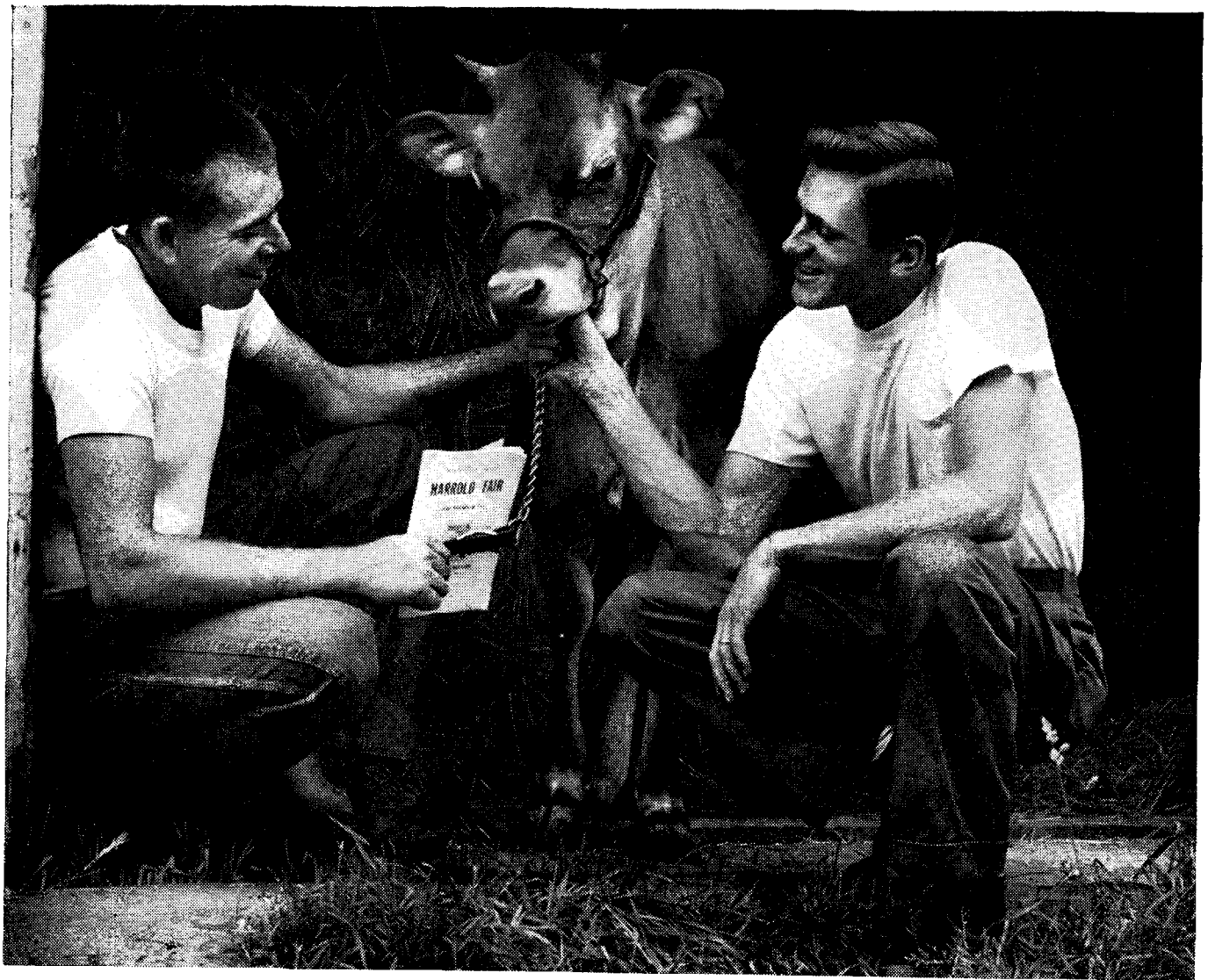
The styling and engineering leadership of the new Chrysler Corporation cars tells only part of the story. Behind these cars is a long range program for consistent operating results, including: new engineering facilities, intensified research, streamlining of manufacturing for efficiency and cost management, as well as an aggressive marketing outlook.

This kind of program is not only important to employees and stockholders, it is essential to the kind of progress in automotive styling and engineering that will continue to win growing enthusiasm from you—the board of public opinion.

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TELEPHONE MAN BOB CROUSHORE, right, stops at farm of John Rathgeb to discuss the entry of this Jersey heifer, Wood-Knoll Stillwater Queen, in livestock show at the Harrold Community Fair, near Greensburg, Pa. Bob is a director of the fair.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

Telephone Ambassador-at-Large

He serves his community on and off the job

Tall, rangy Bob Croushore is a mighty familiar figure in Greensburg, Pa. As a telephone man, he gets to meet and talk with people all around town. And that suits Bob right down to the ground because his big interest in life happens to be people.

Bob says, "I like to think that the folks around here count on me for good dependable telephone service." He takes professional pride in putting in new telephones and in providing additional telephones wherever they are needed.

Bob Croushore's job and his spare-time activities both revolve around

Greensburg's community life. He is a charter member and president of the fire department, a deacon in his church, and a member of the Greensburg Lions Club. And his friends in the farm areas made him a director of the fair.

It seems that the telephone business was partly responsible for bringing Bob and his wife Elizabeth together. Mrs. Croushore, before her marriage, was a telephone operator.

All over the country, people like the Croushores are helping to make your telephone service even better and more convenient.



TESTING HANDY NEW PHONE. Bob Croushore checks an additional telephone which a customer wants for her bedroom.

Working together to bring people together ... **Bell Telephone System**



AUGUST

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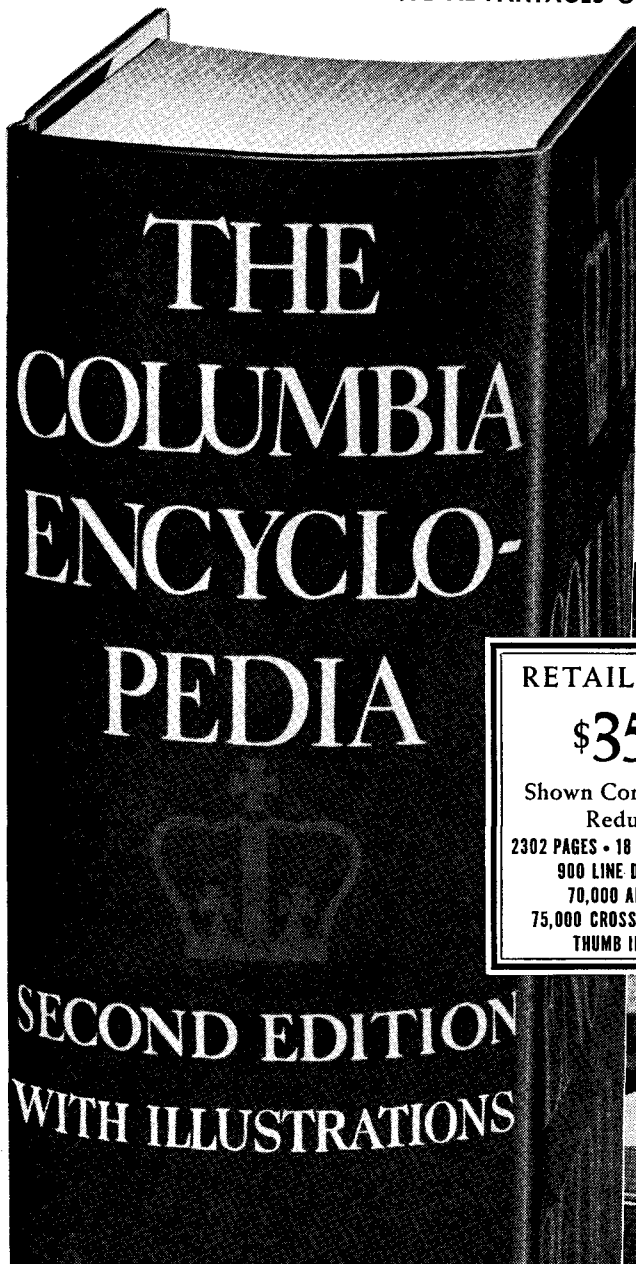
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Cover painting by Stanley Meltzoff

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, August, 1957, Vol. 200, No. 2. Published monthly. Editorial, Circulation, and Advertising Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. Published at The Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Copyright 1957, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Send Form 3579 to 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

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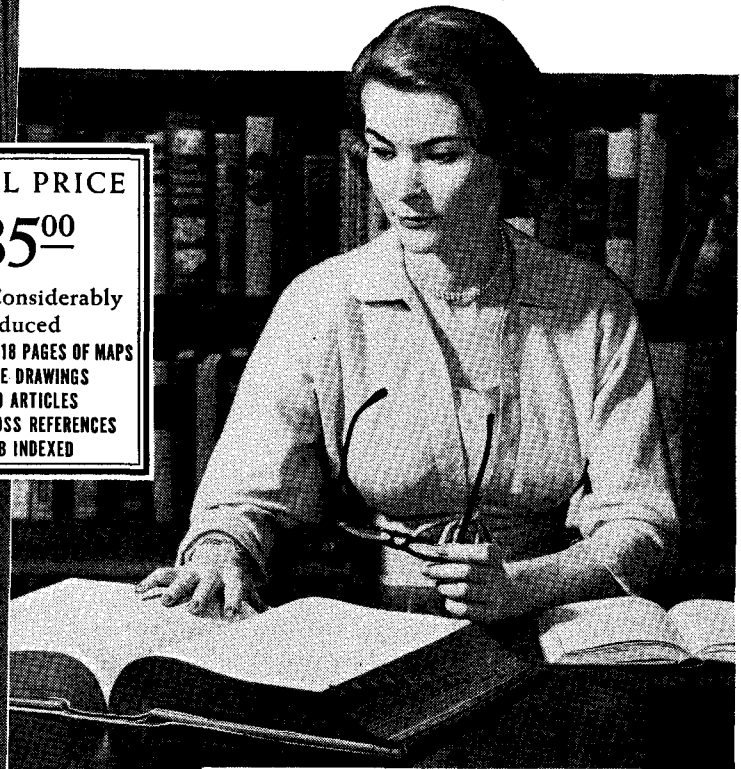
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Jordan



THE collapse of Jordan would mean a war. This is the compelling reason behind all of the current efforts to maintain its independent existence and prop up its economy. It is significant of a new phase in Arab affairs that most of these efforts come from neighboring Iraq and Saudi Arabia, and that U.S. assistance is being consistently played down. Hussein's uncertain leadership in his country would be hopelessly compromised if he should become the instrument of Western policy.

All of this was plain when the mere presence of the Richards mission in the Middle East precipitated the showdown in Jordan last April between the left-wing extremists led by Prime Minister Nabulsi, and the moderate nationalists led by the King. The extremist program called for consolidating Jordan administratively with Syria in the first stage of eventual federation with Egypt. Plans were well under way to remove Hussein and set up a republic which could then unite at once with Syria.

A good many technical steps had already been taken under Nabulsi's regime. Customs and passports between the two states were abolished. Their two armies were put under the overall command of General Amer of Egypt. The curricula of their schools were under revision to bring them into conformity with those of Egypt. Jordan officials who might obstruct any of these changes were marked for purging. And the Nabulsi government proposed immediate establishment of diplomatic relations with Moscow.

In another time and under a less reckless leadership Jordan and Syria might be peacefully merged to restore a measure of the unity which continues to be the goal of Arab nationalism. There are strong

natural ties of kinship and geography between Syria and Palestine. A horizontal structure of communications and sympathy has survived the vertical boundaries drawn by Britain and France in 1920.

Arab colonels vs. Arab kings

But the arbitrary divisions set up then for the convenience of the mandate powers have permitted the consolidation of a set of "independent" rulers with a natural desire to survive and hold their jobs. Of these the two young Hashemites, Feisal of Iraq and Hussein of Jordan, have now enlisted the active and crucial support of their former rival, Saud of Arabia. All three are determined to thwart the modern propensity of Arab colonels for liquidating Arab kings.

In the case of Jordan, royal liquidation might have been painfully easy. Premature obituaries for Hussein began, in fact, to emanate from Paris and Tel Aviv just before the Suez attacks last autumn. Another set of obituaries for his kingdom has been appearing ever since Britain's General Glubb was dismissed as head of the Arab Legion.

It has been pointed out that Jordan in its original form as Transjordan was created by Britain simply as a protected back-road territory between Suez and the Persian Gulf. The published memoirs of British officials have recalled that this area east of the Jordan River was only set up as a state in order to reward Amir Abdullah for his loyal services to Britain during the Turkish revolt.

In the past year many foreign offices have had plans for Jordan. The Egyptian and Syrian design would have fitted the ambitions of the political colonels. But it could not have been accomplished

Government always shrinks a dollar

The only way any government can get money is by taking it from you in the form of taxes. A government doesn't manufacture or mine or farm, for profit. It has no way of earning money.

It can only tax.

Then government has to pay its own employees before it gives the money back to you—shrunk.

This simple truth is overlooked when any group asks the federal government to finance its pet project.

Yet there is a growing trend to ask the government to finance all kinds of things—our electric power, our schools—to subsidize this group or that group. Even, among extremists, to operate manufacturing plants.

But whenever the government finances something for you, *you* pay for it—through taxes—with your own dollar that has inevitably been shrunk.

The standard of a nation's living has never been raised by high taxation. It is raised by increasing productivity—a management contribution to society.

REPUBLIC STEEL

GENERAL OFFICES • CLEVELAND 1, OHIO

How 280,000 people at General Electric benefit from its progress

**More than 200,000 new jobs have been created since 1939;
pay and benefits are up far in excess of the cost of living**

In the last two decades employment at General Electric has been increasing at a rate six times as fast as in the nation as a whole, and the company is now providing jobs for over 280,000 men and women.

These are good jobs, and they are getting better. In 1939, the average General Electric employee earned \$2,026 a year including the value of benefit programs. Today he earns well over 2½ times as much, and that includes a broad package of pension, insurance, vacation, holiday, and other benefits that give him better economic security and personal satisfaction.

Jobs from serving customers

One significant force behind this progress for employees is the desire of everyone at General Electric to attract and serve customers.

This means, for example, a continuing investment in research and development to assure a constant stream of new and improved products. In this area, General Electric is spending more than three times as much, per sales dollar, as the average manufacturing company.

In this process, many new jobs have been created. We estimate that over one-third of the men and women at General Electric work on products the company did not make in 1939. And thousands more jobs were created as existing products were continually improved — improvements that attracted new customers and made electricity still more useful in American homes, farms, and industries.

Jobs through planning ahead

Progress for employees is spurred, too, when General Electric takes the risks necessary to expand and modernize productive facilities.

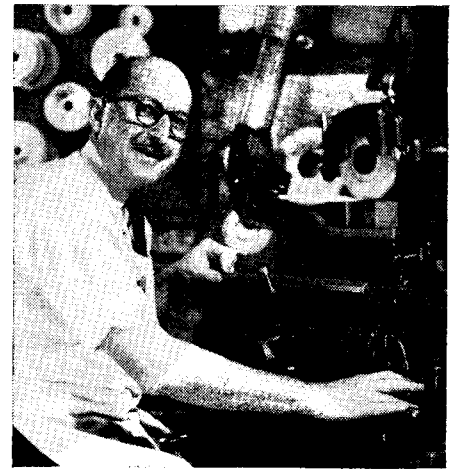
The willingness of 376,000 share owners to continue modernization and expansion programs means that General Electric is investing more than \$500 million in the period 1956 through 1958 — an investment to serve customers better than can, in turn, create even more employment opportunities and greater job security.

On these pages are some of the ways General Electric is trying not only to improve the jobs of all the men and women of the company, but also to offer more of the personal satisfactions that mean a better life for them and their families.

This advertisement is another in a series reporting how General Electric's progress affects many people — customers, for example, or share owners, employees, suppliers, dealers, and nearly every citizen. For information of General Electric's activities in the interests of all these people, write for our latest Annual Report: Department 2-113H, Schenectady, New York.

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GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**



Harry Bowers, toolmaker at Schenectady, uses skills developed by in-plant training.

Opportunities for self-development. People at General Electric are encouraged to develop themselves to their maximum ability. For example, the company con-



William Thomas, Bloomfield, N. J., has a good start toward family financial security.

Aid toward family protection. Under General Electric's insurance plan, employees also can have life insurance and income protection in case of sickness or accident.



Jeanette Wenzel at Evendale, O., is acquiring shares in the company she works for.

Employee share ownership. The General Electric Savings and Stock Bonus Plan offers employees the opportunity to become share owners. 150,000 are participating.



Lowell Lepisto at Ft. Wayne, Ind., gets more professional training in engineering.

ducts over 1,000 courses in factory skills, 500 courses for technical and professional personnel, and spends about \$40 million each year to train or to retrain employees.



Jennie Barlow has a better work area, more light since modernization at Everett, Mass.

Clean, safe place to work. General Electric is constantly engaged in studies and investment to make working conditions in plants cleaner, safer — and more efficient.



David Goldstein, Lynn, Mass.: G-E group insurance paid \$8,000 of his medical bills.

Assistance in meeting medical expenses. By paying part of the cost, General Electric offers employees and their families an inexpensive medical insurance plan.



Bruce Glenn and his wife welcome his \$1,570 suggestion award at Richland, Wash.

Reward for good ideas. Over \$7 million has been paid to General Electric men and women for constructive ideas since our Suggestion Plan was formalized in 1922.

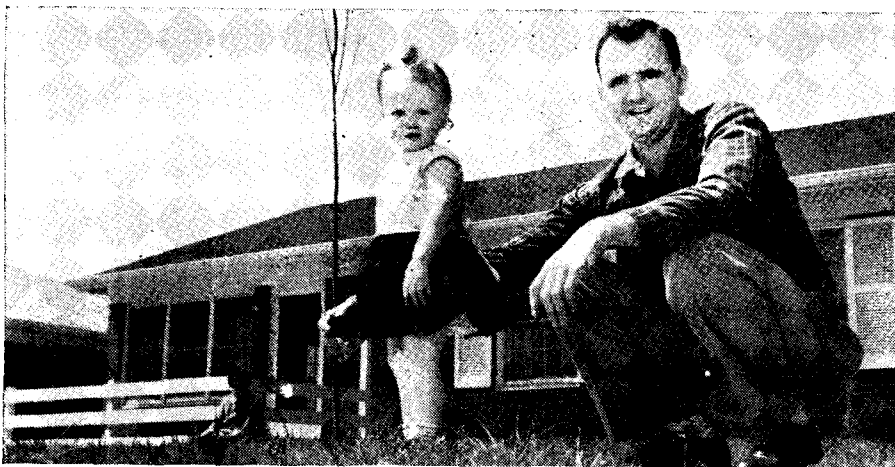


Thomas Marshall, sales engineer at Baltimore, represents G.E. to electric utilities.

Positions of responsibility. For those employees who want and can handle increased responsibilities, General Electric offers opportunities in a wide variety of fields. In an average year, more than 25,000 men and women take advantage of company-conducted courses that are designed to help prepare employees for more responsible jobs.

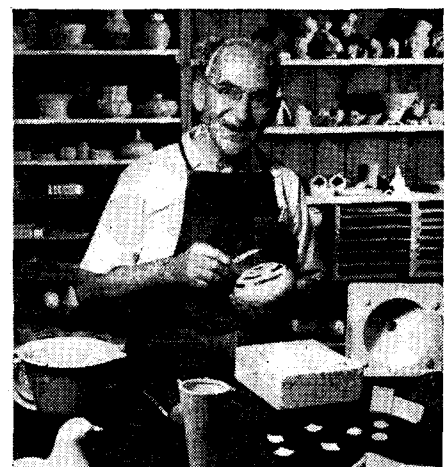


James Creamer is now manager of finance for an \$11 million operation at Syracuse.



Milton Hall, maintenance man at Appliance Park, Louisville, recently bought a home. His wife's new kitchen includes many electrical appliances made where he works.

Higher real pay. Compensation at General Electric is interpreted broadly to include not only monetary returns, but also the value of benefit programs. Since 1939, the rise in average annual earnings (wages and benefits) of the people at General Electric is far in excess of the rise in the cost of living. Average earnings set a new record in 1956.



Stanley Sullivan, Erie, Pa., is retired and has more time for his hobby, ceramics.

Help toward retirement security. General Electric's pension plan, to which both employees and the company contribute, was substantially improved again in 1955.

The Atlantic Report *on Jordan*

without the satisfaction of long-standing Saudi claims in the Maan and Aqaba region. Moreover King Saud felt that the safety of the transit lines which carry Arabian oil to the Mediterranean coast was seriously threatened when the Nabulsi government lined up with the pro-Soviet neutralists.

Regional planning

In the West a rash of suggestions for an overall regional approach to Jordan's problems has appeared. In London and Washington there have been wistful proposals to undo some of the fragmentation of the twenties and treat the region "as a whole." If some of the revenues from the oil countries were available to the Levant states, and the rivers of the Levant were shared all around, excess populations could be conveniently shifted, economies made viable even in Jordan and Israel, and the whole Middle East made safe from Communism. So run the arguments for regional planning. A series of map exercises has been undertaken, of which the most conspicuous has been that for the Jordan River valley, devised without any reference whatever to existing political boundaries.

These boundaries, judged so necessary to Western prestige when they were drawn, are seen now to have been contrived without reference to the need of the inhabitants. But it is also coming to be understood that they cannot be altered again for the convenience of outside powers, and that any outside disturbance of the evolving polarization between moderate and extreme Arab nationalists may well bring disaster to the whole region.

It was a realization of this imminent possibility which stirred Lebanese and Saudi Arab diplomats to take the initiative and to communicate so urgently with Washington early this year. It was Saud who urged young King Hussein to come out openly against the danger of Communist influence in his country at the time Jordan was cutting its last ties with Britain. It was the common threat to their governments which drew Saud and the crown prince of Iraq together for meaningful talks in Washington. The process of realignment continued in the succeeding visits of Saud to Baghdad and Amman, where the old feud between his family and the Hashemites was finally terminated.

As an anxious West watches the Arab drama unfold, it becomes increasingly clear that the fundamentals of Arab nationalism have not been abandoned. Hussein restated them recently, ascribing the crisis in Jordan to past frustrations of legitimate Arab nationalism by Western suspicion and "com-

plete disregard of Arab rights and aspirations." This, he said, produced the bitterness expressed in extremism and lends itself to Communism.

Saud, during his visit to Amman, was careful to issue no statements provocative to Egypt or Syria, even though his regime has been undermined by Egyptian subversion. Instead it is evident he aspires to continue his role of conciliator in the Arab family and hopes to reconcile even Iraq and Egypt. The Saudi emphasis in public has been on economic matters: getting water from and lifting trade restrictions with Iraq; assuring U.S. emergency funds for Jordan and laying the groundwork for further investment of Arab capital in Jordan; co-ordinating oil policies with Iraq and promoting Arab participation in shipping and pipelines.

Economic pressure

Behind the scenes a more subtle form of economic warfare has been under way among the Arab states. For example, Syrian funds frozen in Saudi Arab banks were not unfrozen until Syria reluctantly agreed to pull its troops out of Jordan late in the spring. The troops had come in as reinforcements against possible Israeli attacks. But lately they had shown an inclination to settle down, bringing in their families and assuming policing and intelligence functions alarming to Amman.

Saud has good reason to be concerned about Jordan's economy. Now on a dole for 60 per cent of its support, Jordan is, like all of Palestine, poor in resources. Its chief asset is potash. Strenuous efforts are being made to build a potash plant for which plans have long been ready. A projected oil refinery is expected to attract capital from Arabia and Kuwait. Eventually some river development is essential. With no political agreement with Israel on water-sharing in sight, however, the best possibility is unilateral development of streams that run in undisputed territory.

Jordan profits substantially from pipeline transit fees on the line running from Arabia to Sidon. It is proposed now to divert another line, which ran originally from Iraq to Haifa, to a new terminus in Lebanon. This line, out of use since the Arab boycott of Israel began, can be utilized to add some \$6 million to Jordan's income. It is part of the plan being pushed by Saudi Arabia for more all-Arab transit lines. This is the answer of the Arab moderates to the demands of the extremists that oil be used as the "Arabs' atomic bomb" in the political world to bring the West to terms with Arab nationalism.



Meet a Man on the Floor

Name: Adams, Reilly, Klein—any one of hundreds.

Occupation: Floor-broker on the New York Stock Exchange.

Job: Hectic. Personal execution of maybe 300 different orders a day to buy or sell stocks. A "fight" on your feet for five-and-a-half hours a day to try and save even $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents a share for every investor who's buying or pick up $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents—sometimes 25 cents—a share extra for every investor who's selling.

The whole thing starts at 10 o'clock sharp when a bell clangs in the New York Stock Exchange building at 11 Wall Street in downtown Manhattan. Here, on the first floor, is a huge room where the stocks and bonds of some 1200 leading American corporations are bought and sold every day. Here hundreds of floor-brokers meet on behalf of their particular firms' customers—represent the buy or sell orders of millions of investors from coast to coast.

To help speed the steady stream of transactions, the floor is broken up by 18 information-like booths called trading posts—each one headquarters for an average of 70–75 specific stocks.

Ringed the 18 trading posts, and ranged around the walls of the room, are 44 different booths that house 889 telephones—booths that are "home base" for the floor-brokers.

Some firms find they need only one phone in one booth, a single order clerk to answer it, and one floor-broker to handle their business at the 18 posts. Others need two or three or more floor-

brokers and rent half a dozen or more telephone positions.

Merrill Lynch, to expedite the execution of our customers' orders, divides responsibility for the 1200 stocks between six different floor-brokers, has a corps of 28 order clerks to answer 92 phones, and operates out of six strategically scattered booths so that each of the 18 trading posts is only a short distance away from some one of our brokers.

One of our floor-brokers, for example, has fifteen phones and four clerks in his booth, only handles orders for those stocks in his immediate area—some 192 stocks in all.

These are the stocks that this man lives with. He watches closely the minute-to-minute, hour-to-hour price trends for each one of the 192, knows what's happening to other stocks in the same industries, and how the market as a whole is behaving.

Then here's what happens.

A clerk hands him an order to sell 100 shares of stock XYZ "at the market"—that is, at the best price available on the Exchange when the order reaches the floor. He walks to the post where this stock is traded, notices the last sale posted in XYZ was at \$60 a share, and calls out "How's XYZ?"

"60 bid, offered at a half," answers the specialist in XYZ. This simply means that \$60 a share is the most that anyone wants to pay for this stock at the moment, \$60.50 a share is the least that anybody is willing to sell it for.

So the Merrill Lynch floor-broker

could sell the stock for our customer at \$60 a share. But trained to try and do better . . . counting on years of experience, thousands of executions, and a certain "feel" for the market . . . he wonders. He knows that oil stocks have been inching up in price through the day, thinks he can get a bit more for his XYZ if he waits.

So he asks the specialist to "stop him" at \$60—or guarantee the Merrill Lynch customer at least \$60 a share for his stock.

The specialist—a man who keeps track of all the different prices at which people would like to buy or sell particular stocks—agrees, places the order in his book, and we immediately flash a wire confirmation to our customer, assuring him of at least \$60 a share for his stock.

XYZ does continue to edge up in price, and a short time later the specialist is able to sell the 100 shares of XYZ for \$60.25 a share—or \$25 more for the Merrill Lynch customer who placed the order.

Of course, our broker might have an order to buy. Perhaps some other stock that's been moving up with the market.

The last sale took place at \$25 a share, but the specialist is still quoting the stock at 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ -25. In other words, our floor-broker can still buy the stock for only \$25 a share. He wastes no time doing it—and sends wire confirmation to the customer.

So it goes through a typical day. Maybe three or four hundred orders to buy or sell stock. So many in fact, that any floor-broker is quick to admit that he couldn't possibly handle them all alone, counts heavily on the help of the specialists in his area to act for him—to execute any orders he may entrust to their care.

Like any other floor-broker, too, if suddenly flooded with orders, he farms some of them out to independent brokers—is still held responsible by his firm for their proper execution.

But flood of orders or no, each is executed as fast and efficiently as possible, consistent with getting the best price.

How long does it take? Well, on a market order for an active stock, the average is just about two minutes, even from coast to coast. That's from the time a customer tells us to buy or sell any stock on the New York Stock Exchange, until the time he hears back that his order has been filled. And that's a figure you're invited to check—simply by placing an order with any account executive in any one of 116 Merrill Lynch offices from coast to coast.

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Even with generous emergency financing and a minimum of outside interference, Jordan's crisis cannot be considered over. The left wing demonstrated its popular strength when it won the first free election last October by an overwhelming vote. By that time an undercover unit of Free Officers on the Egyptian model had already forced the ouster of General Glubb and started to assume control of the army. All seven political parties and most of the press were openly anti-Western. Pseudo Communism had become fashionable among the intelligentsia, including many teachers.

An ominous aspect of this trend is its popularity with students. The extremist Baath party, led by Syrian hotheads, is also strong in Jordan high schools. The Jordan branch of the Arab Students Congress has had to be suppressed in the interest of public order. Among the refugee population, of which half are under sixteen, a new and dangerous dead-end-kid psychology ensures the success of any government for agitation and disorder.

Against all these elements the forces which have rallied behind Hussein are

moderate nationalists, some genuine neutralists, tribal chiefs and Bedouin elements in the army, large landowners and merchants who fear the reformist programs any local Nasserite government would initiate, and the Moslem Brotherhood, which emerged to put down student riots in Jerusalem during the height of the crisis.

None of these can be considered anything but anti-Western. The stabilization of the present regime has simply been a matter of backing the least xenophobic leadership available. Former Palestinians dominate the political scene in Jordan now, where, together with the restless refugee population, they outnumber the Jordanians by two to one.

U.S. action in backing King Hussein and enabling him to establish martial control over Jordan has helped to check the operations of the leftists both in Jordan and Syria and may encourage patriotic conservatives in Syria to reassert their considerable influence there. The sudden appearance of the Sixth Fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean had a value in demonstrating U.S. acceptance of the Soviet challenge in the Middle East.

Quiet diplomatic assurances to Amman that Israel would not march during the crisis were more important than the fleet, from the Arab point of view. The prompt offer of \$10 million emergency aid had to be made without strings, outside the Eisenhower Doctrine and without the offices of the Richards mission. This grant was followed by an additional \$20 million—\$10 million for economic aid and \$10 million for military equipment.

Jordan's chances of survival

The best hope of the Hussein regime lies in the efforts of a small group of enlightened ministers whose educational background and experience in government have stamped them as constructive moderates. These men are struggling to get the economic wheels running again. Immediate needs are being put first and red tape cut. Partially built roads are being pushed to completion and payrolls resumed. There is to be a fresh drive for industrialization.

In all of these efforts the most hopeful development has been the response of Iraq and Saudi Arabia with loans and subsidies. Iraq is advancing a loan of \$4 million voted two years ago. Saudi Arabia has advanced \$14 million—its share of the subsidy promised under the so-called Arab Solidarity Agreement in January. Under this, Saud joined with Egypt and Syria to replace the funds previously provided by Britain to finance the Jordan army. Egypt's share now appears to have had political strings and will not be forthcoming. Syria has attempted to square its obligation by submitting a bill to Jordan for occupation expenses for its troops in Jordan last winter.

Heroic economic measures are obviously in order if Jordan is to live. Even more difficult political decisions remain if the U.S. is to play a decisively constructive role in Jordan. These will involve primarily a real facing of the problem of the half million Arab refugees who make up a third of Jordan's population. Ten years of bitter idleness on the UN dole have only postponed the day of reckoning with these desperate people. Until their fate is decently resolved, no Arab government harboring them can feel safe, and no fundamental Arab rapprochement with a Western power will be possible.



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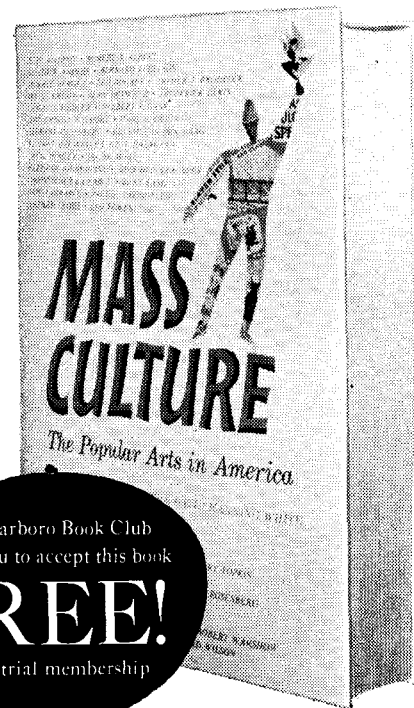
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MA-37

Washington

THE ebb and flow of international events at times appear to take on the regularity of the tides. At least that has been the case with Soviet-American relations, and to some extent with Sino-American relations. As the heat of summer descended on Washington, with the Congress and the executive branch both huddled in their air-conditioned palaces, a new flow became discernible in both instances. With the Soviets it concerned disarmament. With the Chinese Communists it began with the trade issue. When or where either will end is not yet clear.

Consider the disarmament issue, especially the question of ending or suspending nuclear tests. Only a year ago, after Adlai Stevenson had tried to make it a campaign issue, the Eisenhower Administration roundly denounced the very idea as a danger to the security of the United States. This summer, however, the United States and the Soviet Union came closer to agreement on that very test-suspension question than they ever had on any other disarmament issue. How did it happen?

Looking back it is fair to say that the turning point was marked by a world-wide tide of revulsion at the prospects of damage to future generations by radioactive fall-out, especially of strontium 90. Many Europeans coming to Washington say that Albert Schweitzer's open letter played a major part in coalescing public opinion. No amount of denial of his scientific "facts" could refute the emotional appeal.

The subsequent public hearings by the Joint Atomic Energy Committee did not settle the fall-out hazard issue. But they had in a calmer vein much the same effect as the Schweitzer letter, coming as they did on top of the appeal of 2000 American scientists to halt the tests.

These moves, in one sense, played into the Kremlin's hands simply because the Soviets have long been calling for a "ban the bomb" agreement. President Eisenhower's suggestion to the press that somehow there might be a connection between the scientists' appeal and the Soviet line (though he did not state it so bluntly) did not stem the tide.

In the end, the Eisenhower Administration had to do something about nuclear tests. At first it adopted a Stassen suggestion to offer a ten-month suspension — agreed to, it appears, because no tests are currently being scheduled for at least that period. But when the Soviets came up with a proposal for a two- or three-year test suspension, with the proviso that inspectors in the Soviet Union as well as in the West would monitor the agreement, the whole American resistance began to collapse. The Administration thus found itself, a year later, almost exactly in the position which it had condemned Stevenson for taking.

Those who have fought the tide in Washington, opposing any effort to meet the Soviets halfway on disarmament, took to using Harold Stassen as a whipping boy. He had exceeded his instructions, they said. He had been "naïve" in dealing with Soviet delegate Valerian Zorin. But these opponents, centered in the Pentagon and the Atomic Energy Commission, gradually had to give ground.

The pressure of world opinion

The tide of world opinion — and in the free world that means public pressure on governments — simply was too strong to oppose. This does not mean that an arms agreement is just around the corner or even that one can ever be negotiated with the Soviets. But it does mean that those in Washington who want to make an honest try for agreement have had some powerful backing from the normally inarticulate mass of mankind.

That sort of pressure, generally uninformed as to detail, can be very dangerous. The Pentagon has conjured up all sorts of dreadful possibilities: a letdown of the American guard, a demand to bring the boys home from overseas, huge cuts in military appropriations by a Congress lulled to sleep by Soviet promises.

Actually, there is no reason to believe that Americans in 1957 are as naïve as they were in the years between the world wars when they went in for sinking battleships and signing pledges to renounce war. Both the public and the government are more sophisticated today.



The Atlantic Report on Washington



What disagreement there has been in Washington between Stassen and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles arises from different ways of looking at the arms problem. To Stassen, it has appeared to be a problem primarily between the two great powers now capable of doing such harm to each other. To Dulles, that view is not the whole story, for America's allies, principally West Germany, must also be considered.

Yet the allies themselves push and tug at Washington. Germany's Adenauer grudgingly consents to only the smallest sort of first-step disarmament before an agreement of German reunification. Japan's Kishi, another visitor to Washington, presses for an agreement on ending tests, for he is mindful of the fact that his country alone has felt a nuclear blast in war and has since been aroused over radioactive fall-out from testing in both East and West.

There have been many theories as to how serious the Soviets are about reaching an arms accord, and, if they are serious, much speculation as to why. The fact has been, however, that the Soviets have exhibited more patience at the London conference table and passed up more openings to blast away at the West's apparent reneging on its earlier proposals than ever before in the past several years of negotiation.

If there is to be an agreement, it will be based on a mutual determination, separately arrived at, that such an agreement would be mutually advantageous. But so great is the suspicion of each side toward the other that agreement will not come quickly or easily.

Yet when all this is said, the fact remains that there has been a strong tide running — a tide of public opinion that somehow the arms race, epitomized by the fall-out problem, must be halted in the name of sanity.

Trade with Red China?

As to Communist China, there is no comparable emotional appeal. Yet there is a tide here too. As spring turned into summer, more and more officials in Washington, both in Congress and in the Administration, began saying that the American effort to keep Red China in isolation was both foolish and impossible.

Some saw in the latest dialectic pronouncements from Peiping the chance of a Moscow-Peiping rift. Others took a more pragmatic view. The anti-

American rioting on Formosa plus the British refusal to continue strict controls on trade with China made the old system nonsense, they claimed. Senators began to say these things publicly — and no angry pile of mail descended on them.

Two years ago when Chou En-lai announced at the Bandung Conference that China would be willing to sit down and talk with the United States about their problems, a great sigh of relief went up all over Asia. The war clouds began to part. Since then there has been an ebb and flow in the Washington-Peiping relationship. But the issue of whether American newsmen should be allowed to go to China put the Administration on the defensive. Dulles began to see that unless he compromised he might lose the near-100 per cent editorial-page support his overall China policy had received.

Many people have felt that Japan's economic problems would be the issue on which the Red China trade controls would be broken. In fact, they were broken by the British, who seized the opportune moment just after the rioting on Formosa. The Washington response was more in sorrow than in anger. In turn this emboldened those — in Congress and elsewhere — who, like the British, seem to think there is money to be made in the China trade.

Where the tide of Sino-American relations will carry in its current phase is hard to tell. Yet the atmosphere has so altered in the past few months that it is no longer a certainty that Congress would vote to take the United States out of the United Nations if the Communist Chinese were voted in over our protest. There would still be a major row, it is true. But the outcome now is in doubt. Whether the UN General Assembly meeting this fall will provide the test is at the moment unclear. Given another year, and if more Americans were released from Chinese prisons, however, it would seem that Congress as well as the Administration could swallow even Red China's entry into the UN.

Both the Soviet Union and Communist China remain enemies of the United States by any method of measurement. Yet all three nations have come to realize that we do, indeed, have to live on the same planet, as Nikita Khrushchev put it. And so American adjustments have begun to be made — adjustments but not surrenders.

The Republicans and civil rights

In all the discussion over civil rights legislation in the Congress, one point seems to have been gen-

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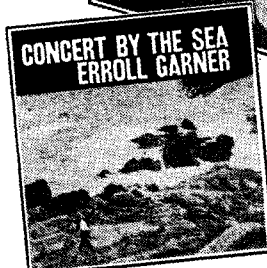
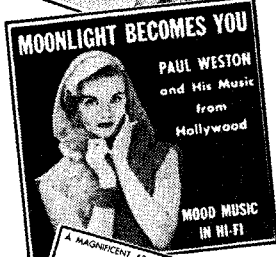
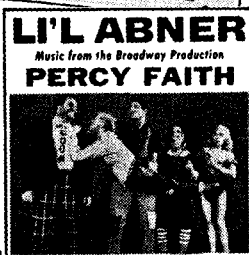
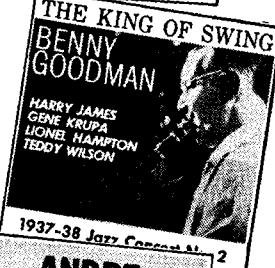
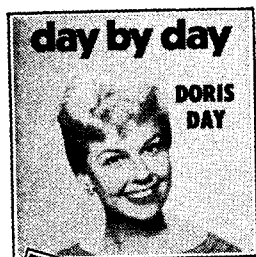
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erally overlooked. The Senate has been called the "graveyard of civil rights laws" for so long that nobody has considered what might happen if the Senate did pass such legislation, however toothless it might seem to its more ardent advocates.

The fact is that any legislation passed by Congress could turn the spotlight from the legislative to the executive — from trying to get a bill enacted into law to trying to make some use of it.

Some observers in Washington venture the guess that passage of any civil rights legislation would put the Republican Administration on much more of a spot than it anticipates. Whatever executive action by the Justice Department might be taken under a new law would be anathema to much of the South. And at the same time it would fall far short of the hopes of Northern civil rights advocates of both parties.

In short, it is hard to see how the Administration could win, politically speaking. Or so this thesis goes. Of course, if the law had enough teeth

and the Justice Department enough skill and determination to use the available legal weapons, some important changes might come about in the South, to the Republicans' long-term political advantage.

But some of the Democrats think it wouldn't work out that way. And that is an added reason why some Northern Democrats have been pressing hard for civil rights legislation — almost any kind of legislation — at this session of Congress. They want to see the spotlight shifted from a Democratic-controlled Congress to a Republican Administration.

The strength of the Court

The rush of Supreme Court decisions on Bill of Rights issues as the 1956-1957 term came to an end has demonstrated how difficult it is to predict what a man's performance will be once he is named to the highest court.

As it has turned out, three Eisenhower appointments have generally joined the three remaining Roosevelt appointees, with the two Truman-named justices regularly in dissent.

Previous party affiliations of the justices appear to mean very little in their decisions.

Chief Justice Earl Warren, in the less than four years he has served, has become a towering figure on issues of individual freedom and the Bill of Rights. His sweeping pronouncements in the Watkins and Sweezy cases, opposing unlimited powers of investigation by the congressional committees, deserve to take their place along with his historic opinion in the public school segregation cases. At sixty-six, Warren has earned a place in the Court's history both for the breadth of his judgments and his ability to bring together his colleagues on the bench.

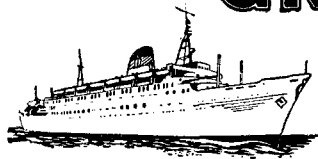
Generally siding with Warren have been Eisenhower appointees John Marshall Harlan and William Brennan. It was Brennan who wrote the opinion saying that the government must turn over to the defense, and not just to the trial judge, pertinent FBI files — a decision with ramifications far from settled.

The Warren-Harlan-Brennan triumvirate generally is joined by the three Roosevelt appointees — Hugo Black, William O. Douglas, and Felix Frankfurter — a trio which not long ago appeared to be destined for perpetual dissent in the area of the Bill of Rights.

The result of this three-plus-three combination has been to make Truman appointees Tom C. Clark and Harold Burton the dissenting minority — Clark even more often than Burton. The ninth justice, Charles E. Whittaker, took his seat too late in the term to take part in the major cases and so he must be judged an unknown until another year has passed.

The resurgence of the Court after the era of McCarthyism, during which the justices had begun to sway if not bend before the prevailing political winds, is one of the most heartening events of the year. It has served to give sharp public notice to both the legislative and executive branches that this is, after all, a tripartite government of checks and balances and that the Court intends to have its all-powerful say in the process, with a liberal interpretation of the Constitution's Bill of Rights as its guidepost.

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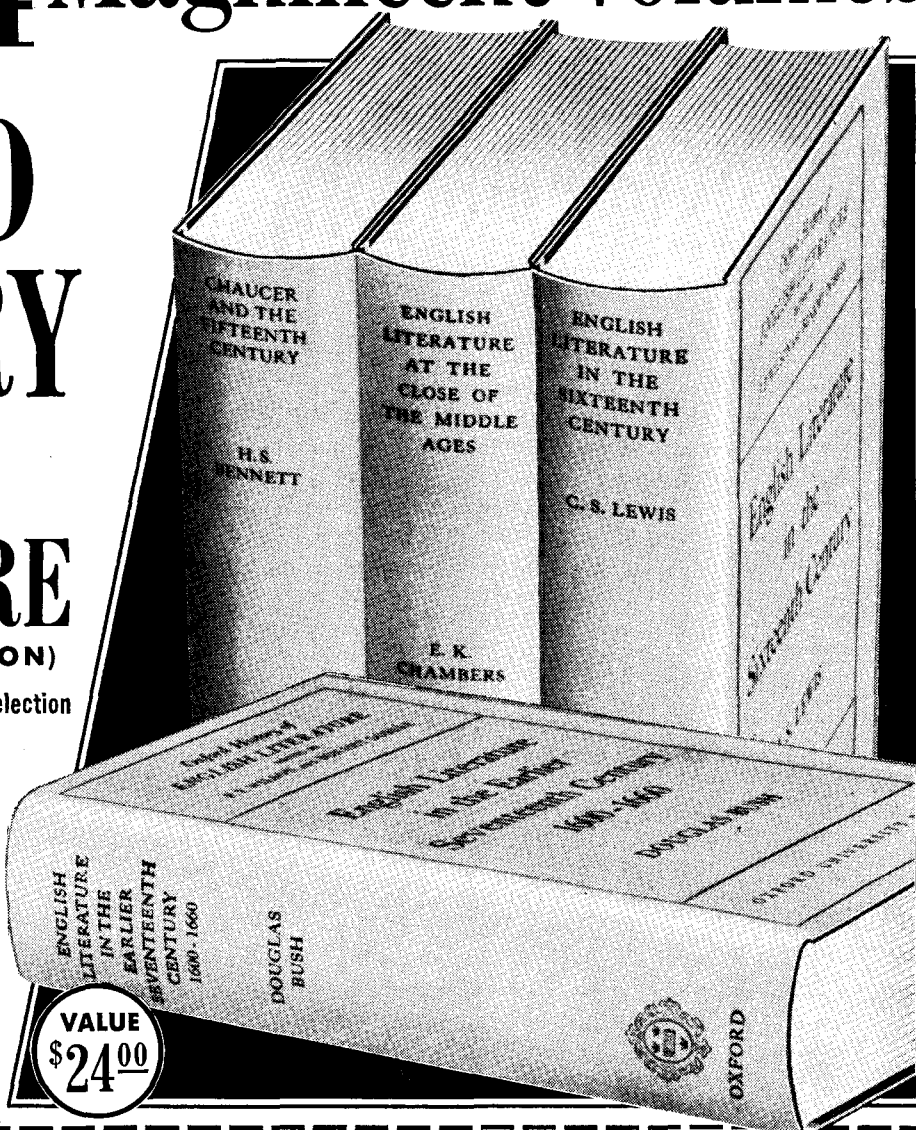
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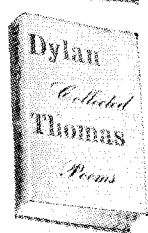
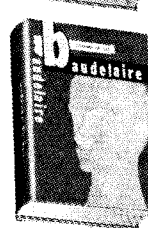
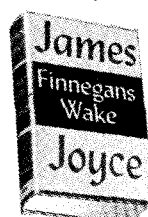
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Moscow

A YEAR and a half after Khrushchev's dramatic speech at the camera session of the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party on what Russians euphemistically call "the struggle against the personality cult," the Soviet leaders and the nation remain preoccupied with two aspects of Stalin's extraordinary career: 1) what is Stalin's role in Soviet history, and 2) what are the limits of the continuing process of de-Stalinization?

Ever since the Chinese Communists, who are playing an increasing role in the ideological leadership of the Communist world, last autumn called a halt to the excessive denigration of Stalin, Russian as well as foreign Communists have been seeking a formula describing the late ruler's proper place in history.

The problem was posed again in May at the closing session of the Soviet Writers' Plenum (the board meeting of the Writers' Union), where poet Mikola Bazhan, who is also vice premier of the Ukraine, boldly declared: "The question of Stalin's personality has not been raised correctly. Some overzealous writers went as far as erasing Stalin's name from our works."

Bazhan continued, "One Moscow writer boasted in his pride that he never once mentioned Stalin's name in his works." Describing the year of tension and turmoil that the Soviet writers experienced, Bazhan pleaded for moderation and restraint, saying, "There is no cause for hysterics or despair. Unfortunately among our intelligentsia there proved to be some unstable individuals who panicked and were driven to the thought that there must be a reassessment of all our values and a complete about-face."

In what the *Literary Gazette*, the organ of the Soviet Writers' Union, described as "an agitated speech which stirred the whole audience," Bazhan expressed confidence that the "Soviet writers will worthily surmount all difficulties and overcome their confusion and disarray."

Stalin's personality came up on still another level of Soviet power in the interview with Khrush-

chev by Turner Catledge, managing editor of the *New York Times*. Answering Catledge's question, Stalin's successor as the Party leader said he considered Stalin a great man, a devoted Marxist who made many errors needing correction.

That seems to be the current line, which divides Stalin's career into two periods: the first, from Lenin's death until 1934; and the second, 1934 to his death in 1953, a period marked by violent purges, a violation of Soviet legality.

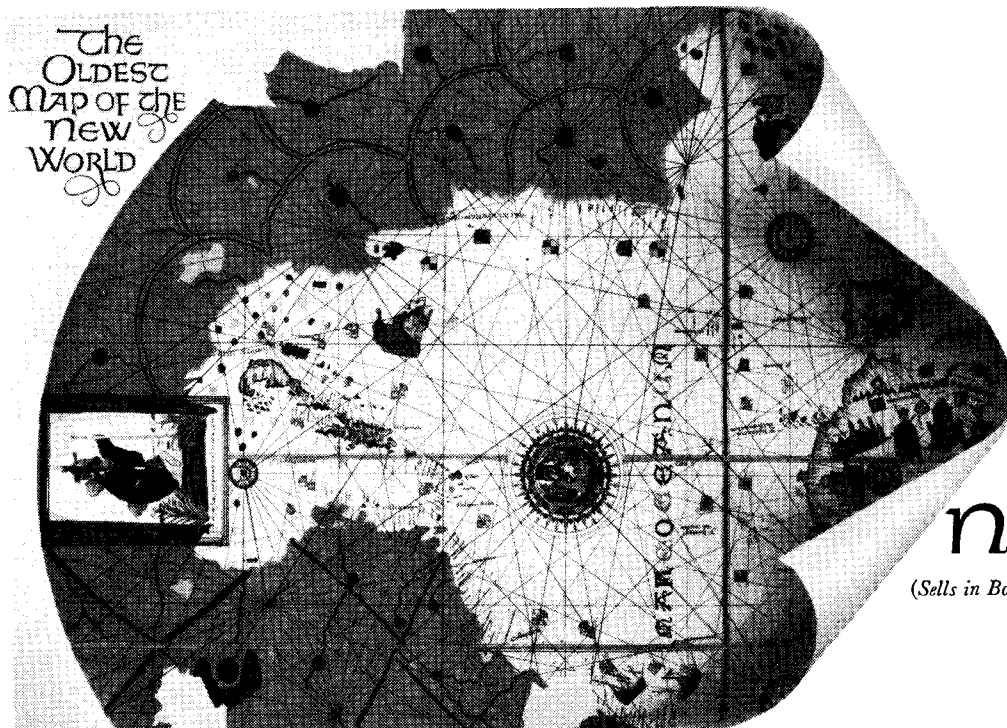
Stalin's role

Stalin is given full credit for the consolidation of the so-called "dictatorship of the proletariat" and the liquidation of oppositionists like Trotsky and Bukharin, though his methods are decried.

In this connection it should be recalled that neither Stalin's policies nor his basic ideology was ever repudiated. However, it is interesting to note that at the last session of the Supreme Soviet Council, which adopted Khrushchev's revolutionary plan for reorganization and the decentralization of the management of the Soviet economy, not one speaker mentioned Stalin's name, although Stalin was the architect and executor of the Soviet industrial revolution which transformed the Soviet Union from a backward agricultural country into the world's second industrial power.

Nor was Stalin's portrait, which once dominated all Soviet iconography, displayed in the May Day parade. His body remains alongside the revered Lenin's in the mausoleum in Red Square. Nor has any definitive work appeared endeavoring to assess Stalin's exact role. For instance, the publication of the fortieth volume of the Soviet Encyclopedia, covering the letter S, which should have contained Stalin's biography, has been postponed indefinitely though six subsequent volumes have already appeared.

While Stalin is being to some extent rehabilitated, there is no apparent abatement to the process of de-Stalinization and liberalization, though the pace has somewhat slackened since last year. The writers' meeting concluded in May, as well as earlier con-



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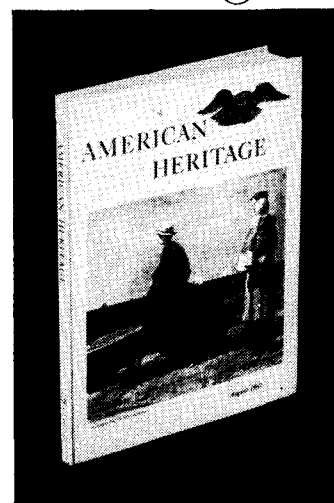
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gresses of writers, composers, and painters, was remarkable in many respects and could not have been held in the Stalin-Zhdanov era.

Of course the artists were not offered an opportunity for uninhibited debate or for the presentation of unorthodox ideas, as might have been done at a Western intellectual congress. The theory of Social Realism and Zhdanov's doctrines of loyalty to the Party and to the Communist ideology were reaffirmed.

Dmitri Shepilov, who left the foreign ministry in February to assume his old job in organizational and ideological work, took advantage of the occasion to castigate Western popular music. "The music you hear in parks, restaurants, and dance halls," he declared, "has little in common with what we are accustomed to regard as music. These hysterical, raving boogie-woogies and rock-and-rolls sound like the wild orgies of cavemen. All elements of grace, melody, and beauty have been thoroughly eradicated."

Scorn for the West

Haranguing the Artists' Congress, Shepilov asserted that the Soviet Union has no use for the "formalistic grimaces and hideous fruit of abstractionists," and said "what the Soviet Union wants is art true to life and free from alien influence."

Using language reminiscent of Zhdanov's later days, Shepilov scored Western neo-realism as "pathological ravings and mockery of human feelings." At the same time he left no doubt in the minds of those writers and artists who since Stalin's death have expressed the belief that Party control of the arts would end or be mitigated that that would not be the case.

Shepilov notwithstanding, the modern French impressionists, especially Picasso, as well as some young Russian modernists who have been exhibited in Moscow and in Leningrad, have been drawing enormous throngs. Ilya Ehrenburg was able publicly to hail Picasso as the greatest painter of our age, although Alexander Gerasimov, who for a whole generation was the darling of Soviet art but is now discredited, still insists that Picasso is phony and cannot paint, except for the Peace Dove, which he

considers a true work of art. Meanwhile the restaurants and dance halls continue to play jazz, though of a somewhat old vintage.

The intellectual congresses held here during the past year were marked by stormy sessions and by debates which would have been inconceivable a few years ago. Breast-beating by intellectuals who had fallen short of the official line was conspicuously absent. Harsh words were spoken, but not a single writer, artist, or composer was denounced as the "enemy of the people," nor were any works proscribed.

Criticism of the regime

The storms continued to rage unabatedly over the head of Vladimir Dudintsev, the most controversial writer since Stalin's death, who has become the symbol of unorthodoxy. His novel *Not by Bread Alone* has been blasted throughout the land as libelous of the Soviet regime. But it has also been publicly defended, while Dudintsev himself refuses to recant, insisting on the reality of his heroes and villains.

What is even more significant is that the novel, which had first been serialized in the literary monthly *Novyy Mir*, has recently been published in book form. And Dudintsev's severest critics, including Konstantin Simonov, who as editor of *Novyy Mir* first published *Not by Bread Alone*, have not challenged the author's good faith or accused him of plotting against the Soviet regime, as might have been done in an earlier era.

Criticism, by and large, has been confined to questioning Dudintsev's realism and accurate depiction of Soviet realities. Simonov incidentally committed another one of his numerous flip-flops, and although he at first defended Dudintsev's work, he later became one of his principal accusers. But Dudintsev insists that his theme was right; and what is even more surprising, Simonov announced that he would shortly publish some of his short stories.

Another new note at the Writers' Plenum was struck by Mikola Bazhan, who, after he had denounced "nationalist, anti-Russian, anti-Semitic" manifestations in the Polish and Hungarian literature, admitted similar phenomena in Russia. "These

were nihilistic trends," the *Izvestia* editorial declared.

Without names, Bazhan referred to writers "who had been crossed out of the history of Soviet literature," and welcomed their rehabilitation. Bazhan singled out some Ukrainian and Russian writers recently guilty of great-power chauvinism and of fomenting racial animosities, but he was repudiated. He mentioned Valentin Ivanov, whose novel *Yellow Metal* he characterized as "yellow literature permeated with the spirit of great-power intolerance toward small nationalities." He added, "This Ivanov dared calumniate Ukrainians, Georgians, Jews, and Armenians. I can name another work of this gutter type — N. Zhdanov's *On the Edge of Mystery*."

Shostakovich speaks out

Another breath of fresh air recently came from Shostakovich's speech at the Composers' Congress. The Soviet Union's greatest composer is again the most honored name in Soviet music. He is again writing symphonies and concertos.

No one could have mistaken Shostakovich's meaning when he said, "Many of our past shortcomings could be eliminated if we composers could engage in a fruitful, broad, creative discussion. Unfortunately we don't have such yet. Debate is often hindered by the survivals of the personality cult. I mean those intolerable methods of discussion by which one side effects discreditation and calumny of the other side. As soon as one side is ideologically discredited, the discussion is practically killed."

In addition Shostakovich castigated the "demagogy" of certain musical officials and demanded the election of leaders who are not just administrators but "musicians who love music." The pay-off was Shostakovich's election to the executive board of the Composers' Union and his receipt of the Order of Lenin, the highest Soviet civilian award.

Legal reform

The Hungarian and Polish setbacks do not seem to have checked the sweeping series of domestic legal reforms initiated soon after Stalin's death and Beria's arrest. A high Soviet official, V. L. Kudryavtsev, Assistant Procurator General, re-

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cently confirmed to Professor Harold Berman of Harvard Law School what has been common knowledge in Russia for the past few years: namely, the gradual liquidation of oppressive, corrective labor camps. According to Kudryavtsev, over 70 per cent of the prisoners have been released since 1953, and two thirds of the camps have been dissolved. Less than 2 per cent of the present prison population are political prisoners. The camps in remote inaccessible localities are being replaced by more humane labor colonies in the areas of the prisoners' original residence.

A lively debate is now going on in the legal world over the drafting of new and more liberal legislation, to be codified and approved by the Supreme Soviet next fall. The new legislation will reflect the discreditation of certain legal theories enunciated by the late Andrei Vishinsky, who, as chief prosecutor and head of the juridical institute, for many years dominated Soviet legal thought.

Vishinsky fathered the doctrine that confession alone proves guilt. Now the Soviet courts demand corroborating proof establishing guilt beyond doubt. Another discredited doctrine is that of "analogy"—namely, that a person can be sentenced for acts which are not criminal under existing laws if those acts may be held analogous to statutory crimes.

One of the most odious provisions of Soviet law, under which innocent relatives of armed deserters who flee abroad may be sentenced administratively to five years' exile, has already been declared a "dead law" and according to Kudryavtsev will be eliminated from the new criminal codes.

These reforms are significant in the context of Russian and Soviet traditions and do not foreshadow the introduction of anything like some of the fundamental Western institutions such as the writ of habeas corpus. But the concepts of strict legality and enforcement of constitutional guarantees are beginning to take shape. The onslaught against arbitrary police action practiced under Beria still goes on. The security organs are being decentralized and deprived of judicial functions. Soviet citizens now appear to be enjoying more freedom from fear than at any time in the past twenty years.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Billy Graham in Scotland

In the September *Atlantic* we shall publish an article about Billy Graham written by Dr. David H. C. Read, who served in a Scottish regiment in the war and is today pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. Dr. Read returns to Scotland for his holidays, and while there last summer he observed the impact of Billy Graham upon his countrymen, with impressions which differ from those reported by Dr. Robertson in the June *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS

SIR:

It remains to be seen which will be the more interesting, R. B. Robertson's "When Billy Graham Saved Scotland" (June *Atlantic*) or the letters to the editor concerning it. Please hurry them along. The doctor's diagnosis is devastating. What is his prescription for relief?

HARRY E. TITUS
Rochester, N.Y.

SIR:

. . . I shall miss the *Atlantic*, but I am asking you to discontinue sending it from now on.

MRS. MARY HYDE ANDREWS
Syracuse, N.Y.

SIR:

"When Billy Graham Saved Scotland" is the sort of thing we would enjoy seeing in the *Atlantic* more frequently. . . .

CHARLES WALTER CLARKE, M.D.
Caldwell, N.J.

SIR:

. . . I am a Protestant, but I think that if I were Roman Catholic or any-

thing else other than a religious skeptic I should resent the article.

CLYDE S. KILBY
Wheaton, Ill.

SIR:

. . . If we are going to stick to our American standards, religions should be subject to criticism, too.

R. B. ANDERSON
Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR:

. . . If my subscription were not a gift, I would cancel it immediately.

MRS. EGBERT MARSH
Southport, Conn.

SIR:

. . . Since I am not an orthodox Christian, it is inevitable that I disagree personally with a good deal of Dr. Graham's teaching, but his work is undoubtedly bringing great comfort and spiritual guidance and strength to a vast number of people who are yearning for help in their religious problems and who are finding it in his teaching and sermons.

MRS. WILLIAM E. MANSFIELD
Atlanta, Ga.

SIR:

Felicitations on your publication of R. B. Robertson's delightful satire of the fleecing of the Scottish sheep. . . .

URB WITTIG
Alexandria, Va.

SIR:

. . . What devil-sent journalistic termites are eating the moral standards of the *Atlantic* that your June cover calls attention to this article?

HELEN E. MISH
Cape May, N.J.

SIR:

We are outraged by your scurrilous article about Billy Graham! I have never been in his audience; I may not voice approval of his way of reaching people. For you who should stand for the betterment of mankind to publish such an article is reprehensible.

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MARJORIE D. BATCHELOR, M.D.
Palmerton, Pa.

SIR:

. . . Amid all the ballyhoo and hoop-la that is filling the air about this male Aimee McPherson, it is a delight to hear a clear, understanding voice — the voice of a man of humor and kindness, who is, I feel very deeply, as much against the washing of other people's dirty linen in public as I am.

D. K. BARY
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR:

A wee bit o' writin' I haen't enjoied since "The Age of Happy Problems," "God and Success," an' the letters tae the editors what followed!

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SIR:

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MRS. SHERWOOD D. PETERS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SIR:

. . . a thought-provoking masterpiece for those on either side of the fence.

PATSY HIXSON
Little Rock, Ark.

SIR:

I regret that I must ask you to cancel my subscription to the *Atlantic Monthly*, instead of renewing it. . . .

A. H. HUBBELL
Lynbrook, N.Y.

SIR:

Two bull's-eyes in a row is pretty good shooting. I refer to Curtis Cate's "God and Success" and R. B. Robertson's "When Billy Graham Saved Scotland." Keep it up and Christianity may yet become religious or Christian, whichever is the more important.

EMERSON W. HARRIS, Minister
First Congregational Church
Detroit Lakes, Minn.

SIR:

. . . Although I admire Mr. Robertson's writing agility, I strongly object to what he says in "When Billy Graham Saved Scotland." . . . I am disillusioned and truly sorry you printed it.

P.S. What I really mean is: You ain't nothin' but a hound dog!

ROZANNE KAUFMAN
Lebanon, Ohio

SIR:

Although I should probably be horribly bored by Billy Graham, it seems a pity that the clever and very amusing Dr. Robertson ridiculed him as he did. . . .

MRS. J. DEWITT BENSON
Dover Plains, N.Y.

SIR:

Thank you for publishing R. B. Robertson's not only amusing but informative and perspicacious review of Billy Graham's effect on Scotland.

J. E. FLANIGAN, Pastor
Avondale Presbyterian Church
Avondale, Pa.

SIR:

. . . Herewith send no more copies of your magazine to our address.

E. T. HOOPER
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR:

. . . I predict that all followers of Billy Graham who read the article will flood you with claims of blasphemy, sacrilege, and/or immorality. I myself would rather congratulate you and Dr. Robertson.

RICHARD T. SONBERG
Tulsa, Okla.

SIR:

. . . I find the whole thing regrettable.

MRS. EDWIN LOWE GOUEDY
Cincinnati, Ohio

SIR:

Our sincere thanks to Dr. Robertson for writing it and to you for printing it. . . .

FRED H. COLVIN
Point Pleasant Beach, N.J.

SIR:

. . . Have not the Robertsons ever sensed that God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, and that Billy Graham may be one of these ways?

ELIZABETH R. ROBY
Madison, Conn.

SIR:

. . . I can't recall having read anything as hilarious. . . . If the good doctor happens to be a psychiatrist it would be my guess that he effects more cures with his humor than all the tranquilizers put together.

FRANK HERWITZ
Lynn, Mass.

SIR:

I must tell you of the solid satisfaction, mingled with delicious amusement, which we derived from the article. . . .

To quote Emily Dickinson:

'Tis the majority
In this, as all, prevails.
Assent, and you are sane;
Demur — you're straightway dangerous
And handled with a chain.

MRS. PAUL CRIBLET
Upper Montclair, N.J.

The Oppenheimer Case

SIR:

My attention has been called to the article entitled "Dissension in the

AEC" by Warren Unna in the May issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. On page 37, a specific reference is made to me in the statement that the Oppenheimer case originated "with FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover and Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., who went to the President and demanded that the physicist be ousted from his position as a consultant to the AEC and that his 'Q' clearance be revoked."

You are advised that the reference to me is wholly inaccurate. It is true that the FBI did refer without recommendation information pertaining to Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer to appropriate officials in Washington. The FBI does not inject itself into the adjudicative processes, nor did I go to the President and make any demand that the physicist be ousted in any way, shape, or form.

J. EDGAR HOOVER, *Director*
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D.C.

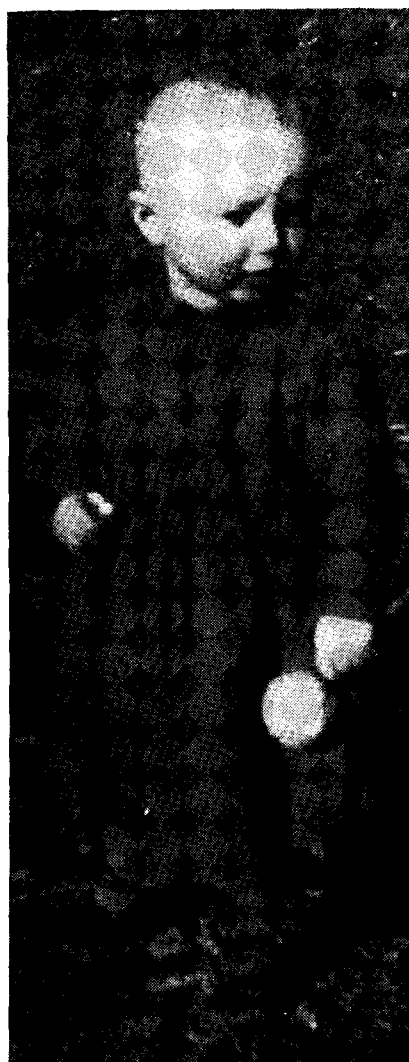
Mr. Hoover's word, obviously, is the definitive one in accounting for his own actions. However, Mr. Hoover does not make clear whether he denies going to the President on the Oppenheimer case or whether he denies merely thumping on the President's desk about it.

When queried about the Oppenheimer case, the office of Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Strauss refers to the account in *Eisenhower, the Inside Story*, Robert J. Donovan's documentation of the first three years of the Eisenhower Administration. In his book, Donovan reports that Mr. Hoover received a letter on November 7, 1953, which branded Oppenheimer as a probable Soviet agent. Donovan then says the FBI proceeded to boil down its 4¼-foot thick Oppenheimer dossier into an inch-thick summary and dispatched it to the White House November 30. Secretary Wilson and Presidential Assistant Cutler were "among those" summoned by the President to take up the matter.

— WARREN W. UNNA

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The American people have grown increasingly apprehensive about the dangers of radioactivity and the fall-out of the H-bomb. The official protest of Japan, the petition organized by Nobel Prize winner Linus Pauling and signed by 2000 American scientists, the hearings recently conducted in Washington, are all indications of our need for a more informative policy in Washington. DR. ERNEST C. POLLARD, a long-standing nuclear physicist who stresses that need in this article, is chairman of the biophysics department at Yale University.

FALL-OUT FEVER

by ERNEST C. POLLARD

THE past few years have witnessed a rising tide of doubt, uncertainty, worry, and even hysteria over the fact that the testing of atomic weapons is subjecting mankind to a radiation hazard. I recall an interview with a newspaper reporter in Norway two years ago where the subject was brought up and where, in order to give an innocuous answer, I made the statement that at least Norway was further away from the tests than the U.S.A. To my surprise, I was quoted in a most unfortunate context, and the whole affair revealed a degree of sensitivity which has characterized the situation everywhere. Such an experience is sobering to a scientist, who is continually in contact with laboratory affairs; it reminds him that many human beings are intensely worried and are uncertain whether there actually is a menace or whether they are to believe those who say that there is no danger at all.

There is plenty of reason for this uncertainty. We have begun the use of cosmic power, and there are deep-seated fears that it will be misused or that it can turn to our harm. For many years we have handled coal and oil and so employed the primordially stored energy of solar radiation. We have gradually become familiar with this source of power, which is about twice as effective as the familiar wood fire.

But now we have come to experiment with a different kind of primordially stored energy. In

rearranging not a few atoms, but a few nuclei of atoms, we no longer produce effects which are just twice or three times that of the familiar wood fire: now we produce energy releases a millionfold greater. This millionfold factor has come in a period of a few short years, and it is not surprising that people worry about the use of this new energy. Their fear is not helped by the inarticulateness of scientists. The ineptness of explanation by scientists is the key to some of the hysteria which is at present affecting us all.

There has been a growing awareness of fall-out. It began with batches of photographic paper which were spoiled, and spread to laboratories where radioactive carbon dating is done to tell us the age of present things which had in the past been living. Today if a sample of leaves is picked up, ash is made of it, and it is put under a Geiger counter, the radioactivity in the leaves can be detected without much trouble. Three or four months ago I was told that if one wiped off the hood of a car in Washington with a Kleenex and put it under a Geiger counter in the laboratory, the counts would go up from twenty a minute to eight times that number.

There is now measurable radioactivity of a new kind in human beings. The rather unfortunately titled "Project Sunshine" made a study of (among other things) the amount of radio strontium in the ash from children who had recently died. It

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showed that in terms of the rather gruesome "sunshine unit," which is one one-thousandth of what is deemed to be the maximum permissible dose of radio strontium, in a good many cases the figure ran around five tenths, and sometimes as much as two units could be found. (These units are in micro-microcuries of strontium per gram of calcium.) Such radiation was not found fifteen years ago. One hears today of requests for canned food which has been kept from the days before atomic explosions, for a comparison between that radioactivity and the radioactivity present today. This tells us that radioactivity is in all of the food we eat today. Milk has a high proportion of radio strontium, and the number of sunshine units to be found in cheese is quite impressive. For example, a Wisconsin Swiss cheese measured as high as ten such units. So now we realize that radioactive fall-out is with us — all-pervading, detectable, and something with which apparently we have to live.

At once the questions arise, how much is there, where is it, what will it do?

2

ONE of the most surprising and to me reprehensible things in this whole matter has been the strange attitude of the Atomic Energy Commission. It is as though the management of the commission did not see the cosmic nature of the new force which has been released. There has been an attitude that it really doesn't hurt very much. I have been astonished, at the briefings I have attended where descriptions of precautions against atomic weapons have been made, to find an almost lighthearted air about them. This is the worst kind of articulation. The truth is real and important and people should be told. To illustrate this we have the case of the Japanese fishermen who encountered fall-out after the first hydrogen bomb. It was a regrettable event, and one of great seriousness. It was first said that the burns encountered were chemical and not the far more serious radiation burns. Gradually it developed that this was not so. The resulting effect in Japan was catastrophic. But there seems to be no realization in the high echelons of the AEC of the profound impact on public thinking of the new use of cosmic energy. Is secrecy justifiable when we are dealing with cosmic energy?

Into this confused situation W. B. Libby, a relatively recently appointed scientific member of the Atomic Energy Commission, has brought some order. Not nearly enough, but some. We still do not know the character of so-called hydrogen bombs and whether they do indeed involve the detonation of U 238 by fast fission, which would entail monstrous radioactivity; nor do we know what is meant by a so-called "clean" bomb. But Commissioner Libby, quite possibly working under

a policy handicap, has given some figures regarding fall-out.

As one might expect, when a bomb explodes, the pieces are radioactive. Most radioactivity decays in minutes or days, but some, notably radio strontium, takes twenty years to decay to half strength. So air currents can carry particles with radio strontium all over the earth, and they do. The radioactivity finds a place in the atmosphere, depending on how high the explosion carries it and the fineness of the dust of which it is a part. There the weather works on it. It drifts, more or less as the meteorologists have learned to expect, and comes down gradually with mild rain or mist. It will take half a century to clear the stratosphere, and the amount of radioactivity brought down and deposited in sea or soil will increase for a period of ten years or so when the rate of deposition and of radioactive decay will be equal. After this the radioactivity will diminish *if* we don't put any more up there.

In judging the real danger of fall-out it is most important to use figures which will apply in ten years. In ten years, with five nations actively testing, the fall-out figures could easily be fifty times what they were in late 1955, when a great many scientific deliberations were begun. If this factor is applied to some of the figures given later, a small hazard becomes one of real seriousness.

In discussions of the effect of radiation on man, we find a new word — "threshold." This is a politically important matter, because if there is a threshold — and by this we mean that there is a certain amount of radiant energy in the form of high energy radiation which can be absorbed by living beings and which causes no effect — then it is possible to say that a certain level of testing activity can be carried on with no change whatever. There is, therefore, no cause for worry as long as that threshold is not exceeded. This concept of a threshold is one which has been used by radiologists in making policy for the Atomic Energy Commission. It is a concept to which attention in this article must be given, and there will be reasons given for thinking that there is no threshold. This being so, a strange game of numbers will begin. One can ask, what is the percentage chance that each weapon or so many weapons or so much fall-out will produce effects such as cases of leukemia? One can then say how many people died from this cause and present these as deaths which are the responsibility of those who carry out tests. This is a new way of thinking and one which is going to be very difficult to react to.

To make a point which I made at the congressional hearings last spring, suppose one has a car parked at the side of the road and a military convoy comes by, causing a long scratch along the outside of the car. If the attitude taken by the military is that they will examine cars which have

been scratched in this way, and that they can tell that the motor runs and that the gasoline system is intact and that the tires work all right and that the visibility is all right and that the steering wheel is operating properly, then they will declare that no damage has occurred to the car at all. Therefore there will be no cause for any complaint and there will be no reason for reparations from the military, and the convoy will be free to wander from side to side of the road relatively unchecked. But it is quite conceivable that such a scratch, if it were a little more than a scratch, could run the owner a hundred or so dollars in damage and yet at no time would the operation of the car be affected. Yet a damaged car has lost value, and we all know that if a convoy did produce such a scratch in a car we would expect a handsome reparation for it.

A word about the congressional hearings is not out of place. For a scientist who spent two days there it was intensely interesting to watch the scientific reaction. And again the problem of the scientists in communication came out in a paramount way. As one after the other of my colleagues rose and stood uncomfortably at the podium and produced his charts or drew his sketches on the blackboard, and used his scientific language in his measured method of description, one could not help feeling this great problem of communication. I could watch a skilled geneticist slowly changing his method of explanation and his speech, to make contact with the minds of the questioners. I well remember the fact that it was a world-renowned geneticist who said that some known number of lives would be lost in future generations through fall-out — possibly a small fraction of those that might be lost from other causes, but he felt that any life lost was a matter of concern. I had a moment of pride in science when I saw the cold and dispassionate but truthful thinking behind this little statement.

3

RADIOACTIVITY, which is the form of radiation with which we are concerned in fall-out, is really the last feeble gasp of primordial cosmic energy. The beginnings of the universe, when energy was concentrated to a degree we can still not imagine and when the elements were created and began their outward flight, left behind a few remnants still not quite brought to their cold ashlike ending. These elements are the radioactive elements, and a few of them have managed to survive the four billion or so years since they were created. We have learned to separate these carefully and by skillful use to speed up the process of degradation from the primordial active state to the state of most of the remainder of the elements. In this process we gain a tiny fraction of the primordial energy of the cosmic creation. It satisfies us, and we are excited about it, and on the way we make

a little radioactivity which is sped up as compared with the radioactivity which held over the energy for the four billion years, but is still a weak and pale form of cosmic energy.

Nevertheless, even this weak and pale form has in it the majesty of the sweep of creation. Each radioactive decay carries with it enormous energy. When it sweeps through matter at close to the velocity of light, energy is released in far greater amounts than we normally encounter in any chemical reaction. This great energy has the potentiality to release the bond between any of the atoms which form the substance of living systems; it is the kind of agent which we are dealing with in fall-out. It is like a super chemical — super reactive, super potent, and mercifully super limited in amount.

Bearing in mind this quality of radiation and its energetic nature, I have to digress for a moment into the nature of living systems, the working of the cell and the system of cells, and how cells are repaired. In speaking to the congressional committee, I made a plea that we needed more research on fundamental biology, to tell us how the cell works and how cells are fitted together into living systems. The truth is we do not know, and therefore we cannot answer questions we need burning to resolve. The physicist, who is in many ways twenty years ahead of the biologist today, has insisted on the importance of fundamental research. Fundamental biology needs the same support.

A cell can quickly be seen to be wonderfully complex and almost unbelievably small. Look at your favorite actress or your favorite rose, or even glance at the varied pattern in the fur of a dog, and you will see there something which originated in one cell and indeed in the nucleus of the cell. A human being has 10^{14} of such cells, all of which originated from one. Because the whole pattern of the hairs of a dog, or of the eyelashes of one's well-liked actress, or of the petals of a rose must come from this one cell, there must exist an intricacy and perfection of pattern somewhere in that cell which can cause the growth and development and the taking of form. Everything we know about life tells us that the cell does this in terms of large molecular systems, and today research is showing that these molecular systems have a cold integrity, a perfection of their own structure, their own pieces, their own parts, which is passed on from cell generation to cell generation. Present detailed genetic studies can be construed to say that in these molecules of nucleic acid not one atom may be out of place in a total number of atoms which must be on the order of thousands of millions.

Into this marvelously ordered structure, radiation brings its devastating high energy releases. When the track of one of the beta particles released in radioactivity goes through such a nucleic acid molecule it breaks it, and while it has a chance of

re-forming as it was before, that chance is low. In the hearings, one of the questions repeatedly asked by several Senators was whether there could not be a mutation of a gene which was favorable in character. This is linked with the molecular form, for the gene has as its basis this same molecular form of nucleic acid. One answer which I heard a geneticist give was that one can just as well expect a mistake on the typewriter to improve the spelling as a mistake in a gene to give an improved result. This analogy is apt and practically complete. The disruptive effect of radiation, regardless of what subsequent restoration may occur, almost certainly carries with it some permanent damage. The damage is a scar in the cell—a scar which may not affect many working parts, but which is as real as the scratch on an automobile and of greater significance, because even an ordinary cell in the body must still, before it has finished its total duty, have given rise to progeny from thirty divisions.

Not everyone agrees with this attitude on radiation, but perhaps not everyone has worked, as my own group has worked, on the effect of radiation on molecules. Certainly we who do fundamental biological work have a deep conviction of the always harmful effect of radiation on the basic code-determining form-producing molecules in the cell.

4

Now the medical man does not see this with the same emotional bias, and here is one of the big differences of opinion which occur between scientists. The truth is that unless the germ cell is damaged early, a system of cells like the human body has many cells, not all essential. A cell damaged in a later division may very well continue its function, not having to make more of itself and so build eyelashes, but merely perhaps to help respiration. It can do so, and its place can be taken by a completely healthy cell produced by division from a cell which has not been damaged. Thus the undamaged tend to outgrow the damaged, and the human being recovers remarkably from damage which can reach as many as 80 per cent of the cells which he has in any one part. Thus this 80 per cent damage can be restored by the 20 per cent growing out healthy and fresh and producing new tissue to take the place of the damaged, radiation-affected parts.

To the medical man this means that there is a threshold. This tells him that while there is undoubtedly immediate damage, there is a built-in recovery system which can repair the damage radiation has produced. Keep the cause below a certain figure and the effect will be zero. If one waits, the restorative process will take over and health will return. The medical man has confidence in this theory. He may be right and there may

be no cause for worry. But what is feared by all who know the profound genetic character of fundamental biology is that the genetic damage to cells will one day show up. Let me make my point as follows. There is no question that a damaged cell is damaged. There is no question that in many cases it can be restored by a cell which has divided from a healthy one. But has that division been perfect? And if it has been perfect, should it have been perfect? This may seem like a strange question, but it may also come as a surprise to the reader to realize that the cells in his toenails, eyes, ears, nose, and brain all have the same genetic counterpart, and yet there is no similarity at all between a nose and a toenail. The difference lies in the fact that after a certain set of divisions each cell has managed to become functional in a certain way, and this means that at some stage the cell did *not* divide exactly; therefore there is a little change at a division. Because there is a little change at the division, how do we know that the restored cell has divided right, so that fifty or sixty years later it will stand ready to fulfill the function that it should in a person whose body has aged, has a different cell complement, and is therefore behaving differently?

All the evidence is to the effect that somewhere some of these cells have not got their right parts. They may be susceptible to a virus, and perhaps that virus may cause cancer. They may themselves become cancer cells. They may in some way not be prepared to resist infection, and the fulfillment of the normal body reaction to stress may not be there. This means that radiation will produce a hazard later in life superposed upon the restoration which occurs after the immediate action of radiation itself. Many of us who work in fundamental biology are convinced that there are a number of human hazards such as leukemia and bone cancer which are, like the effects on the genes in the germ cell, always productive of subsequent hazards.

The whole technical knowledge of radiation and biology is vast and complex. To satisfy the reader who needs statistics I give a table of figures that seem interesting to me. The "roentgen" is a unit which for our purposes can be treated as a relative measure. Its definition is really not more significant than that of a yard. A milliroentgen is one thousandth of a roentgen, and a "sunshine unit" is an amount of radio strontium (otherwise Sr 90) per gram of calcium. The radio strontium, as is all radioactivity, is measured in "curies"—milli-curies, microcuries, or micromicrocuries.

A recent analysis by Dr. Lewis shows a clear relation between leukemia and radiation, and some figures are given for the "probability" of acquiring leukemia in a normal lifetime, on account of various causes. The most sobering of these figures is the use of medical X rays for examination of the fetus before birth, which definitely increases

the chance of getting leukemia. I can confidently predict that the use of all X rays will come under question in the next few years. More regulation, faster photographic film, better shielding, and more "just cause" will be introduced during the next decade.

SOME ASSORTED STATISTICS

Radiation due to cosmic rays:
(milliroentgens per year)

Sea level	35
20,000 feet	375
Normally present radioactivity	60

Estimated probability of leukemia:
(per million of population)

Per sunshine unit	2
From fall-out in 1965 if testing is not regulated	100
From unavoidable radiation	80
In children subjected to X-ray pelvimetry before birth	300
From all causes	800

Average dose received from medical

X rays in 30 years 3 roentgens

Dose to jaw in dental X ray of all teeth 3 r.

Dose to treat various kinds of cancer —
highly localized 1000 r.

Amount required over whole body at one
time, to have even chance of killing 400 r.

Genetic defects:

Live births in U.S.	2 per cent
Amount which will double the number of defective live births	5 to 50 r.

Another aspect of radiation is genetic. We all carry some recessive defective genes, some of which are lethal. Our "insurance" system, as Dr. Crow calls it, provides us with two sets of genes, and if one is defective the other takes over, or nearly takes over. If both are defective it is too bad. Now human population genetics are very hard because no controlled experiments are possible. But we can estimate that, of our 30,000 genes or so, four are lethal. We can also estimate that between 5 and 50 roentgens will double this number, by their destructive effect on the cell molecular architecture. We can further estimate that of the one in twenty births which are defective, one in fifty is due to these defective genes. So between 5 and 50 roentgens will make this number one in twenty-five and the whole number of defective births will become one in thirteen. It's not very good odds, and no

parents-to-be will read this casually. Further, the geneticist is sure there is no threshold, and that all radiation sources increase this number. As the National Academy report says, cogently and firmly: "*Any radiation is genetically undesirable.*"

I give a few more figures. It must be remembered that genetic effects require that radiation hit the germ cells, or gonads, and so dental and chest X rays may not be harmful genetically. Also, in treating cancer, we are using a desperate remedy, comparable with surgery, and we are *using it to destroy*. No doctor is happy when he has to use radiation to treat cancer, even though it may confer great benefit.

5

THE Atomic Energy Commission has taken the attitude that up to a certain level there is no damage from radiation. Now this is certainly not true genetically. It may be that there is small damage, but not none. The National Academy report estimates that a dose of 10 roentgens would give rise to 50,000 new incidents of tangible inherited defects in the first generation and about 500,000 per generation ultimately, assuming that there are always 10 roentgens in each generation. Fall-out is supposed to produce something like one one-hundredth of this, and therefore we find ourselves talking about 5000 new incidents of tangible inherited defects. This means 5000 new cases of unnecessary sensitivity to disease, or possibly malformation, or stillbirth.

What can be claimed with certainty for genetics can probably be claimed with some justification for pathological effects. This is not *no* damage, and so the attitude that there is a threshold, and that there is therefore a region of testing in which no damage can occur, is untenable. Time will discredit such a policy, and future generations may not be too kind to those who formulated it. If we can return to the convoy, we see that the very fact that there is an appreciable damage from testing means that there is some responsibility on the part of those who test. Apparently this attitude is not taken by the AEC, and it will not be adopted by the commission until the existence of radiation hazard has been determined by the courts.

Perhaps the most striking thing about fall-out fever is the question of *statistical death*. What is the morality of statistical death? If someone runs an automobile into a child and causes death, responsibility has to be assigned. What about the fact that a child's death due to leukemia can be caused by radiation and that the radiation can be produced by the testing of weapons or even by the running of an atomic plant? The parents of the child do not know that death came from this cause, and yet statistically we know that some children have died from it. At what line do we draw our

moral code? To what extent is a hazard of this kind small enough to be borne by the population?

All that will be seen by some people is that we may make a case that weapons testing will result in the unnecessary death of twelve people in the United States per year due to leukemia. These are twelve unnecessary deaths in perhaps 10,000 leukemia deaths, but they are twelve. Are we to say that this is a hateful thing akin to murder, or are we to say that such deaths are simply a necessary sacrifice for our defense, which we as a sturdy race will take in our stride, and so will develop into a tougher future generation? Again the moral lines are hard to draw.

We now come to the question of the value of testing weapons. Certainly if we face a war we face nuclear weapons. Even if we say that like poison gas they will never be used, we must still realize that all nations which fought in the last war had large stocks of poison gas; all nations had the best countermeasures they could devise. The defensive situation is not hopeless unless all possible means of countering it have been faced resolutely. Perhaps we can shoot down the intercontinental guided missile, which is spoken of as the "ultimate" weapon, with atomic warheads. If we can, and if doing so will preserve even one of our large cities, then it's clear that it's worth doing so. It is unthinkable to me that we could design and plan this sort of weapon without testing it. So the testing of weapons does do us some good.

The case for weapons testing must be made clearly. Secrecy is almost certainly fatuous, because almost all nations have military intelligences which know as much as would be given away in any explanation to the public. As an example of some of the subtleties of this case, there has been raised a scientific question as to whether the testing of a weapon does not give more away about it than is returned by the actual trial. This is something which needs answering and is a valid point. It was stated clearly, at the congressional hearings, that the biologists had laid out as best they could their case for the hazard from fall-out, and the plea was made that the same clarity, thoroughness, honesty, and integrity be applied to the explanation to the public of the case for weapons testing.

We are using cosmic energy and we have to make our thinking commensurate with it. If we believe that democratic methods can bring us the wisest way of managing ourselves as people, then we must be informed democratically. Those who keep back this information are open to the suspicion that at heart they do not believe in the democratic process.

Every day that information is denied the public this suspicion increases.

Nuclear war is unthinkable. There is a large body of thought which starts from an emotional conviction that the way to stop nuclear war is to stop nuclear testing. I am in full sympathy with such thought. I like it. I am for getting agreement on test limitation. And I doubt that with the aroused interest and the widespread instrumentation now available, any nation can test weapons so as to make fall-out without being detected. What I don't like is the claim that because of *present levels* of fall-out it is imperative that we stop testing. A glance at the table of statistics shows just how imperative it is. What that table says is that we must first learn to use our necessary radiation carefully, and then turn our attention to fall-out.

I stress again the words "present levels." Nuclear energy is really cheap. Our own nuclear monopoly was short-lived. It will not be long before Israel and Denmark wish to test weapons, let alone Australia and Argentina. In the foreseeable future, testing can rise tenfold. In addition, some new, unexpected, and latently deadly action of low-level radiation may one day be discovered. This possibility is enough to make people ready to support any political move to end testing. I think it is this last piece of reasoning — *that the wretched business will spread, and that we don't know what it may do* — which makes partisans out of so many fundamental scientists.

Two tremendous unresolved questions remain. One is the question of the way the living cell works, is built into the body, and functions after damage. Related but far grander in scale, far harder, far more exciting, far more important, is the moral case concerned with statistical death. When we know that by testing weapons, no matter how valuable they may seem to us, our actions will cause the death of a certain number of individuals, what is our morality with regard to this? If we say that it does not matter, are we taking a grim and almost fascistic approach? Is it one that ignores the rights of every human being to live and take his just chances? Or is it simply a realistic facing of biological necessity and living in the light of truth? Until these two questions are answered we can never really proceed with calm and assurance. To answer the first question, we must intensify fundamental biological research, giving it much more national support. The second question can be resolved only after thorough debate, ultimately by the judgment of public opinion itself.



GERALD BRENAN is an Englishman who settled in the south of Spain shortly after the First World War. He took with him a great many books and a little money, and for a considerable period he lived in the primitive mountain village of Yegen, from which vantage point he wrote his first two books, *The Face of Spain* and *The Literature of the Spanish People from Roman Times to the Present Day*. From Mr. Brenan's new book, *South from Granada*, which is to be published by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy in the autumn, we have selected this intimate picture of an ancient mode of Spanish life.

COURTSHIP IN GRANADA

by GERALD BRENAN

1

GRANADA, with its cypresses and its poplar trees, its running water and its airy situation, seems designed like Florence to be a city where the arts of poetry and painting and music take root and flourish. Yet in fact this has never, except for a short spell before the Civil War, been the case. Till 1571 it was a Moorish town, not altogether unlike Tetuan today, and after that it was eclipsed by Seville, to which the trade with the Indies had drawn all the life and wealth in the country outside Madrid. The Golden Age of Spanish culture therefore passed without Granada's being able to claim any painter or sculptor of importance, except Alonso Cano, or any writers other than the aristocrat Diego Hurtado de Mendoza and the preacher Luis de Granada. Later the nineteenth century gave it a political thinker in Angel Ganivet, but one cannot speak of great figures or of a society mature enough to nourish a vigorous art before the 1920s. Then two names stand out, the composer Manuel de Falla and the poet Federico García Lorca.

The twenties were a period of economic prosperity following on a decade or two of civic improvement and renovation. The electric tram was in its first glory, sailing like a swan along the streets with far less creaking and shrieking than it makes today. Of the same age was the electric light, which of all the inventions of the nineteenth century was perhaps the only one to be really welcomed by the Spaniards, because it enabled them to do something they had always longed to do — turn night into day.

Yet though Granada had all the outward aspect of an up-to-date city, it continued to belong spiritually and by force of inertia to the past. Children still played their round games in the squares, water sellers hawked their water from the Fuente del Avellano, the goats climbed the staircases to be

milked, the *pastelerías* had not yet learned to make French pastries, the ice-cream makers continued to fetch their snow on muleback from the summits of the sierra just as they had been doing since Arab times. From morning to night the Plaza Bibarrambla, which is today so dead, was filled with peasants in black corduroy suits and black and purple dresses and head handkerchiefs. This was the sober, all-the-year-round costume of the country people, which contrasted with the melodramatic cloaks faced with scarlet silk which the men of the middle classes wore during the winter months. And who were the young men one saw when darkness fell, pressed like moths against the bars of the ground-floor windows? They were the *novios* discoursing on love and marriage to their *novias* within.

One of the things that had least changed in Granada was the manner of courting. It went back to the eighteenth century and was a more interesting thing than its picturesque aspects suggest, just as the bullfight is more than the costumes of the *toreros* and the ceremonial parade. To understand how it worked, one must start off from the idea that the sexes were rigidly separated. A girl could not be seen out of doors with a young man, even if she was properly chaperoned, without creating a scandal, while she could scarcely expect to meet and talk to one in a private house, unless he was the brother of a school friend, because except on very rare occasions there were no dances, no parties, and no entertaining. She was, however, allowed to exchange passing words or glances with one in the street during the afternoon promenade and, on taking a *novio*, to spend every evening up to midnight talking with him at the *reja* or iron grille of her window.

The words *novio* and *novia* mean, of course, boy friend and girl friend. A girl could change her *novio*

several times, though she might lose some reputation by doing so, because a *noviazgo*, as the relation between the two is called, only became an engagement when the parents formally gave their consent and the date of the wedding was fixed not too far ahead. When this happened, the *novio* was invited into the house, made friends with the girl's brothers, and was treated (except perhaps by the father, who might not soften till the wedding day) as a full member of the family, whereas until this time he had been a potential enemy to be kept beyond the bars of the street window. A girl's male relations, as they came into and out of the house, were expected to pretend not to notice him.

This system of courtship had its advantages. To begin with, no introductions were necessary. A young man could make the acquaintance of any girl he caught sight of in the street simply by staring at her as he passed, following her to her house, and walking up and down in front of it; then, if she was free and liked the look of him, she would make him a sign and appear that evening at the *reja* of her window. If his conversation pleased her, he could become her *novio*, and after that he would be the only man outside her own family whom she could dance with or even, if she took a strict view of her obligations, look at. *Novios* also had their duties. They must arrive every evening just as it was getting dusk at their girls' windows and remain there, with a short interval for dinner, till midnight or later. This was known as *pelando la pava*, "plucking the turkey." It was not for nothing that among the working classes the act of asking a girl to become one's *novia* was known as *pidiendo la conversación* — requesting conversation — since the whole life of two *novios* lay in talking endlessly together.

Under these circumstances the girl who had a window on the ground floor at her disposal was obviously in a fortunate position. If she lived on one of the upper stories, she tried to arrange for the use of that of the family downstairs or of some neighbor or relative in whom her family had confidence. Failing that, her *novio* had to stand in the street and shout up two or even three stories. Till laxer customs came in during the thirties and young people were allowed to go to the cinema together, high blocks of flats could not be built, because no one would have rented them. A girl living on one of their upper floors could never have got married.

Andalusia is often regarded as a land of romantic attitudes, but it is also, like Ireland, a land of absurdities. Thus the classic picture of the girl seated at her barred and embrasured window with the gallant standing cloaked and stiff-hatted outside can be paralleled by a very different spectacle. In the street doors of most old houses in Spanish cities there is or used to be a small hole cut close to the ground for the use of cats. (Convents are especially given to them, and at the Encarnación at Avila, where St. Teresa spent so large a part of

her life, there was one which opened into the door of her three-roomed flatlet or cell.) These *gateras*, as they are called, were in some districts used by *novios* in the place of windows. The man lay or crouched on the pavement or cobbles, and the girl took up a similar position inside, but — this was the point of the arrangement — invisible to passers-by and thus protected from glances which might have hurt her modesty.

I have seen this method of courtship in use in the Albaicín of Granada, but its real home was in certain large pueblos of the provinces of Cadiz and Seville, where old-fashioned habits lingered late. Here on any night of the year one could see in one of those long, empty streets of the country towns, dazzlingly white by moonlight, a row of cloaked and prostrate figures discoursing in whispers to their *novias* within.

2

I CAN speak of the rite of courting at *rejas* from my own experience. Once in the late twenties I was staying at a small pension at Almeria, and feeling, as I often did in that beautiful city, a little bored, I decided to go for a walk. Returning through dusty lanes an hour or two later, at that disturbing hour when the sky above turns crimson and the whole street seems to be melting and dissolving in the dusk, I became aware of a pair of dark eyes looking at me through the bars of a window. I made a circle and walked past again. The eyes were still there, a pale Byzantine nose and mouth appeared beneath them, a smile drifted over them, and after another turn or two I found myself fixed to the spot and even holding on to the *reja*. The girl was called Carmen, and before I knew what had happened I was her *novio*.

My hours of duty were from seven to nine thirty and from ten to twelve. I gulped down my dinner and had to cut out my usual coffee. There she would be, framed against the darkness of the room behind her but with the lights of the street catching her face, and a sweet but rather formal smile stamped on it. And then I would take up once again the task of making conversation through the bars of a window with a girl to whom I had absolutely nothing to say.

As a person Carmen did not make a clear impression on me, because her feelings were always masked by the role she was playing. In much of what she said she seemed to be carrying out a ritual. I never, for example, arrived at her window without her exclaiming, "How late you are!" or left without her asking, "Why are you in such a hurry to leave?" These phrases and many others seemed to be part of the formal language of *novio*-ship: we were playing at being lovers just as people when they paid an official call played at conversation. And finally when, at the stroke of twelve,

half-dropping with fatigue, I tore myself away, she would smile and say in what was, I suppose, meant to be a roguish tone, "Now, mind you don't go off to one of those naughty places." It seemed as though the convention required that I should have been so worked up by these hours of tête-à-tête at the *reja* that I should be unable to resist that sort of vicarious satisfaction.

Carmen's parents kept a grocer's shop specializing in hams, garlic sausages, and dried cod, which hung in gray, rather uninviting rows from the ceiling. In her family there was an uncle who had once been a bullfighter and several brothers who were *aficionados*, and she made a point of representing them as fierce and touchy people, full to the brim of pride and *pundonor*. Had they, she declared, the least idea that an unknown man was talking to their sister at her window, why then — "What?" "Oh, I can't imagine what they would do." It seemed that I was meant to get a picture of seven brothers ready to defend some very strict notion of her honor, although in fact I knew enough of Spanish things to feel sure that her family were well aware of my courtship and were probably at that moment considering — though of course in the most gentlemanly way — how many thousands of reals or duros I might be worth as a son-in-law. But to Carmen, with her old-fashioned ideas (she had learned to play the guitar instead of the piano and could sing in *cante jondo*), the convention of the gallant in the role of a burglar, which gave such a zest to courting, had to be kept up as long as possible.

My *noviazgo* came to an end in an abrupt and painful manner. I had been courting Carmen patiently and with circumspection for a couple of weeks and had got to the point where I was allowed to hold one of her fingers in my hand, when the crude Anglo-Saxon idea came to me that it was time to take another step forward and give her a kiss through the bars of the cage. But when I attempted to do this there was an immediate reaction. Drawing back several feet into the room, she declared, though with a smile to soften the harshness of her refusal, that no man's lips had ever touched hers, nor would they be allowed to do so until her husband bestowed his on her upon their bridal night. Then, seeing that these words had a chilling effect upon me, she made an offer. She would meet me on the following afternoon at a certain place in the public gardens accompanied by her younger sister, and we would walk up and down a little. Only I must understand that this was an extraordinary concession which she would never have agreed to if I had not been a foreigner, accustomed to greater freedom than Spaniards in these matters.

The hour came and I approached the rendezvous. And there, at the end of the alley, I saw two girls dressed in black shiny silk, standing with their hands folded in front of them under a white-flow-

ered trumpet tree. One of them was young, a mere child, while the other, who might have been twenty-four, was short and squat, almost a dwarf. She had the face of Carmen — it was a handsome and distinguished face and by no means a stupid one — but oh, that body! In an access of panic I turned and fled, unable to face the ordeal of meeting her and pretending that nothing had happened, when in fact her shortness had made my tallness seem a deformity.

After this the situation was naturally beyond explanation. That night I had several drinks before I could summon up the courage to confront her at her window. As I came up to it I could see her strongly boned white face and dark, heavily arched eyes looking out through the bars. She had not changed out of her unbecoming black dress, but her lips were more thickly made up than ever and she had put a red lily in place of a carnation in her hair. There was a stronger smell than usual of jasmine water, and she seemed, I could not exactly see how, to have grown tall and slim again. Hurriedly I gave her the box of chocolates I had bought and, without mentioning my failure in the afternoon, told her that I had had a telegram saying that my mother was ill and that I was leaving next morning for England. She offered her condolences — pretending was what she was good at — and I promised to write. Gently and as if believing me, she smiled. But that facial cast, severe and melancholy as of a lady-in-waiting at the court of the Paleologues, did not exist for nothing, and I knew that she was proud and incredulous underneath. Then I said good-by. As I bent to kiss her hand a door opened behind letting in some light, and I saw that she was standing on a low wooden platform. No, I had not been mistaken.

3

THIS story of my brief *noviazgo* is naturally little more than a caricature of a Spaniard's relations with his girl. But one thing about it may be observed. Since in those days there was no future for Spanish women who did not get married, and since by the time they had reached the age of twenty-five it was generally too late, they often became quite desperate to find a husband. What was the best way? Beauty, charm, position, money, all counted, but with some men a reputation for reserve and modesty counted more. A girl who was suspected of having been a little free with her *novio* — for example, of having given him a kiss — might find it difficult to acquire another one if she lost him. Then among the small shopkeepers and peasant farmers there were men who demanded a standard of intangibility in their future wives that was almost Oriental. In their view a girl who was known to have danced with a man or to have had a *novio* on even the most distant terms had put herself out

of the running. These ideas were especially current at Granada, and to cater to them a class of severe and recluse-like girls arose who boasted that they never looked out of the window or lingered on the balcony, and even that they did not take part in the afternoon *paseos* or promenades. The only day in the year on which one could be sure of seeing them was the feast of Corpus Christi, when they all came out and walked about in their new dresses. And they were not necessarily plain. One of them, who was pointed out to me on that day and who had the reputation of being unapproachable by men, was one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. She was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, never went out except to early mass, and had five brothers to guard her.

Cases of this sort, however, were exceptional. Most girls were intensely and actively concerned in the capture of a husband. This was where the balcony came in. Till a *novio* turned up and had been brought to the bars of the *reja*, a balcony on the first floor of a rather old-fashioned house offered a girl her best chance of finding one. Here, raised just sufficiently above the street, framed by pot plants and green window blinds, holding a piece of sewing in her hand, she looked more easy and natural than she thought it safe to look down below. The young man who stared up at her as he passed felt that he had caught a glimpse of her as she was in the intimacy of her family, as she could someday, if only he chose to speak the word, be in his. For the girl, on the other hand, the balcony was a breathing hole, a looking-out point on the world, from which she could see and be seen by everyone who passed without the risk of being compromised.

4

SUCH a pattern of sex relations was a development of the classic pattern of the Mediterranean peoples. It was based on the very ancient assumption that the two sexes are possessed of entirely different magical powers and aptitudes and that their roles in society must be kept distinct from one another. To make sure that this happened, there were certain severe taboos which prevented men from doing women's work and women from doing men's, even at the cost of great inconvenience. Anyone who broke one of these taboos would suffer a loss of self-esteem, because from childhood men were taught to put their pride in being as manly as possible, and women to put theirs in being womanly, and to feel that any dabbling in the affairs of the opposite sex would lead to a sort of contamination.

The next step came when these two halves of society had to be brought into relation with one another. There was no sexual *apartheid* as in Arab countries, because the young men and women, though separated by physical barriers, were given ample opportunities for seeing and speaking to one

another in privacy. Indeed, the bars of the *reja* were so far from being a real obstacle that it might be said that they actually increased the strength of the forces that played across them in much the same way as a barrage increases the strength of the current in a river. Love was generated, as it always is by difficulties, while the fact that the two *novios* could never be together on the same side of the fence allowed them a naturalness in conversation that was unknown to our Victorian ancestors.

We may thus say that what distinguished the pattern of sexual relations in southern Spain from that of northern Europe was that it raised a strict physical barrier between the young men and the girls, but at the same time made it easy for them to see one another both in public and in private. The streets took the place of the ballrooms of other countries, the girls appearing in them combed and scented with their hair freshly set, their high heels giving them a slow, deliberate gait, and their heads and torsos held back as though they did not know what their legs were doing. Much of their parents' savings had gone to produce this result, because the man must be dazzled, allured, fascinated, if he was to be got to the point of declaring himself and so renouncing the advantages that lay in continuing a bachelor.

But if we consider the already married, we shall find that the situation was entirely different. Here men and women did not, could not, must not meet. The jealousy of husbands lay like a cloud in the air. The respectability of wives saw in even the most unlikely males a risk to their chastity. With one accord the neighbors put the worst interpretation on the most innocent things. For Eros was powerful, Eros was strong, and had besides an absolutely limitless appetite, and no sense whatever of discrimination. All men and women were capable of rushing into one another's arms at a moment's notice, so that whenever any two were present alone together great risks and dangers would be run.

Yet that did not at all mean, as such writers as D. H. Lawrence have supposed, that the sexual life of these peoples — using the word here in its narrower sense — was stronger or more free from guilt than that of the Anglo-Saxons. If anything, the contrary was the case. Young Spaniards approach love in a romantic and puritanical spirit which allows very little scope to sensuality. Even after marriage the women often remain cold, having been brought up through the influence of Catholicism to regard the sexual act as something unseemly which they must submit to patiently for the sake of keeping their husbands attached to them and of having children. And then these arrive. Almost at once the wife begins to dress in dark clothes like an older person, leaves the house less and less, and turns, to her husband's deep satisfaction, into a mother-figure. This is what he has always wanted, this is what he has married for. The happy home of his

childhood has been created again, and he is at the same time his own father and the eldest of his children, bound by a law that does not admit of divorce to a mother-wife. The curse has been lifted off sex, and under the grand matriarchal system of the country his children grow up to carry on the same tradition. He himself, without much feeling of disloyalty to his wife, can look about for real sexual adventure and satisfaction outside his home.

If, however, one wishes to consider the attitude of Spanish women to physical love from some other angle, one can look outside marriage. As one would expect, there are always a good many surreptitious affairs going on in the cities. These take place between men of a certain class and women who as a rule, though by no means invariably, come from a lower one. Excluding Madrid, where there is all the variety of a metropolis, one may say that in nearly every one of these cases the women, however respectable they are in other ways, give themselves for money. As a Spanish friend of mine put it, a Don Juan always has a few hundred peseta notes in his pocket. A woman who gives herself to a man who is not her husband is sacrificing an asset that, whatever may be thought of it today in England, is still highly regarded in Spain — her honor. Even though she may privately attach no importance to it herself or treat it as a matter that concerns only her reputation, she will expect to get something in return for giving it, and not only her purse but her sense of her own value will suffer if she does not.

The suggestion a modern Englishwoman might make that she was being paid in fun and pleasure would seem to her utterly inadmissible, because it contradicts the Spanish belief that on these occasions it is always the woman who gives more than the man. Even the Civil Code sanctions this view by making the adultery of the wife a justification for divorce, but not the adultery of the husband unless it is public and scandalous. But what if the woman is in love? Then, of course, she will refuse all material recompense, and the only thing that needs to be said about such cases is that in the provincial towns and cities they are rare. Here the opportunities for getting to know married persons of the opposite sex are so few that real love affairs are scarcely possible.

5

ONE must bear in mind in any study of sexual relations in the south of Spain the influence of the Church. It is itself a sort of mother-figure. It envelops all except the working classes, who have broken loose, yet often it seems to be the private society of the middle-class women, providing them with a magic which enables them to hold their own in their passive struggle with their men. For everyone who knows Spain will be aware of the frequency of the marriage in which the wife is deeply pious

and the husband is irreligious. This is indeed a fairly normal situation. The man's sense of *honra* or self-esteem conflicts sharply with the teachings of the Church, especially in the sexual field, while he is irritated by its many small, fussy rules and regulations which treat him, he feels, as if he were a child. Except in Ireland, where drink and violence take the place of sex and sexual pride, Catholicism produces anticlericalism by an almost chemical reaction. Yet in ordinary times one need not attach too much importance to this division in families because at bottom the husband nearly always approves of his wife's devoutness, is aware that he is only playing truant and that, after a life spent in attacking or shrugging his shoulders at the Church, he will return to it in time to receive its last sacraments.

This playing truant is such a characteristic of the Spanish male that one may, without too much exaggeration, explain many of his activities by it. It accounts for the persistent Don Juanism of all those middle-aged or elderly men who can afford to pay cash for their conquests. It accounts for his absurd, usually revolutionary politics which end either in fiascos or disasters. It accounts for his lack of a sense of social responsibility. He is a spoiled child — all boys are spoiled in Spain — who sees life as an adventure story in which he, of course, plays the leading role. On the other hand the strong framework of Spanish cultural life, which holds this otherwise anarchic society together, is the work of the women. After the revolution is over, their unchanging conservatism will bring the country back to its centuries-old mode of living and make the men's speeches and manifestations seem little more than a froth on the surface.

It is just here that the influence of the Church came in. As its hold on the men weakened, it began to pay more attention to the women. The bishops thundered against immorality, by which they meant short sleeves and low dresses, modern bathing suits, and sometimes even ballroom dancing. Through their Church sewing parties and social gatherings the women took this up, and their naturally strong reserve and modesty were strengthened. "Do you know why," a Spaniard once said to me, "so many Castilians in the Middle Ages married Jewesses? It was because they were sensual. Our women never give themselves, either to their husbands or to anyone else." Yet there can be no doubt that, in spite of or even because of this deep reserve and pride in the wives, a great many marriages in Spain are happy. This, a Spaniard will say, is because they are not built on *amor* — that is, passion — but on *cariño*, which is a strong and tender affection; that is to say, on the *amicitia* recommended by St. Thomas Aquinas. If later the husband, in search of a little excitement, takes to adventures, his wife, should she suspect it, will usually console herself with the thought that that

is how men are made and that, though it is very disagreeable, one must put up with it. Unless her marriage has been a failure from the first, she will have no temptation to imitate him.

The Spaniards, then, have not been affected by the formal *galanterie* of the French, nor by the casual looseness of the English. In the eighteenth century the Italian system of the authorized lover or *cicisbeo* was taken up for a short time in court circles, but did not survive the Peninsular War. All their feeling and thinking about love has been focused on the courtship of two young people who, if all goes well, will bring their romance to a happy conclusion by getting married. Long ago this courtship became fixed in ritual forms such as the lover's watch below his *novia's* balcony, the midnight serenade, and, most important of all, the nightly conversation at the *reja*. With the help of a fine climate these things gave a sharpness and an edge to life because they provided love-making, which is essentially a private thing, with an element of drama and display. Then in the thirties, or a little before, the atmosphere began to change. New ideas about the independence of women seeped in from abroad, and with the proclamation of the Republic the political tension began to rise. The Civil War came, and by the time it was over, nothing was left of the rite of courtship through windows. And it has not been revived. The *novio* of today takes his *novia* openly and unchaperoned to the cinema or to a chic bar or café. Yet underneath, it would seem that very little has changed. The iron chastity of Spanish girls has been strengthened by the religious revival, so that while the two young people sit in the darkened cinema or walk home by secluded alleys, the ghost of the window bars falls between them. And it may be noted that it is precisely the girls of the upper-middle classes, those who are most likely to be under the influence of the Church, who are allowed most liberty. In working-class families they will have less, because there the parents will expect their daughters' suitors to seize any opportunity that presents itself to seduce them. If they do not, these young men will run the risk of appearing soft, for in this formal Spanish world where everything is organized so as to produce and maintain tension, the man has the obligation to press forward and the girl that of resisting him. If she fails to do this, she is ruined, for then her *novio* will despise her for not preserving her chastity, and refuse to marry her.

I had finished writing these pages on Andalusian customs in courting and taking mistresses when a Spanish friend with whom I was discussing them put forward an ingenious idea on a subject that, I admit, had not occurred to me before — the connection between love and politics. With the help of a glass or two of wine this idea grew between us till it had acquired a certain consistency and verisimilitude. I will give it, more or less in his words, for what it is worth.

Politics, according to my friend, is the primary and fundamental passion of all Spaniards, the frame into which they pour their unconscious aggressive energies. Love is quite unable to compete with it, and in fact has never done so in any age of Spanish history. Thus one may say that the real Don Juan was a man who went about breaking voting urns and that that famous Renaissance novel, *La Celestina*, is an allegory showing how a notorious boss or *cacique* encouraged the beginnings of a starry-eyed left-wing party but was destroyed together with it when the gunmen were refused the wages they had asked for. It is for this reason that the ages for love in Spain have always been the ages of political stagnation or repression. Every dictatorship is born under the sign of Venus, and those winged patent-leather hats of the Civil Guard that shine so brightly in the sun are, as any sixteenth-century poet would have seen, *las alas de Cupido*.

How does this happen? One morning the *pronunciamiento* is made, and at once the era of parliamentary debates and of nicely worded insults and of bombs going off and of churches being burned comes to an end in a depressing silence. The newspapers become too boring to read. The speeches of the sole victorious party are even more insufferable. Except on the days of bullfights — and since Manolete's death even they have been bad — life seems too tedious to be endured. And then one fine spring afternoon, just as the first ice-cream kiosks are coming out in the parks, the men wake up to the fact that there is another sex in the world, known as *las mujeres* or, to use our less demonstrative English word, "women." What a delightful discovery! How is it that we have never noticed them in all these years? Surely they are the most beautiful and best-natured and the liveliest and the most seductive in the whole world! And they are not, oh no, like the hares or partridges of the sierras, to be walked after and stalked for hours on end: on the contrary, they are all around one, everywhere, with their high-heeled shoes and their eyes like acetylene bicycle lamps and their hair like the aurora borealis. Each evening *paseo* is a mannequin parade, where one goes to admire and choose, not the dress, but the girl inside it.

For large sections of society, dictatorships are periods of compulsory happiness when *homo hispanicus* is forced to turn away from the pursuit of power and the aggrandizement of his self-esteem, to which his nature spontaneously inclines, to the cultivation of pleasure, which he rates low. Love and staring and keeping one's shoes polished become the order of the day, so that for many people utopia would have already arrived if it were not that to provide for these things more money has become necessary.

"Such," said my friend, making a sign to the waiter, "is Spanish history. Say what you like about it, but anyhow it has the rhythm of life. Do you really think that can be said of your system?"



An Atlantic Story



GEORGE BYRAM lives on a small ranch in Colorado, which he operates "on the side, paying for what I lose on the ranch out of what I earn in television and writing, waiting for the day when I'll write the big one and can go back to the vast, mean, windy, murderous, wonderful country of north-central Wyoming." The idea for this present story, he says, "came about quickly one evening when I was studying genetics in regard to my own horse-breeding program (crossing Arabians on Quarter Horses). Like any horse-breeder, I began dreaming what kind of mutation I would like to have happen."

THE WONDER HORSE

by GEORGE BYRAM

WEBSTER says a mutation is a sudden variation, the offspring differing from the parents in some well-marked character or characters — and that certainly fits Red Eagle. He was foaled of registered parents, both his sire and dam descending from two of the best bloodlines in the breed. But the only thing normal about this colt was his color, a beautiful chestnut.

I attended Red Eagle's arrival into the world. He was kicking at the sac that enclosed him as I freed his nostrils from the membrane. He was on his feet in one minute. He was straight and steady on his pasterns by the time his dam had him licked dry. He had his first feeding before he was five minutes old, and he was beginning to buck and rear and prance by the time I got my wits about me and called Ben.

Ben came in the other end of the ramshackle barn from the feed lot. He was small as men go, but big for a jockey. Not really old at forty-two, his hair was gray and he was old in experience of horses.

Ben came into the box stall and as he saw the colt he stopped and whistled. He pushed back his hat and studied the red colt for a full five minutes. Even only minutes old a horseman could see he was markedly different. The bones from stifle to hock and elbow to knee were abnormally long. There was unusual length and slope of shoulder. He stood high in the croup and looked like he was running downhill. He had a very long underline and short back. All this spelled uniquely efficient bone levers, and these levers were connected and powered by the

deepest hard-twisted muscles a colt ever brought into this world. Unbelievable depth at the girth and immense spring to the ribs meant an engine of heart and lungs capable of driving those muscled levers to their maximum. Red Eagle's nostrils were a third larger than any we had ever seen and he had a large, loose windpipe between his broad jaws. He would be able to fuel the engine with all the oxygen it could use. Most important of all, the clean, sharp modeling of his head and the bigness and luster of his eyes indicated courage, will to win. But because of his strange proportions he looked weird.

"Holy Mary," said Ben softly, and I nodded agreement.

Ben and I had followed horses all our lives. I as a veterinarian and trainer for big breeders, Ben as a jockey. Each of us had outlived his usefulness. Ben had got too heavy to ride; I had got too cantankerous for the owners to put up with. I had studied bloodlines and knew the breeders were no longer improving the breed, but I could never make anyone believe in my theories. One owner after another had decided he could do without my services. Ben and I had pooled our savings and bought a small ranch in Colorado. We had taken the mare that had just foaled in lieu of salary from our last employer. Barton Croupwell had laughed when we had asked for the mare rather than our money.

"Costello," he said to me, "you and Ben have twenty-five hundred coming. That mare is nineteen years old. She could drop dead tomorrow."

"She could have one more foal too," I said.

"She could, but it's five to two she won't."

"That's good enough odds for the kind of blood she's carrying."

Croupwell was a gambler who raised horses for only one reason: to make money. He shook his head. "I've seen old codgers set in their thinking, but you're the worst. I suppose you've got a stallion picked out — in case this mare'll breed."

"He doesn't belong to you," I said.

That needled him. "I've got stallions that bring five thousand for a stud fee. Don't tell me they aren't good enough."

"Their bloodlines are wrong," I answered. "Mr. Carvellers has a stallion called Wing Away."

"Carvellers' stallions cost money. Are you and Ben that flush?" He already knew what I had in mind.

"You and Carvellers trade services," I said. "It wouldn't cost you anything to have the mare bred."

He threw back his head and laughed. He was a tall, thin man, always beautifully tailored, with black hair and a line of mustache. "I'm not a philanthropist," he said. "Do you really want this mare?"

"I said I did."

"You really think she'll get with foal?"

"I'll turn your odds around. I say it's five to two she will."

"I'll gamble with you," he said. "I'll send the mare over to Carvellers'. If she settles I'll take care of the stud fee. If she doesn't, I keep the mare."

"And my and Ben's twenty-five hundred?"

"Of course."

"You're no gambler," I said, looking him in the eye, "but I'll take the bet."

Now, Ben and I were looking at a running machine that was something new on the face of the earth.

2

OUR ranch was perfect for training the colt. It was out of the way and we took particular care that no one ever saw Red Eagle. By the time he was a yearling, our wildest estimate of what he would be had fallen short. Ben began to ride him when he was a coming two-year-old. By that time he had reached seventeen hands, weighed twelve hundred pounds, and could carry Ben's hundred and twenty-six as if Ben were nothing. Every time Ben stepped off him he was gibbering like an idiot. I was little better. This horse didn't run; he flowed. Morning after morning as Ben began to open him up I would watch him coming down the track we had dozed out of the prairie and he looked like a great wheel with flashing spokes rolling irresistibly forward. Carrying as much weight as mature horses are asked to carry, our stop watch told us Red Eagle

had broken every world record for all distances and this on an imperfect track. Ben and I were scared.

One night when the racing season was close upon us, Ben said nervously, "I've made a few calls to some jockeys I know. Croupwell's and Carvellers' and some others. The best two-year-olds they got are just normal, good colts. Red Eagle will beat them twenty lengths."

"You've got to keep him under restraint, Ben. You can't let anybody know what he can do."

"I can do anything with him out here by himself. But who knows what he'll do with other horses?"

"You've got to hold him."

"Listen, Cos, I've ridden some of the best and some of the toughest. I know what I can hold and what I can't. If Eagle ever takes it in his head to run, there'll not be a hell of a lot I can do about it."

"We've trained him careful."

"Yes, but if I've got him figured, he'll go crazy if a horse starts to crowd him. Another thing, any horseman will see at a glance what we've got. They'll know we're not letting him extend himself."

We were standing out by the pine pole paddock and I turned and looked at Red Eagle. Have you ever seen a cheetah? It's a cat. It runs faster than any other living creature. It's long-legged and long-bodied and it moves soft and graceful until it starts to run; then it becomes a streak with a blur of legs beneath. Red Eagle looked more like a twelve-hundred-pound cheetah than a horse and he ran the same way.

"Well, he's a race horse," I said. "If we don't race him, what'll we do with him?"

"We'll race him," said Ben, "but things ain't ever goin' to be the same again."

That turned out to be pure prophecy.

We decided to start him on a western track. We had to mortgage the ranch to get the money for his entry fee, but we had him entered in plenty of time. Two days before the race we hauled him, blanketed, in a closed trailer and put him into his stall without anyone getting a good look at him. We worked him out at dawn each morning before any other riders were exercising their horses.

This track was one where a lot of breeders tried their two-year-olds. The day of the race the first person I saw was Croupwell. His mild interest told me he already knew we had an entry. He looked at my worn Levis and string-bean frame. "What's happened these three years, Costello? You don't appear to have eaten regular."

"After today it'll be different," I told him.

"That colt you have entered, eh? He's not the bet you won from me, is he?"

"The same."

"I see by the papers Ben's riding. Ben must have lost weight too."

"Not so's you'd notice."

"You're not asking a two-year-old to carry a

hundred and twenty-eight pounds on its first start!"

"He's used to Ben," I said casually.

"Costello, I happen to know you mortgaged your place to get the entry fee." He was looking at me speculatively. His gambler's instinct told him something was amiss. "Let's have a look at the colt."

"You'll see him when we bring him out to be saddled," I said and walked away.

3

YOU can't lead a horse like that among a group of horsemen without things happening. Men who spend their lives with horses know what gives a horse reach and speed and staying power. It didn't take an expert to see what Red Eagle had. When we took the blanket off him in the saddle paddock every jockey and owner began to move close. In no time there was a milling group of horsemen in front of where Ben and I were saddling Eagle.

Carvellers, a handsome, white-haired Southern gentleman, called me to him. "Costello, is that Wing Away's colt?"

"Your signature's on his papers," I said.

"I'll give you fifty thousand dollars for his dam."

"She's dead," I said. "She died two weeks after we'd weaned this colt."

"Put a price on the colt," he said without hesitation.

"He's not for sale," I answered.

"We'll talk later," he said and turned and headed for the betting windows. Every man in the crowd followed him. I saw several stable hands pleading with acquaintances to borrow money to bet on Eagle despite the extra weight he would be spotting the other horses. By the time the pari-mutuel windows closed, our horse was the odds-on favorite and nobody had yet seen him run.

"I'm glad we didn't have any money to bet," said Ben, as I legged him up. "A dollar'll only make you a dime after what they've done to the odds."

The falling odds on Red Eagle had alerted the crowd to watch for him. As the horses paraded before the stands there was a rippling murmur of applause. He looked entirely unlike the other eight horses on the track. He padded along, his head bobbing easily, his long hind legs making him look like he was going downhill. He took one step to the other mincing thoroughbreds' three.

I had gone down to the rail and as Ben brought him by, heading for the backstretch where the six-furlong race would start, I could see the Eagle watching the other horses, his ears flicking curiously. I looked at Ben. He was pale. "How is he?" I called.

Ben glanced at me out of the corners of his eyes. "He's different."

"Different!" I called back edgily. "How?"

"Your guess is good as mine," Ben called over his shoulder.

Eagle went into the gate at his assigned place on the outside as docilely as we'd trained him to. But when the gate flew open, the rush of horses startled him. Breaking on top, he opened up five lengths on the field in the first sixteenth of a mile. The crowd went whoosh with a concerted sigh of amazement.

"Father in heaven, hold him," I heard myself saying.

Through my binoculars, I could see the riders on the other horses studying the red horse ahead of them. Many two-year-olds break wild, but no horse opens five lengths in less than two hundred yards. I saw Ben steadying him gently, and as they went around the first turn, Ben had slowed him until the pack moved up to within a length.

That was as close as any horse ever got. Around the turn a couple of riders went after Eagle and the pack spread briefly into groups of three and two and two singles. I could see the two horses behind Eagle make their move. Eagle opened another three lengths before they hit the turn into the stretch and I could see Ben fighting him. The two that had tried to take the lead were used up and the pack came by them as all the riders turned their horses on for the stretch drive. Eagle seemed to sense the concerted effort behind him and his rate of flow changed. It was as if a racing car had its accelerator floorboarded. He came into the stretch gaining a half length every time his feet hit the turf.

When he hit the wire he was a hundred yards ahead of the nearest horse and still going away. Ben had to take him completely around the track before Eagle realized there were no horses behind him. By the time Ben walked him into the winner's circle, Eagle's sides were rising and falling evenly. He was only damp, not having got himself hot enough to sweat.

The first thing I remember seeing was Ben's guilty expression. "I tried to hold him," he said. "When he realized something was trying to outrun him he got so damn mad he didn't even know I was there."

The loudspeaker had gone into a stuttering frenzy. Yes, the world's record for six furlongs had been broken. Not only broken, ladies and gentlemen; five seconds had been cut from it. No, the win was not official. Track veterinarians had to examine the horse. Please keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen.

Keep their seats, hell! Every man, woman, and child was going to see at close range the horse that could run like that. There had been tears in my eyes as Eagle rolled down the stretch. You couldn't stay calm when you saw what these people had seen.

The rest of that day sorts itself into blurred episodes. First, the vets checked Eagle's teeth, his registration papers, his date of foaling, and

finally rechecked the number tattooed in his lip to make sure he was a two-year-old. Then they found that he had not been stimulated. They also found measurements so unbelievable they seriously questioned whether this animal was a horse. They went into a huddle with the track officials.

There was loose talk of trying to rule the Eagle off the tracks. Carvellers pointed out that Eagle's papers were in perfect order, his own stallion had sired him, he was a thoroughbred of accepted bloodlines, and there was no way he could legally be ruled ineligible.

"If that horse is allowed to run," said one track official, "who will race against him?"

Croupwell was seated at the conference table, as were most of the other owners. "Gentlemen," he said suavely, "aren't you forgetting the handicapper?"

The job of a handicapper is to figure how much weight each horse is to carry. It is a known fact that a good handicapper can make any field of horses come in almost nose and nose by imposing greater weights on the faster horses. But Croupwell was forgetting something. Usually, only older horses run in handicaps.

I jumped to my feet. "You know two-year-olds are not generally handicapped," I said. "They race under allowance conditions."

"True," said Croupwell. "Two-year-olds usually do run under arbitrary weights. But it is a flexible rule, devised to fit the existing situation. Now that the situation has changed, arbitrarily the weights must be changed."

Carvellers frowned angrily. "Red Eagle was carrying a hundred and twenty-eight against a hundred and four for the other colts. You would have to impose such weights to bring him down to an ordinary horse that you'd break him down."

Croupwell shrugged. "If that should be true, it is unfortunate. But we have to think of the good of racing. You know that its lifeblood is betting. There will be no betting against this horse in any race it's entered."

Carvellers rose. "Gentlemen," and the way he said it was an insult, "I have been breeding and racing horses all my life. It has always been my belief that racing was to improve the breed, not kill the best horses." He turned to Ben and me. "At your convenience I would like to speak with you."

4

BEN and I paid off the loan we'd used for the entry fee, bought ourselves some presentable clothes, and went up to Carvellers' hotel.

"Hello, Ben; good to see you," he said. "Costello, I owe you an apology. I've disagreed with you on bloodlines for years. You've proven me wrong."

"You've been wrong," I agreed, "but Red Eagle is not the proof. He would have been a good colt

if he was normal — maybe the best, but what he actually is has nothing to do with bloodlines."

"Do you think he's a mutation — something new?"

"Completely."

"How much weight do you think he can carry and still win?"

I turned to Ben and Ben said, "He'll win carrying any weight. He'll kill himself to win."

"It's too bad you couldn't have held him," said Carvellers. "My God, five seconds cut from the record. Don't fool yourself, they'll weight him until even tendons and joints such as his can't stand it. Will you run him regardless?"

"What else will there be to do?"

"Hmmm. Yes. Well, maybe you're right. But if they break him down, I have a proposition to make you."

We thanked him and left.

Ben and I planned our campaign carefully. "We've got to train him with other horses," Ben told me. "If I can get him used to letting a horse stay a few lengths behind, I can hold him down."

We bought two fairly good platers with the rest of our first winnings and hired neighboring ranch kids to ride them. We began to see men with binoculars on the hills around our track. We let the Eagle loaf and the boys with the binoculars never saw any great times.

The racing world had gone crazy over what Red Eagle had done to the records. But as time passed and the binocular boys reported he wasn't burning up his home track, the writers began to hint that it had been a freak performance — certainly remarkable, but could he do it again? This was the attitude we wanted. Then we put Red Eagle in his second race, this one a mile and a sixteenth.

It was a big stakes race for two-year-olds. We didn't enter him until the last minute. Even so, the news got around and the track had never had such a large attendance and such little betting. The people didn't dare bet against the Eagle, but he had only run at six furlongs and they weren't ready to believe in him and bet on him to run a distance. Because of the low pari-mutuel take, we were very unpopular with the officials of that track.

"If there's any way you can do it," I told Ben, "hold him at the gate."

"I'll hold him if I can."

By this time Red Eagle had become used to other horses and would come out of the gate running easily. When they sprung the gate on those crack two-year-olds that day, Ben had a tight rein and the pack opened a length on the Eagle before he understood he'd been double-crossed. When he saw horses *ahead* of him he went crazy.

He swung far outside and caught the pack before they were in front of the stands. He'd opened five lengths at the first turn. He continued to accelerate in the back stretch, and the crowd had gone crazy

too. When he turned into the stretch the nearest thing to him was the starting gate the attendants hadn't quite had time to pull out of the way. Eagle swerved wide to miss the gate and then, as if the gate had made him madder, really turned it on. When he crossed the finish line the first horse behind him hadn't entered the stretch. I sat down weakly and cried. He had cut *ten* seconds off the world's record for a mile and a sixteenth.

The pandemonium did not subside when the race was over. Front-page headlines all over the world said "New Wonder Horse Turns Racing World Topsy-turvy." That was an understatement.

"The next time we run him," I told Ben, "they'll put two sacks of feed and a bale of hay on him."

Ben was gazing off into the distance. "You can't imagine what it's like to sit on all that power and watch a field of horses go by you backwards, blip, like that. You know something, Cos? He still wasn't flat out."

"Fine," I said sarcastically. "We'll run him against Mercedes and Jaguars."

Well, they weighted him. The handicapper called for one hundred thirty-seven pounds. It was an unheard-of weight for a two-year-old to carry, but it wasn't as bad as I had expected.

At home we put the one thirty-seven on him and eased him along for a few weeks. He didn't seem to notice the weight. The first time Ben let him out he broke his own record. I kept tabs on his legs and he never heated in the joints or swelled.

We entered him in the next race to come up. It rained for two days before the race and the track was a sea of mud. Some thought the "flying machine," as Red Eagle was beginning to be called, could not set his blazing pace in mud.

"What do you think?" I asked Ben. "He's never run in mud."

"Hell, Cos, that horse don't notice what he's running on. He just feels the pressure of something behind him trying to outrun him and it pushes him like a jet."

Ben was right. When the pack came out of the gate that day, Red Eagle squirted ahead like a watermelon seed squeezed from between your fingers. He sprayed the pack briefly with mud, then blithely left them, and when he came down the stretch he was completely alone.

During the next several races, three things became apparent. First, the handicapper had no measuring stick to figure what weight Eagle should carry. They called for one hundred forty, forty-two, then forty-five, and Eagle came down the stretch alone. The second thing became apparent after Eagle had won carrying one forty-five. His next race he started alone. No one would enter against him. Third, Eagle was drawing the greatest crowds in the history of racing.

There were two big races left that season. They were one day and a thousand miles apart. The

officials at both tracks were in a dilemma. Which-ever race Eagle entered would have a huge crowd, but it would be a walkaway and that crowd would bet its last dollar on Eagle, because the track was required by law to pay ten cents on the dollar. The officials resolved their dilemma by using the old adage: *You can stop a freight train if you put enough weight on it.* Red Eagle was required to carry the unheard-of weight of one hundred and seventy pounds. Thus they hoped to encourage other owners to race against us and at the same time they'd have Eagle's drawing power.

Ben grew obstinate. "I don't want to hurt him and that weight'll break him down."

"Great," I replied. "Two worn-out old duffers with the world's greatest horse end up with two platers, a sand-hills ranch, and the winnings from a few races."

"I know how you feel," said Ben. "The only thing you could have got out of this was money, but I get to ride him."

"Well," I said, trying to be philosophical about it, "I get to watch him and that's almost as good as riding him." I stopped and grabbed Ben's arm. "What did I say?"

Ben jerked his arm away. "You gone nuts?"

"Get to watch him! Ben, what's happened every time the Eagle's run?"

"He's broke a record," said Ben matter-of-factly.

"He's sent several thousand people into hysterics," I amended.

Ben looked at me. "Are you thinking people would pay to see just one horse run?"

"Has there ever been more than one when the Eagle's run? Come on. We're going to enter him."

5

WE ENTERED Eagle in the next to the last race of the season. What I'd expected happened. All the other owners pulled out. They weren't having any of the Eagle even carrying a hundred and seventy pounds. They all entered in the last race. No horse, not even the Eagle — they thought — had the kind of stamina to make two efforts on successive days with a plane trip sandwiched between, so they felt safe.

The officials at the second track were jubilant. They had the largest field they had ever run. The officials at the first track had apoplexy. They wanted to talk to us. They offered plane fare and I flew down.

"Would you consider an arrangement," they asked, "whereby you would withdraw your horse?"

"I would not," I replied.

"The public won't attend a walkaway," they groaned, "even with the drawing power of your horse." What they were thinking of was that ten cents on the dollar.

"That's where you're wrong," I told them. "Advertise that the wonder horse is running unweighted against his own record and you'll have a sellout."

Legally, they could not call off the race, so they had to agree.

On the way home I stopped off at Carvellers'. We had a long talk and drew up an agreement. "It'll work," I said. "I know it will."

"Yes," agreed Carvellers, "it will work, but you must persuade Ben to run him just once carrying the hundred and seventy. We've got to scare the whole racing world to death."

"I'll persuade him," I promised.

When I got home I took Ben aside. "Ben," I said, "every cow horse has to carry more than a hundred and seventy pounds."

"Yeah, but a cow horse don't run a mile in just over a minute."

"Nevertheless," I said, "he'll run as fast as he can carrying that weight and it doesn't hurt him."

"But a cow horse has pasterns and joints like a work horse. They just ain't built like a thoroughbred."

"Neither is Red Eagle," I answered.

"What's this all about? You already arranged for him not to carry any weight."

"That's for the first race."

"*First race!* You ain't thinkin' of runnin' in both of them?"

"Yes, and that second one will be his last race. I'll never ask you to ride him carrying that kind of weight again."

"You ought to be ashamed to ask me to ride him carrying it at all." Then what I had said sunk in. "*Last race!* How do you know it'll be his last race?"

"I forgot to tell you I had a talk with Carvellers."

"So you had a talk with Carvellers. So what?"

"Ben," I pleaded, "trust me. See what the Eagle can do with a hundred and seventy."

"All right," said Ben grudgingly, "but I ain't goin' to turn him on."

"Turn him on!" I snorted. "You ain't ever been able to turn him off."

Ben was surprised but I wasn't when Red Eagle galloped easily under the weight. Ben rode him for a week before he got up the nerve to let him run. Eagle was still way ahead of every record except his own. He stayed sound.

When we entered him in the second race all but five owners withdrew their horses. These five knew their animals were the best of that season, barring our colt. And they believed that the Eagle after a plane ride, a run the day before, and carrying a hundred and seventy pounds was fair competition.

At the first track Eagle ran unweighted before a packed stand. The people jumped and shouted with excitement as the red streak flowed around the track, racing the second hand of the huge clock that had been erected in front of the odds board. Ben was worried about the coming race and only let him cut a second off his previous record. But that was enough. The crowd went mad. And I had the last ammunition I needed.

The next day dawned clear and sunny. The track was fast. Every seat in the stand was sold and the infield was packed. The press boxes overflowed with writers, anxiously waiting to report to the world what the wonder horse would do. The crowd that day didn't have to be told. They bet their last dollar on him to win.

Well, it's all history now. Red Eagle, carrying one hundred and seventy pounds, beat the next fastest horse five lengths. All the fences in front of the stands were torn down by the crowd trying to get a close look at the Eagle. The track lost a fortune and three officials had heart attacks.

A meeting was called and they pleaded with us to remove our horse from competition.

"Gentlemen," I said, "we'll make you a proposition. You noticed yesterday that the gate for Eagle's exhibition was the largest that track ever had. Do you understand? People will pay to watch Eagle run against time. If you'll guarantee us two exhibitions a season at each major track and give us sixty per cent of the gate, we'll agree never to run the Eagle in competition."

It was such a logical move that they wondered they hadn't thought of it themselves. It worked out beautifully. Owners of ordinary horses could run them with the conviction that they would at least be somewhere in the stretch when the race finished. The officials were happy, because not only was racing secure again, but they made money out of their forty per cent of the gates of Eagle's exhibitions. And we were happy, because we made even more money. Everything has been serene for three seasons. But I'm a little concerned about next year.

I forgot to tell you the arrangement Carvellers and I had made. First, we had discussed a little-known aspect of mutations: namely, that they pass on to their offspring their new characteristics. Carvellers has fifty brood mares on his breeding farm, and Red Eagle proved so sure at stud that next season fifty carbon copies of him will be hitting the tracks. You'd never believe it, but they run just like their sire, and Ben and I own fifty per cent of each of them. Ben feels somewhat badly about it, but, as I pointed out, we only promised not to run the Eagle.



At no time in our past has the Atlantic received as many poems as are now submitted to us. They are evidence of an interest in poetry which never slackens and which often burns most brightly in the undergraduate years. As an incentive for writers yet unestablished, we have set aside each year a number of pages to be devoted to the work of young poets in our February and August issues.

THE YOUNG POETS

A DAY IN EARLY WINTER

by LILA RAY

By the opaque
silver lake
stand flowering grasses.

silken, white,
plumed with light,
slanting through the shadows

into day,
iridescent, gray
lean stalks of green and straw

down-swinging
wheeling, winging
a heron hangs whitely
on a splayed flight feather
in the soft mauve weather.

SONG

by JAN BURROWAY

With whomsoever I share the spring
I share my mouth,
And credit to him all birth, all south,
All seasoning

Who flies with the first bland breath of May
To my chill bed.
Then whatsoever the vows I've said
And will yet say,

There is no stirring of truth in me
But to the season.
I tell you this that you may work treason
On perjury,

And whomsoever you find untrue,
Imprison to spend all springs with you.

DREAM OF THE PASTORAL POET

by RANDOLPH STOW

I

THROUGH leaf-waves lapping warm against the sky
Sunlight in gold
And rose flakes down, and forms upon his eye-
Lids' screen a frenzied fierce harlequinade
Of fire and shade,
An ecstacy of color, quick and bold.

Listen

oh look

Leaf lazy, drunk with sun,
He is a shell to hold the sound of doves;
Heavy as ripening grain, and half undone
By summer's kindness. Pan pipes, pastoral loves
Curvet and court through green caves of his mind,
Where, echoing and blind,
The murmurous summer sounds her undertones,
Making shrill flutes of his harmonious bones.

In what strange land does he imagine now

His wings fold down?

In the loud world behind that sun-flecked brow

What angry music do the bees awake?

What kingdoms make?

What palace springs now in what bright-spired town?

II

Oh in what land have I fallen? In what land
Has the light dream lifted and left me? Here all trees
Are turned to mist and all leaves burn; here stand
No stable things, but all, like fire, like sand
Hot through the fingers falling, lives in change,
All birth now ruinous, all death all new.

Where have I fallen? Here the harsh crows range
The pastures where I piped my lambs. Here dew
Freezes on tender leaves, and kills; and flowers
In bud like teeth snarl from the grass.

Oh where,

Where vanished are my flocks, my arching bowers?

How lost the gentle sloth of summer air?

III

But suddenly, by a spontaneous charm
All earth grows quick, and round him blossoming
Rise tall arcades of lilac, chestnut, palm —
Where, most serene, a gold-spiked unicorn
Cools his heraldic muzzle in a spring.

But what is all this wonder? And his eyes
Go down the fragrant avenue to find
The Negress who comes hunting. And she goes
Gay in farthingale of gentlest rose,
And always on before her, on a band

Of scarlet satin, silently, the sleek
Black panther pads, whose eyes are green as moss
Above his wreath of orchids. And the quick
Glance finds the ivory stallion, swings back
And sees the mistress smiling. Dark hands loose

The slender tether, dark eyes burning watch
The restless stalking of the cat. But now
The white beast by the water turns and marks
The black and sinuous death that treads the grass,
And golden eyes take fire from the panther's glow.

Oh bright triumphant mane! Oh blinding hoofs!
Black springing death finds death in a golden horn:
But springs again, springs, clings, claws crimson grooves
In the illustrious hide — and nothing moves
But these protagonists in all the watching world.

There should have been a cry of hunting horns
To celebrate the fall of two so rich
In blood; but all is silence as the twins
Of death embrace and fall to earth, unmourned,
The great cat dark on the neck like a ruined arch.

And only he, the dreamer, goes to them,
Lamenting in the anger of his loss
The torn side of the cat, the blood that runs
Over the marble peace of the unicorn
Once white and golden, sweet as orange flowers.

IV

Watching the lilac blooms that light upon
Their death like moths, but do not rise again,
He hears her secret laughing; and he turns,
Angry, and yet afraid, and cries: "Madame —"

Her words are meshed in laughter, but they come
(In elegant bad French) most sharp, most clear —
Wonder and pain intrinsic in her tone —
"*Vous m'avez trop enjolivée, Seigneur.*"

Drawn by earth's darkness deepest in her eyes,
In fear he comes to her, in fear falls down,
Kneels to her secrets, even lifts to kiss
The fire-dark hand whose nails reek carrion.

Now from her girdle she has drawn a rose
And offers it to him; but in her hand
All the soft petals fall, the green hip grows
Pregnant as if with autumn, thick and gold —

"But do not think," she whispers, "this my gift
Unbeautiful," and fires it with her breath;
"Even now the timeless buds begin to swell,
And realms of roses in this bursting shell
Unborn grow great, and feed upon your death."

WEEKEND

by WHITNEY BALLIETT

WHEN we shut the house in Indian Summer,
The trees — half rouge, half mist — stood
In their leaves like sleepy women; the
Sun blew gently on our cheeks.

Yet, the
Porch hammocks, speckled with salt,
Still sway like querulous elephants
In the tight, appled wind, and an iron
Towel stiff-arms the yard. Late flowers,
Forgotten on the mantel, lean out in
A ring — old people peering uncertainly
Down from a balloon. Sandy stairs explode
Beneath our gleaming city shoes.

But
Now a bird shapes quick, cold marbles of
Sound, and stops. The moon shimmies on
The window. And the fire — laid, I
Think, just before Indian Summer
Came — arranges bowls of heat among us
With slow, jeweled gestures, silencing
The hammocks, which seemed, a moment
Ago, to knock like summer tramps surprised
By the gulling, white-eyed frost.

PENELOPE

by ROBERT BAGG

HIS helmet crest, like water hitting the headlands,
Brightens the air, his bow with swollen power
Scatters us all from her long-suffering thighs:

Odysseus smiles behind her smile, he rules
Twin Islands: one lies here in her clear iris,
Another lies out there, halfway home from Troy.

So we are satisfied with serving girls,
Get drunk on wine that's ten years old, and lie
On wretched bellies, dreaming of her high breasts

That lift through sleep like swells on the foam-gowned sea.
The wenches drain our passion, but not our pride.
Each morning when she greets the homecoming waves

Their dark grasp bends her as we never could,
Arching her naked body in the taut sunlight.
Blood sticks in our hearts like an arrow, quivering.



Meningitis robbed VED MEHTA of his sight at the age of three. His father was a Western-trained doctor marked for high place in the Indian Civil Service; but though Ved learned English with his brothers and sisters at home, the educational system of India makes no provision for higher education for the blind. The boy studied Braille, and at the age of fourteen he began typing his letters of appeal to American institutions. After more than thirty rejections he was finally admitted to the Arkansas School for the Blind, and here he began his liberation in a new world. His experiences in India and in America are set forth in his book, Face to Face, to be published this month by Atlantic-Little, Brown, from which this is the second of two excerpts.

IN SEARCH OF SIGHT

by VED MEHTA

1

THE air hostess asked us to fasten our belts. From the bumpy jerks, popping ears, and a kind of falling motion, as when I stepped off a high curb unexpectedly, I knew that in a few minutes we would land at the Los Angeles airport, and I would see my father at last.

I was eager to know what had happened to India in the three years I had been away. When I left, free India was only two years old. By now probably she had learned to walk well and, I thought, could not only ask for bread, but knew how and where to get it. I had lived through the birth pains of a nation and shared in the glory of the independence and the shame of the partition, only to spend three years in Arkansas, bottled up in a preserve jar. By coming to America I had exchanged a position at the nerve center of my country for an isolated valley of the blind, without even newspapers to read. In many residential schools for the blind they didn't have readers, and there were few, if any, Braille or talking books on India.

We were on the ground now, and my father was there, but it was not until we reached the privacy of his small and crowded apartment and the friend who had brought us home left that I felt at one with him. In the flow of the familiar musical Panjabi, all the nuances of awkwardness and estrangement vanished.

My father placed his hands on my shoulders and quietly looked at me for what seemed a long while. "You've grown, son, in the last three years," he said, running his hands up and down my more developed arms. "Let's see, you were ninety pounds when you left home."

"I have put on twenty-five more," I said.

"You look much fuller," he said warmly, "and

certainly an inch taller. I wish your mother were here to see the change."

But what surprised him more than my physical growth was something else. "It is the confident way you walked down that ramp and followed those two ladies ahead of you to the terminal." He added thoughtfully, "It is also the way you hold your head, so high."

But soon, in the press of my questions about the family, all else for a moment was pushed aside.

While I listened to my father talk about home, I paced up and down the apartment, and within a few minutes I had surveyed my narrow surroundings. Father had disassembled the couch and had made two beds on the floor, one on the mattress and one on the springs. Books and papers were piled around, and there was hardly any room to move about. I thought of the large three-story house in India with its abundance of rooms, and I felt a pang of pain for my father. But memories of the old splendor were soon deposited deep in the well of the subconscious as my father read to me, day after day, one old newspaper after another and passages from books which told about the surge of political and economic activity at home. I felt once more, as I had in the days of partition, the stimulation of the present.

The present which concerned Columbia, however, was quite another matter. My father had hoped not only for my admission to Columbia, but for a scholarship, and so it was with a discouraged heart that I told him about my failure to be able to go there. I had no illusions about the seriousness of the situation, and however happy I might be at how well I had done at the Arkansas School, I had to entertain the prospect of now going home.

Counting transportation, five thousand dollars had been spent already, twenty-five thousand rupees, enough probably for the full education of at least two or three people in India, and more than my father's annual salary, even though he was one of the highest-paid officials in the Indian government. The question was whether, after such an expense, I was any better prepared to live an independent life in India than I had been before leaving home. The answer, I knew, was an unqualified no.

My father reminded me that the training of Arkansas would count for nothing in India. Furthermore, the cherished freedom of movement which I had acquired would also have to be surrendered, because in India there were no red and green lights, no regulated traffic laws comparable to those in America, and the erratic *tonga* men, bicyclers, and drivers of oxcarts could not be expected to look after the interests of a pedestrian, especially a blind one. Neither was there a comparable organization of streets or blocks. I could try, of course, to buck all this, if I were stubborn enough, but it would be tough.

I could not get a job in the States, because I was on a student's visa. To continue to live here, I had therefore to be a student, but when we asked someone at the University of California to estimate the cost of a school year, he gave the flat figure of three thousand dollars. There would be the expenses for board and room, for tuition, and then I had to allow about one thousand dollars to pay readers, to have the class assignments read to me. The B.A. degree, therefore, seemed not only four years but twelve thousand dollars away. And my father told me that when he got his pension, it would be one hundred dollars, or five hundred rupees, a month, which was enough for three or four people to live on in India, leaving nothing to spare.

"Five hundred rupees in India are like five hundred dollars, but when exchanged for American dollars, it is like forfeiting four fifths of their value," he told me.

As for obtaining any assistance from the Indian government or an Indian foundation, there was not even an iota of a chance, because the Indian government had much more pressing problems than to look after the interests of any special group like the blind. My Arkansas diploma would not be of much weight in the scales of any foundation.

But for all this, my father said he would not think of my going home. He would borrow money.

"But how will you pay it back?" I asked.

"I will open a practice in India."

"But that will take lots of money," I said.

"I will get a job here in the States, then," he said.

But I knew that was impossible, because it took Asians ten years, sometimes, to get into the States to become citizens. And then, too, they had to bring some money with them to prove that they would not be public charges.

"Don't you worry," he told me. "I'll manage it somehow. I have some savings from the brief job I had with the World Health Organization after my retirement. They're all yours."

"Yes," I said, and thought of all the education of brother Ashok which was ahead, and of Usha, who hadn't even finished high school, and of sister Nimi, who had to be married and whose dowry had yet to be bought, and of brother Om, who still had two years to go before finishing engineering school. I could have wept for my father then.

2

DURING the day my father and I went from foundation office to foundation office, from one philanthropic person to the next. There was no scarcity of these philanthropists. Every day we would get notes and telephone calls from our well-meaning friends, who would point out one person after another to be approached. We saw them and they were all generous people, but they either did not believe that a blind person could be educated, or had undertaken some project more worthy than my education. Established organizations like the International Rotary either were not interested in foreign students already in the States, or did not subsidize undergraduate education.

But along with the fatigue and disappointment, there were always humorous incidents, like a millionaire's quietly slipping a dollar into my pocket, with a note explaining it was for taxi money, or the old lady who kept us two hours, explaining her genealogical connection with a Hindu *pandit* who lived in the fifteenth century.

One day, when the rank poison of failure after failure to get money had settled in my stomach, the scent of strong wine came from a wealthy family. "They seemed not only to be interested in your promise," my father told me, "but I think are genuinely impressed by your independence and the way you have overcome your blindness." Of course, their foundation had given scholarships only for graduate study, but my father felt they were ready to make an exception.

After that, I could never be in the presence of these patrons without being self-conscious, and I remember with great mortification the time when, while my grant still hung fire, at one of their dinners they served me squab. The clean tablecloth, starched white napkins, full dishes of the most expensive wild rice, and the eyes of their most intimate friends, all surrounded me. All of them seemed to speak out: "If you can't eat your squab with a knife and fork, you'll never get to college. You'll never get any scholarship — any grant."

As I sat next to my hosts, slowly, deliberately drinking a glass of water before touching my silverware, the tiny bones covered with skinlike meat seemed to be the only things between college and

me. Self-sufficient I was, but not self-sufficient enough to manage the squab. I picked up my fork, started nibbling gradually at the wild rice and the watermelon rind, but carefully avoided the side of the plate with the squab. One of the guests on my right offered to help me. I yielded. For ten minutes she worked on the squab, while I sat idle, hot with shame. It seemed my very presence created a scene. When the plate was finally returned to me, there was nothing more to the squab than a few morsels of skinny meat, and I gulped them down as though I were eating a vegetable I did not like, rather than a very rare delicacy which should be held in the mouth to taste all its rich flavor.

Dinner done, I was again an exhibition piece, because in the living room I had to tell the guests about my Arkansas experience. For all my speaking practice, my sentences were hesitant and mangled, and the talk was disconnected, because I could not put the squab out of my mind.

"You are too sensitive about these things," Father said as we went home. "You overdramatize them."

Perhaps I did, but I wondered how a surgeon would feel who had performed many operations successfully, but botched one in full view of the operating theater. If the gallery of watchers had no knowledge of his past successes, would he not be judged by that operation alone?

A few days later, however, a grant for two years, fifteen hundred dollars a year, was confirmed, and at last I could begin my college career. Although I was not a citizen of the United States, by special arrangement the state of California made available seven hundred and fifty dollars to pay my readers, provided I went to school there. I had a choice between the universities of California and Stanford, and Pomona College. I chose the last because it was small, because somehow it offered more prospect of a real interlocking of minds between professors and students than did the two bigger universities.

3

WHEN my father left for India, I entered college full of trepidation. Upon my admission, the deans at both Stanford and Pomona had said exactly the same thing to my father: "Competition in our private school is keen, and if he comes out with a C average, you ought to be thankful." Whether or not I could be grateful for that comment, the prospect of living on what had once been the frontier and somehow still breathed the informal, carefree atmosphere of old excited me, and I was happy to have a chance at both college and competition.

Although Claremont was situated among secluded surroundings close to the hills, and sometimes at night for a stretch of an hour one could walk down the middle of the street without meeting a car, still in some ways it was reminiscent of Little Rock.

To be sure, Claremont was populated with students of four associated colleges, yet the awkwardness, the very misunderstanding, I had experienced in Little Rock buses about what the blind could or could not do seemed, too, to grip my classmates, a few professors, and even a dean.

I had for my English professor a man of consummate wisdom and skill in dealing with people. My second day in his class he asked me to stay for a moment after he had dismissed the other students.

"You shouldn't be crossing College Way without your cane," he said. "You'll get killed."

"Yes, sir," I said shyly, and went away.

Three or four class periods later he talked to me again. "You're still not carrying the cane," he said.

I knew I would never carry a cane, but I didn't know how to tell him that or how to explain it. "I will as soon as I get one, sir." I guess within my soul I still hoped that people watching me cross the street would realize I could do it without a cane and would quit talking to me about it.

About a week later he stopped me again. "The dean called me," he said, "and he's afraid you will get killed. I hate to keep on bringing up this subject, but your cane . . ."

In those two weeks since I had been at Pomona, I had crossed College Way at least four times a day, but still the question of a cane seemed to persist.

"I will not carry it, sir," I said.

"If you are shy about it," he went on kindly, "just use it while you are crossing streets and then hide it under bushes before coming to class."

"I am not ashamed of being blind," I said, moved deeply by his sensitivity. "It's just that I don't need the cane."

Whether it was my facial expression or his own sensitivity, he never mentioned the subject again, but the dean once accosted me in the middle of the quadrangle.

"Why won't you carry that cane?" he asked. "You'll get killed."

Trying to dismiss the subject with humor, I said, "Death only comes once, and I am not afraid of dying."

"It might come once, but once is enough to kill me. How about you?" he asked wryly.

In cafeteria lines it was like meeting so many hundreds of deans. No sooner would I enter the room than, although I was quite capable of finding the end of the line myself, all the men standing would start directing me, and once at the counter, would get the tray, silverware, and even the food. Sometimes, when they put my milk on their own tray, they would drink it for me also. And if I did manage to ignore or slip through these scrutinizing eyes, find a tray, get my food, and at random sit down at a table, all of a sudden the conversation would cease, and after a while, when I was no longer an object of curiosity to be stared at — not for being an Indian, but for being blind — people would ig-

nore my existence at the table altogether, and would carry on talk unaware of my very presence.

Girls in class, too, shied from talking to me, not because I had a communicable disease, but, as one of them told me later on, because I seemed to her then "detached from reality." I never asked her whether it was my facial expression that seemed detached from reality or whether I was outside the pale of her reality.

As I learned on the first day of college, each and every assignment would have to be read aloud to me. There were no textbooks — indeed, not much nonfiction — in Braille or on talking books. I had never used readers before, but I knew that reading aloud, whether heavy or light books, Hegel or comic strips, all went at the same speed. My fastest reader would not be able to read more than twenty full-size pages an hour. These limitations I knew and accepted, and then started scouting around for readers among the more serious students, although for a freshman it was hard to know who they were.

I got some bad readers who would call off an appointment without notice, prefer to talk most of the time rather than read, or waste a lot of time finding sources. Just before my first mid-term, when I needed help most of all, a few of them quit me. By the end of the first three weeks of college, I was behind about four hundred pages, at least twenty hours of reading, and for the first month and a half the backlog of reading kept accumulating by geometric progression.

In class I found it difficult taking Braille notes, because the professors talked too fast, and besides, the clicking noise of the Braille stylus used to make me self-conscious. I could write Braille fast, very fast, but it still was three or four times slower than writing with pencil. Coming from the Arkansas School, where I had to write scarcely more than two pages of theme every two or three months, organizing and writing papers sometimes twice a month for a class was difficult. For all the accumulated handicaps, I could not afford to go to a professor and explain that I had no readers, or excuse my bad work because of my poor background. I could not possibly create the impression that any part of my problem was related to my blindness. Above all, I wanted to be treated as normal.

In my room I could not go to sleep. I used to turn my phonograph on full blast and listen to the blurred music, wondering if I would get my grant for the next year or if I would have to go home. Sometimes in the middle of the night I would get out of bed, take the first bicycle standing without a lock, and ride up and down the empty familiar streets. I would pedal hard and would come home tired, and even then I could not always fall asleep.

As the months progressed, however, I lost less and less sleep over my work, because it started improving, and I got assurance that I would have enough money to see me through college. I banished

worry for inner quietude and relaxation, and I perfected my technique of getting readers. Professors would point out to me their best students, and I would approach them either at the dinner table or at the student union about reading our assignments together. I found that students working their way through college were more reliable. I also used as fill-ins some elderly readers that the dean, who had by now become a good and resourceful friend, referred me to. Even before the first semester was over, I had about a ten-hours-a-day reading schedule. After my rigorous reading schedule, I still would not be tired, and would come home to read on talking books whatever literature I could find. Gradually I started cutting my sleep from the nine hours I had had in Arkansas to about six, or occasionally even five.

My acquaintance with the better students, students well nurtured and with solid training, pointed out my own deficiencies, but rather than fret about them as I had done earlier, I just accepted them and read as much as I could above and beyond the class assignments.

Classes, too, became easier, because instead of taking notes, I concentrated on what the professor said, although for tests I occasionally used my readers' notes. For exams I learned to work accurately on a typewriter, or sometimes, when they were long, I dictated. Readers still would stop reading to me before exams, but if I had done my regular assignments throughout the semester, this did not seem a very great handicap. The most restful week of all was the week before final exams, when I had only two readers left out of nine.

I did not lose any sleep over my relations with other students, either. The earlier awkwardness and hesitation in the dining room and classrooms passed into wonder, and students used to walk up to me and ask, "How do you know when you get to that step?" or "I saw you walk around that parked car as though you could see it." To my amazement, I learned the most common misconception among my friends was that I counted steps, that I had had the whole town of Claremont measured by steps when I first arrived there, and therefore I knew where every sharp curve and gutter was. No matter how much I explained about facial vision, it seemed I could never explain enough for anyone to understand fully.

4

LEGEND has it that there are certain birds which, if kept in a cage too long, lose their faculty to fly. In the same way, it is said of blind people that if they become too entrenched in one environment, they become lethargic, too careful. Instead of becoming more skilled, they lose their powers of travel. In short, these blind people are "shelved" or "get glued to a rocking chair."

Having no love for either cupboards or rockers, during vacations I have traveled a good deal. I have not always traveled in style — it's impossible when you want to cover the distance from San Francisco to New York, from San Diego to Seattle, and from Miami to Cambridge. I have hitchhiked in 1928-model jalopies, ridden in fuming buses and rattling milk trains. Sometimes I have also had rides in Cadillacs with switches for rolling down the windows, smuggled myself into roomettes on *Star-lights*, and flown in airplanes which had a bar and, because the plane was half empty, a window seat for every passenger. All in all I have crossed the United States fourteen times, and visited in or traveled through thirty-seven of the forty-eight states.

Of course, when you are blind, you miss the view of a snow-clad peak, the impression of skyscrapers lined up shoulder to shoulder, a vast stretch of range, with cows milling about, or the way a city looks from a plane when draped in a thin veil of clouds. You become, however, more conscious of smells, the gamut of accents, or the unusual names streets have in some cities. But what you remember most of all, the thing which imprints itself permanently on your mind, are the people you encounter, even the ones you meet only for a moment on a street corner, or the kind driver whose motor you can hear coming faster and faster while you suspensefully wait to see whether he will pass you by like the one before him or stop. You remember vividly the moment when a car slows down, and a voice says, "Hey, feller — want a ride?" or "Where are you going?" or "Can I give you a lift?" And when you come to the end of the journey, often the driver, who is now a friend, insists on getting out and helping you flag down the next relay.

Sometimes my hitchhiking has turned into a circus. I remember, for instance, a kind elderly lady who was genuinely distressed with my parents' not taking better care of me and letting me out on the streets like a "vagabond." In a wayside place in Texas, under the pretense of taking me to a gas station to catch the next ride, she turned me over to a police deputy with a blistering harangue that I was probably a runaway state ward, and if the Democrats had been in office I would have received better care. I was irritated until, after she drove off, the deputy told me that she had left twenty dollars with him for a train ticket to take me back to Washington. We had a lively discussion about what to do with the money, and finally decided to send it to the Democratic campaign fund. The deputy then took me to a gas station, where I caught my next ride.

Somewhere I also have tucked away the card of a cutlery salesman who thought my blindness would be a "terrific asset" in salesmanship. "So if you ever get in a jam," he said in that thick Southern accent, "come to me." I kept the card as a souvenir. After all, he did take me two hundred miles.

All these associations, sometimes embarrassing, sometimes touching, make the travelogue of those of us who are blind.

5

I WAS graduated in June with the class of 1956 and soon thereafter took to the broad highway to the East Coast on the first leg of my journey to England. I felt sad, because before the summer season was up, the huge American continent would be behind me. I had come to love America almost as deeply as home, and I owed more to her than I did to India, because she had given me education, a complete sense of self-reliance, and a glimpse into what a full life could be. All these things my own country had not been able to do, because I was blind.

I was going to Oxford because my teachers had encouraged me to look across the Atlantic to that Pantheon of knowledge. When these professors and the president of Pomona, Wilson Lyon, one of the very best Americans I have met, approached the Indian authorities and the only English source, the Rhodes Trust, for financial help, both of them balked on what they called "technical grounds," the former because I had an American training, the latter because of my hybrid background, Indian citizenship and American education, and both of them because I was blind. Once again it was an American source, a source similar to those that had seen me through four years of college, which, circumventing technical grounds, decided to support me at Balliol College.

As I said good-bys to my friends in California, Texas, Tennessee, and Maryland, they all pleaded for my return to America. These friends, with generous sentiment, suggested that I settle in America, instead of returning home by way of England. They argued that here I could find a fuller and richer life, and if settled in a university community, I could forget altogether the prejudices about blindness and even many of the day-to-day irksome reminders which no handicapped man is allowed to escape.

Living in America is an alluring prospect for me in so many practical ways: the freedom of movement and the accessibility of readers, which will be a great problem for me in India. And I shall also miss the intellectual stimulation of discussing the great tradition of English and American philosophy and letters with others.

But how could I indulge myself to this extent when I have such vivid memories of boys spending their youthful years in an asylum, and men and women committed to the drudgery of begging because this is the only good use they can make of their blindness? How could I justify giving up a larger and more rewarding cause on such selfish grounds?

With the Pacific shoreline receding and the Atlantic coast looming ahead, I thought about England and my decision to spend two years at Oxford before making my way to the Indian Ocean. I had plenty of misgivings during the time I was making this decision. However much I argued that the two years at Oxford would further fortify my education, allow me leisure to read and reflect at my own pace, and give me more time to mature, I could not help asking myself whether all this was not rationalization, whether I was dreading returning to India because I had become too Americanized, whether this postponement of two years might not ultimately result in my returning to America to live.

Yet against all of these practical arguments I can place my strong love for and devotion to India. My return there constitutes both a challenge and a responsibility. It seems to me that I have acquired a human debt to my professors, to the people who have educated me in American ways, and this debt can at least be partially repaid if I return home to help solidify the bonds of friendship between these nations.

Perhaps going to England is rationalization, but, looked at in another way, it seems a logical route for heading home. I really want to come to know these Englishmen to whom sister Nimi and I had delegated the responsibility for so much evil. I have a different perspective on them now from the one I had in India. At home I had seen them as agents of division and bloodshed. In America I studied their historic institutions and came to love their inspiring literature. I have a compelling desire to see them at home, even if it means owing my loyalty, not to two countries, but to three, and making my "maladjustment" complete.

My desire to get to know Englishmen, to work for peace at home, to try somehow to alleviate the cultural tragedies to which millions have been sacrificed, in the twists and turns of twentieth-century reality, does not divert me from the real test of ultimately returning home. The question is, what shall I do once I do get home, to translate my ideals into working tools? In India I will not only have to surrender my freedom of movement, but may have to join the thousands of students with liberal-arts degrees who sit day after day in a park because there is no job to be had. "A country," one of my friends reminded me, "locked in a struggle for industrial revolution has use only for professional people, preferably with technical skills." The ambassador from India, who had been visiting in Los Angeles some months before my departure, pointed

out to me that I would not be allowed to take either the civil or diplomatic service examinations, because the Indian government felt that blind persons could not hold jobs with the same degree of competency as the sighted.

"Do you think there is any chance for a change in its attitude?" I asked him.

"I think not," he said.

As for entering college teaching or a journalistic career, similar handicaps exist in India, because no blind person has been able to pull himself up from the mesh of notoriously bad educational facilities for the blind and hold a topflight job. Those blind individuals who have succeeded have either taken up a law practice or gone into education for the blind. But then another good-natured Indian told me, "Lawyers are starving in India, and unless you are absolutely sure you want to be nothing else in your life except a lawyer, I would not advise your going into it."

As for educational work for the blind at home, I cannot help feeling that working through bureaucracy is not the only way to help the wretched lot of the two million so handicapped. What is needed is a living example that, if given the proper opportunities, the blind can succeed. Such an example, from the outside, can do much more in creating opportunities than bucking the red tape.

All these handicaps are negligible when placed against the tremendous obstacle of correcting the attitude which looks upon blindness as a punishment inflicted by the gods for a sin committed in the previous incarnation. In a country where many people hold that blindness is a curse, all the accomplishments, all the signs of a successful adjustment to a seeing society, would count for little. Having enjoyed a more understanding, less superstitious, and certainly more educated attitude here in America, I ask myself, can I conceivably return to such a deadening climate? Can I rely ultimately on my love and devotion for India to sustain me there until a signal change can be brought about, which, heaven knows, might not come in my lifetime?

As I prepared to leave for England, I was surrounded by cartons full of books and records, two vices to which I gave free play during my seven years in this country.

As I stacked these books and records in boxes with a musty smell, they seemed like so many fond treasures given to me by America. I should feel sadder and lonelier without these gifts, and without a hope that I shall hear and feel American life again, for now America is as much my home as any place is in this foot-loose world.



There has been a spate of recent speculation about the allegedly unhappy state of the American woman. The author of the present article believes that the numerous psychological and sociological theories advanced to explain her plight are pure moonshine, and that the basic trouble is dietary. DON CORTES is a much-traveled freelance writer who has spent years observing American womanhood in action both in this country and abroad.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE AMERICAN WOMAN?

by DON CORTES

1

THERE can be no doubt about it any more. A big black cat has been let out of the shopping bag. Within the last twelve months, first *Look* and then *Life* have pried open the lid of America's Pandora's box and disclosed another AWFUL TRUTH. Along with the late-lamented five-cent cigar, the receding hairline, mounting crime, polio, what to do about Junior, fluoridation, moral tranquilizers, Elvis Presley's new wiggle, and Mr. Dulles' latest *faux pas*, we have a new problem on our hands—the American Woman. We have a nostalgic memory of what she once was. We have an omnipresent notion of what she now is. And we have a romantic vision of what she might be. But the three are not at all the same.

The situation is paradoxical, to say the least. For never in history was Eve better cared for than today in the United States. The American woman, Mr. Russell Lynes assures us, is (or should be) “the envy of every woman from Zanzibar to Minsk.” (She certainly gets around!) She has learned to steer a shrewd course between the Scylla of inhibited Victorianism and the Charybdis of rampant feminism. She has become the mistress of the purse, the arbiter of taste, and the umpire of consumption. She has infiltrated her sinuous way into every corridor of government and proved herself a formidable work horse at the grass-roots level. She outvotes the American man by some 2.4 million votes an election, she outlives him by seven years a life, and she outbuys him by 400 per cent a sale. She outdrives him on the freeways, if not on the fairways. She outdives him on the springboard and outhalks him on the blackboard. She matches him Martini for Martini, Camel for Camel, Wrigley for Wrigley, and bet for bet. She consumes one third of the United States work pie, including quite a bit of the crust. She earns 50 per cent more than she did fifteen years ago, and she retains a healthy appetite for more.

Her triumph has been even more sweeping at home. She has domesticated Adam into ungrudgingly changing the diapers and perambulating the pram. Her house, bulging with some \$1750 worth of machinery that makes it as efficient as an engine room, is the admiration of the universe. Her daily life is passed in melodious luxuriousness with the leitmotif of the drier answering the recitative of the washer. It costs \$8 billion a year to clothe her, \$1.3 billion to preserve her, and a mere \$400 to \$600 a week to remove a pound of her exquisitely mortified flesh. The variety of her youthful good looks exceeds the supply available in any other country on the globe. In a word, she's the best-dressed, most luxuriously housed, effortlessly propelled, lavishly cosmeticized, painlessly obstetricized, tenderly husbanded, and most protected, respected, supported, and petted woman in the world. She has everything she could possibly desire, unless it's that ultramodern, feminine-designed house built around a central kitchen with a shiny new stove fitting neatly into the sink.

And yet, unbelievable as it may sound, there's something wrong. The Garden of Eden (lighting by GE, locomotion by GM, sets by MGM) is here, but Eve herself is unhappy. The trouble, Mary Ellen Chase would have us believe, is that she is trying to drown a sense of marital dissatisfaction in a frenzied ocean of volunteer work. For Margaret Mead the trouble is that the American woman is still up on her famous pedestal at a time when that household object has become a sociological antique. Emily Kimbrough, on the other hand, is of the opinion that the American woman's life is an unknit whole and that she needs years of grace in which to “sew up the seam between her house and her outside activities.” Phyllis McGinley thinks that all the hubbub would quickly die if men only stopped being Peeping Toms trying to take psychological snapshots through what is left of her veil. Cornelia

Otis Skinner, for her part, is convinced that she has won the battle of the sexes, heels down, but still refuses to believe it. As for the psychiatrists (who are men), they claim the whole trouble is due to the fact that the American woman is too masculine and the American man too feminine.

These sophisticated explanations build up to an awe-inspiring pyramid. It is, I suppose, a rash thing to lumber in where daintier feet have dared to tread, but I feel impelled to say that, authoritative though they may seem, these elaborate ratiocinations complicate an essentially simple problem. The truth is closer to earth — so close indeed that the editors of *Look* inadvertently tripped over it when they noted that “the American woman of today is taller and less hippy and lives longer than her grandmother.”

Yes, we can forget all that stuff about antiquated pedestals and volunteer charity work. The basic trouble is really physiological and dietary. The trouble with the American woman is simply that she is brought up on milk.

2

THE first thing we must get out of our heads, if we are to appreciate the American woman's present predicament, is the idea that milk is fattening. The truth is that milk isn't fattening; it's elongating. Just think of the calcium a pint of it contains! Ever since the turn of the century, when the American woman adopted the milk bottle as a serious post-pubescent pastime, she has grown steadily more calciferous and longer-boned. The statistics tell us that the average American woman today is almost half a head taller than she was in 1900. That means that she has been elongating herself at an approximate rate of one inch a decade! And because she has been elongating herself at this frightening pace, she's been losing those lush, baroque contours which Man has found so irresistible ever since the first scales fell from the first Adam's eyes.

Last summer an Englishman created a sensation at the Harvard International Seminar by getting up and saying, “The American girl is like a Jaguar: she's very fast at first, but then she suddenly breaks down and won't move another inch.” We can be grateful to our transatlantic cousin for speaking his mind with such John Bullish bluntness. But at the risk of striking a nationalistic note, I must say that he's got his similes confused. The American woman isn't like a Jaguar at all; she's like a Thunderbird — sleek, streamlined, difficult to maneuver, and with comfortable room for only one passenger next to the driver.

There was a time, in the robust prelacteal days of John Singer Sargent, when the American woman gloried in the plenitude of an ample bosom and resorted not unwillingly to the seductive camouflage

of “gay deceivers.” But those days are gone. The contemporary model of American womanhood is of a radically different design. She has a pencil-slim silhouette. Her bust has been ironed out and her hips flattened. She has that slinky, vertical line, best emphasized by slacks and sandals, which *Vogue* and other arbiters of taste have made so fashionable in recent years.

This physiological revolution has had two far-reaching consequences: it has defeminized Eve and demoralized Adam. For with the gradual change in her silhouette there occurred a subtle change in Eve's ideals. One day she discovered, while looking at herself in the mirror, that corsair pants looked much better on her streamlined figure than the old bouffant skirt; so she took to slacks. Then she noticed, like Alice in Wonderland, that she was growing markedly taller; so she went into low heels and cut her hair short. It only remained for the collegiate bobby-soxer to take the final, logical lunge: she climbed into blue jeans and a man's shirt and has stayed there ever since. The revolution was over.

That is, the physiological revolution was over; the real revolution had just begun. For, having tried on Adam's clothes, Eve decided to try on the rest. She threw out the sidesaddle and put on breeches. She ripped off the veil and donned a welder's helmet. She swam the Channel and she flew faster than sound. She went over Niagara Falls in a barrel. She scrapped her flutelike soprano and developed that froglike croak that she has kept up in every musical comedy since *Oklahoma!* She started throwing the discus and putting the shot. She has even been threatening of late to eat her apple unaided and to experiment in parthenogenesis. The only thing she hasn't done so far is to drive locomotives and shovel coal — like her Russian cousin — but who can tell how long it will be before she adds these refinements to her lengthening repertory?

And what did the American man do? Well, he didn't have much choice in the matter. He had to take what was offered. Some American men took to drink. Others took to pin-ups. Daydreaming at the pedestal of Marilyn Monroe's rotund femininity was the only protest he was allowed to get away with. You can explain this penchant of his as some sort of deep-rooted atavistic trait. It certainly goes to prove that the American man is nowhere near as up-to-date as the American woman, and that deep down within him he's just a retrograde old sentimentalist, with a secret hankering for Eve's old line — a hankering he can only indulge nowadays in brief, stolen moments of vicarious voluptuousness.

Yes, it's a sad story — this demoralization of the American male. Back in the gallant days of, let us say, Edgar Allan Poe, when Eve was placidly content to sit and “be” and didn't want to “do”

and "become," the American man had quite a way with the ladies. He did, it is true, place her on a pedestal, but he kept the pedestal well tended. He was full of respectful admiration for the way she tinkled the upright and stroked the harp. He paid her outlandish compliments on her downcast eye and Gioconda-like smile. He laid extravagant bouquets at her exquisite little feet, and he composed touching, if sometimes heavy-footed, sonnets in her honor, which she received with the reclining grace of a Madame Récamier. But all that went under the sofa when she took to milk and became an activist. It requires a real act of will to offer flowers to a welder's helmet, to turn a delicate compliment on a thirty-foot shot-put, or to compose an ode in honor of a Waring Blendor. The poetry went out of the American home, and with its flight Yankee matrimony became a mechanized model of what A. P. Herbert once called "holy deadlock."

And so little by little the American Adam forgot how to treat his Eve. He still opens the door for her and he carries her bundles, but he does it in what Dr. Vance Packard has described as a "hypnoidal trance." The old fire has gone out of him. He no longer pays Eve compliments on her ripe femininity and he's lost his old touch with the sonnet. She, for her part, no longer knows what to do when — once in an aging moon — she is told that she's as lovely as Venus. Usually she says "Now, now!" or "Don't hand me that line!" or else "It's nice of you to say so," or simply and most crushingly "Thank you," as though you had just passed her the salt.

This sorry state of affairs can give rise to unfortunate misunderstandings. Let us take, for example, what happens when she goes down to Mexico for a visit. The second day, outside of American Express, she makes the acquaintance of Manuel, whose dark, liquid eyes captivate her. That night, if he's a practical, down-to-earth sort of fellow, he says to her after a quarter of an hour, "You are the most beautiful Señorita I have ever seen!" After a half hour he exclaims, "You are the *amor* of my *vida*!" And after an hour: "*Un besito, nada más!* — Just one little kiss!" If, as is just as likely, he's a bit of a romantic, he will be more flowery. "You have the voice of a nightingale and your eyes are like the Milky Way," he whispers into her ear before the first fifteen minutes are up. Another quarter of an hour and he sighs, "My Cleopatra, when you move, it is like a ship in full sail!" And after an hour: "Your lips are like a blushing rose. *Querida*, will you be mine?"

When she gets back to her hotel late, very late, that night, Mary Anne's heart is pounding like a mambo drum and sleep is out of the question. So she sits down and writes her mother:

DEAREST MOM,

I've fallen in love with this heavenly country. It's so full of music, color, romance. . . . And the men! What MEN! . . . Oh, and I must tell you. I've met the most fascinating Mexican. He has dark flashing eyes that are enough to make you want to swoon, and he says the most beautiful, poetic things. . . . His name is Manuel, and he is passionately in love with me. . . .

Three days later Mary Anne comes back to her hotel room, her heart no longer pounding like a mambo drum, and writes:

DEAR MOM,

This has been the most hectic week, and Elsie and I are exhausted. There have been so many things and people to see. . . . We've decided not to stay in Mexico City any longer, but to go down to Yucatán to see the Mayan ruins and to rest up a little. . . . I still love Mexico, but Elsie and I are beginning to think there's some truth in that old saying about the Latins being lousy lovers. . . .

What has happened in the interim? Simply this. The day after being introduced to Manuel, Elsie says to Mary Anne at breakfast, "Oh, Mary Anne, do you know what Manuel said to me last night while we were dancing? He said the most beautiful things — that I had a voice like a nightingale and eyes like the Milky Way; that I looked like Cleopatra and . . . oh yes, that I had lips like a blushing rose! He's passionately in love with me. . . . And guess what? He even asked me to marry him!"

The next day Mary Anne and Elsie pack their bags and leave — without Manuel — for Yucatán.

Yes, it's a sad story all right. But then, what can you expect? You don't have to consult Omar Khayyám to realize that it's just the sort of thing that's bound to happen when girls start drinking milk.

I write, mind you, as one who has no Latin, Persian, or any other ax to grind in this matter, and as one who has few illusions as to what the "cowed and eunuchoid males" of America (to borrow John Fischer's phrase) can do about it. But as a dispassionate student of history I can't help recalling Schopenhauer's famous definition of the fair sex as "that undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, short-legged race." It's easy, at this late date, to dismiss him as a misguided, negative-thinking Teuton. But perhaps we shouldn't be too harsh on the sour old sage of Frankfurt; he was, after all, an unreconstructed and unhomogenized early Victorian, who never got a chance to visit Atlantic City and this land of triple-decker sundaes. And so we can't really blame him for having, like so many of us, underestimated the American woman's extraordinary capacity for growth.



An Atlantic Story



Born in Indiana, WILLIAM BRANDON lived in Yucatán, New Mexico, France, and England before settling down in California, where he devotes his time to writing. "I like to write," he says. "It isn't work in any sense whatsoever except that it gains my income. It's a pleasure, delight, and recreation." His book, *The Men and the Mountain*, written in the form of a long historical essay about the Frémont expedition, was published in 1955.

THE TOMAHAWK

by WILLIAM BRANDON

QUINCY ADAMS was a tough school — tough in the sense of juvenile delinquency. Some of the kids carried knives and brass knuckles, and one or two of the teachers sometimes kept discipline with a blackjack. The school windows wore heavy jail-wire screens, so they couldn't be broken by neighborhood rocks. At other schools the playgrounds were left open for afterhours recreation, but at Quincy Adams the playground gates were padlocked as soon as school was out. Otherwise, the principal maintained, the playground wouldn't be there in the morning.

Quincy Adams had a tough look about it, lean and harsh, threadbare and maybe a little punchy. The buildings, grimed with dirt, baked in the sun in the center of a half block of naked asphalt. The asphalt got soft enough on a hot day for the kids to pound banana peels and orange rinds into it, and these things remained for a long time, deeply cemented in the paving and filmed over with soot and chewing gum, like plaques presented by the class of this year or that. Other schools in Jordan were shaded by trees and ornamented with green lawns and banks of vermillion pyracantha, but these things would cost too much money at Quincy Adams.

By some accident of zoning, Quincy Adams drew for its student body most of the community's Mexican and Japanese and Filipino and colored children. Sometimes they fought one another along racial lines, but not often. Once early in the war a mob of eighth-grade boys and girls stoned a new sixth-grade arrival from Czechoslovakia and put out his eye. They told the police they thought he was a Nazi. The police called often at Quincy

Adams. The most frequent charges were vandalism, rape, theft, and possession of narcotics.

Mrs. Polling lived in a two-story frame house on the corner across the street from Quincy Adams. The house had been built in 1903 as a present from Mr. Polling on their tenth wedding anniversary. At that time it had been one of the town's fine houses. Now it was ramshackle and unpainted, the yard was overgrown with monstrous bushes, so the lower windows of the house couldn't be seen from the street, and the Quincy Adams neighborhood had grown up around it.

In good weather Mrs. Polling spent much of her time in a rocking chair pulled out to the sidewalk, where she could watch all the people and children and visit with her friends as they passed. Pulling her rocker out to the sidewalk was not an eccentricity in the Quincy Adams district, where everybody else sat in chairs on the sidewalk or leaned from windows, watching life. There was a lot of life to watch in the crowded streets. Mrs. Polling's one peculiarity was that she never invited anyone, even her best friends, inside her house. Some neighbor women thought that might be because she was so old, and not able to keep her house fit for company any more, and so would be ashamed to have it seen. Still, in spite of its neglected condition, her place was the most imposing house around, from the outside at least. Most of the other houses near by had been converted into red and green fronted stores, with apartments above them and apartments or trailer space to rent in back. Mrs. Polling's was the only house with a yard.

When the children came and went from school there were student crossing guards on Mrs. Polling's

corner, ragged youths wearing white belts as badges of office. The truck drivers and motorists roaring up and down the street paid no attention to the crossing guards, and the other kids gave the guards only a strict deference of size. That is, the little kids obeyed the guards and the kids big enough to whip the guards pushed them out of the way and darted across the street when they pleased.

2

QUINCE was one of those guards when Mrs. Polling first noticed him. He was a thin-faced, long-wristed boy of ten or twelve, with a shock of harsh black hair. He looked Spanish, Mrs. Polling thought, but not quite Spanish, either. She got curious about his bloodlines and called him over to her rocker and asked him his name.

Quince glared at her and said, "You think you're smart, you old bat?"

A bigger boy, passing by, put his hand against Quince's head and pushed him down to the sidewalk, rather casually, with the corner of his eye on Mrs. Polling. The bigger boy then sat on Quince and jammed the heel of his hand in Quince's face until Quince had to stop yelling to get his breath.

"That's Mrs. Polling, dummy," the big boy said, still watching Mrs. Polling surreptitiously to see that she was approving of his gallantry. "You don't shoot off your face at Mrs. Polling."

"My goodness, I only asked his name," Mrs. Polling said.

"He's just a no good little bastard," the big boy said in disgust. He gave Quince's head a final bang on the sidewalk and stood up. He waited with a foot ready to kick if Quince should show some fight, but Quince lay still with his hands over his face.

The big boy said, "His name's Quince." He pronounced it as Spanish, Keensy. "Some egg-headed teacher didn't know how to read it and called him Kwinse one day, so now the kids call him Kwinsey, like in Quincy Adams, and it makes him sore. He ain't nothing but a crumb."

The big boy hitched up his pants and trotted across the street to the school. Mrs. Polling could see that Quince was crying behind his hands.

After a moment Quince got to his knees, still crying, and snatched up a rock from the edge of Mrs. Polling's yard and threw it after the big boy, halfway across the street, and hit him in the leg. The big boy howled and ran back, chasing him, and Quince ran away. Mrs. Polling didn't see him again until the next morning.

She said, "Hello, Quince," pronouncing it Keensy. Quince wouldn't look at her, and set his jaw stubbornly, but after he had gone on a few steps he said, "Hi," but without looking back.

Thereafter Mrs. Polling spoke to him regularly, as she did to the rest of her friends.

When she had known him for a week or so, she saw that Quince sold marijuana cigarettes to the other kids before and after school as he worked at his job of crossing patrolman.

She said to him one day, "Quince, do you know what those muggles do to the kids?"

Quince was startled. He said, "What muggles?"

Mrs. Polling said, "They bewitch people. Anyone who sells muggles is a witch. A *brujo*. Did you know that?"

"I never seen any muggles," Quince said. He was frightened.

Mrs. Polling took a salt shaker from under her shawl. She had brought it out to her rocker for this purpose. Anyone knows that salt thrown in the form of the cross at a witch will make the witch die, and then a bat will fly out of the dead witch's mouth.

Mrs. Polling said solemnly, "Quince, I'm going to call upon the sweet names of Mary and Joseph and make a cross with salt. You'd better be sure you're not lying about not having any muggles."

Quince watched the salt shaker with terrified eyes. He took two brown paper cigarettes from his pocket and threw them on the grass. He wanted to run, Mrs. Polling could see, but he was too scared to run. He said in a whisper, still watching the salt shaker, "I ain't any witch, Mrs. Polling. Honest."

"You are if you sell muggles," Mrs. Polling said relentlessly.

"They're only fake muggles," Quince said. He licked his lips and swallowed. "That's the real truth. They only cost a nickel. How could they be muggled up for a nickel?"

"Do you sell them for Double Jig?" Double Jig was an immensely fat boy who had gone from Quincy Adams to reform school and had come back again.

Quince nodded. He said, "I get two cents and he gets three cents. They can't really be muggled up, can they, for three cents?"

"The salt would tell us, I guess," Mrs. Polling said. She weighed the salt shaker in her hand. Quince watched it in agony. He tried to be courageous, but he began to tremble.

"What did you do with the money you made?" Mrs. Polling asked suddenly.

"I bought candy," Quince said, shivering, and looking very grave.

Mrs. Polling pursed her lips and thought that over. She said, "Would you like to see a tomahawk?"

Quince looked at her blankly and didn't know what to say.

"You stop on your way home from school this evening, and I'll show it to you," Mrs. Polling said.

Quince said in awe, "Do you know I'm an Indian?"

"Indeed I do," Mrs. Polling said. "I asked about you. Do you want to see the tomahawk?"

Quince breathed, "Gee, yeah."

"I'll have it here when school's out."

Quince hesitated, although it was clear Mrs. Polling had dismissed him. He gathered his courage. He said, "Are you going to do the salt?"

"I was waiting for you to be brave enough to be ready," Mrs. Polling said.

She made a cross of salt on the sidewalk. No owl appeared over Quince's head, and he didn't die, and no bat came out of his mouth.

Mrs. Polling met his eyes and smiled. Quince broke into a broad grin and raced away to the school.

Double Jig was laying for Quince when school let out in the afternoon, and beat him up and cut his arm with a flip knife, so Quince didn't stop by that day to see Mrs. Polling's tomahawk.

3

Mrs. POLLING had learned that Quince lived with a family of neighbors who had taken him in when his mother died. His father had gone away someplace before then, and nobody knew where he was. Quince's mother had been part Indian and his mother's father had been all Indian, they said, American Indian, from someplace in New Mexico or Wyoming. When Quince didn't appear for a day or two, Mrs. Polling made inquiries of a half-grown girl named Gloria, who waited on table in Ollie's Tavern down the street. Gloria lived next door to Quince.

Gloria said, "He won't go back to school," and shrugged. "He's not any good, that Quince. Yesterday he hid under the house all day, with the centipedes and spiders, and Mrs. Espinosa even tried to throw hot water at him under there and she couldn't get him out until after dark. He was afraid the police were coming to take him. They will, too, if he stays out of school. Personally, I think it will be a blessing for Mrs. Espinosa when they do. She keeps him like one of her own just because she's a religious kind of person, but I think you can be too religious, don't you? That Quince will disgrace them sooner or later because he is no good. Even the other kids don't like him. Do you want to hear a secret?" Gloria, touching up her eyebrows with a moistened finger tip, glanced aside from her compact mirror to give Mrs. Polling a dancing smile. "Ollie and I are going to get married. He's going to name the tavern The Gloria's Tavern — you know, Gloria's, but it will sound like Glorious. Isn't that cute? He's going to paint it all over with blue stars. But don't tell because it's a secret."

Mrs. Polling congratulated her and promised not to tell. She asked Gloria to tell Quince to come see her on Saturday.

On Saturday, just at dusk, Quince appeared at Mrs. Polling's rocking chair on the sidewalk. His arm was still wrapped in a dirty bandage.

Mrs. Polling had the tomahawk under her shawl on her lap. She brought it out and held it in both hands for Quince to see it. It had a small, neat, vicious iron head. The haft was of some mysterious wood, very light.

Quince looked at the tomahawk with bright eyes. Mrs. Polling offered it to him and he took it, holding it flat on his two palms as Mrs. Polling had held it. He said, "Is it a real one?"

"You bet your boots it is," Mrs. Polling said. "It belonged to a Shoshone chief, a great man in his time. He gave it to my grandfather for a present."

"Was your grandfather an Indian, too?" Quince asked.

"No, he was a trader. He had a lot of friends in the Cheyenne and Ute and Shoshone and Arapahoe nations and I don't know who all. What nation was your grandfather, Quince?"

"I don't know," Quince said. "I don't know what I am."

"Once a miner stole it from my grandfather," Mrs. Polling said. "My grandfather took a gun and went after him and made him give it back. He followed that man for a hundred miles before he caught up with him. He said he'd chase him till hell froze over and then he'd chase him some more on the ice, if he had to."

Quince held the tomahawk in one hand and ran the other hand along the black blade. He said, "Did he kill him?"

"Land, no. My grandfather didn't have to kill a greenhorn like that fellow. But I suspect he scared him half to death when he caught him."

Quince sat down on the ground beside Mrs. Polling's rocker. He gripped the tomahawk in both hands and slowly chopped with it to right and to left.

He said, "Gee, it feels funny. It's so light. Did this ever kill anybody?"

Mrs. Polling chuckled. "I should say so. The chief who had it must have killed dozens of Blackfeet with it. He was famous for fighting Blackfeet. He was always rich in Blackfoot horses, my grandfather said. And of course anyone who fought Blackfeet fought the very best, and didn't they know it."

Quince held the tomahawk up beside his face. He said, "Does it look like me?"

Mrs. Polling got out her spectacles and put them on and peered down at him. The street light splintered on her glasses and gleamed on her false teeth when she smiled, and shone through her fine white hair to make a veil around her head. She said, "Not too much. Although you both certainly are skinny."

Quince laughed. He laid the tomahawk across his knees and bent his head over it. Suddenly he grabbed it up and whipped it in a circle around his head and then put it back across his knees again.

Mrs. Polling said, "There used to be a little bunch of feathers tied to it by a strip of leather. I can remember them when I was a little girl. But they gave out, I guess."

"If I had this, I'll bet I could fix old Double Jig," Quince said.

"Well, you're not going to have it, young man. Don't you start thinking of that. I wouldn't part with it for anything on earth. But you can stop by and see it whenever you want, on your way from school."

Quince raised the tomahawk above his head with both hands and then looked up at it in the dark. He said in a low voice, "Double Jig won't let me go to school no more."

"Pshaw, as fat as he is I shouldn't think you'd be scared of him. You can outrun him, certainly."

"His gang catches me and holds me for him. He's got a lot of friends and I ain't got any friends. It's because everybody else is something else and I'm the only Indian in school."

"Why, that's not so. Nine tenths of these Mexican people are part Indian, way back. Didn't you know that?"

"They ain't Indian like I am," Quince said in a matter-of-fact voice. "Why else would they all act to me like they do?"

Mrs. Polling got to her feet. She said, "You just make believe Double Jig and his bunch are all Blackfeet. If you show enough fight, I'll warrant they'll stop picking on you." She reached down and took the tomahawk away from him and began dragging her rocking chair up the brick walk to her house.

Quince jumped up and said, "Do you want me to help you?"

"I'll manage. This is most all the exercise I get each day. Good night, Quince."

She disappeared among the bushes in her front yard. He could still hear the rocker scraping and bumping along over the bricks. He called out, "I sure wish I could see it again sometime."

The rocker stopped. Mrs. Polling's voice said, "The next day you go to school, you stop. Good night."

Quince waited until he heard the rocker making its way painfully up the steps of her porch, and then walked away home.

On the following Monday, Quince went to school, and after school he stopped again to see the tomahawk. He had a bloody nose but his knuckles were skinned too, Mrs. Polling was pleased to see. He was shivering spasmodically, but while he looked at the tomahawk, now and then wiping blood from his mouth, the shivering stopped. Mrs. Polling didn't say anything about his returning to school, or about Double Jig. When it was suppertime, Quince finally gave the tomahawk back to her and left.

He didn't stop the next day, but the day after that he came by with a gauze compress taped over one

ear. Mrs. Polling could not restrain her curiosity, and asked him if Double Jig had been at him again.

Quince said, "No, the principal punched me around. He gave me a licking because I hit Double Jig in the belly with a ball bat and they had to take him to the hospital." Quince kept his eyes lowered to the tomahawk, but Mrs. Polling could tell that he was quite proud and happy.

From then on Double Jig left him alone, and Quince seemed much more sure of himself. He came every few days after school to see the tomahawk. He never talked much, but his face was very expressive, as it should be, Mrs. Polling thought, because it was so thin you could almost see through it. Sometimes he would show up with the same sick look in his eyes she remembered from the first time she had seen him, and she would know something had gone wrong at school or at home, but the tomahawk would make medicine and the fear and loneliness would be spirited away.

4

THE next year, when Quince graduated from the eighth grade and thus from Quincy Adams, Mrs. Polling invited him into her house and gave him a cookie. Quince understood that this was a great honor, being shown inside Mrs. Polling's house, because no one had ever been asked inside by Mrs. Polling, so he had heard.

Her house looked far grander and better kept inside than out. Quince was surprised at this. He had heard people speculate that her house was probably a mess inside, the way old folks living alone usually let things go. There were several other rocking chairs like the one she dragged out to the sidewalk, squat-legged chairs with high backs, decorated with chintz-covered cushions. There was a beautiful piano, and a mirror in a frame of golden curlicues, and a glistening sideboard set with rubbed and polished silver, and a lacy fern hanging in a pot at the sunlit bay window. Quince had never seen so much furniture in a house. It looked like a furniture store, he thought, the way things were crowded around and kept shiny. Every table top bore porcelain figures, bronze vases, glass paperweights, odd cups and saucers. Above the fireplace there was a painting of a bearded man, his hand thrust heroically into his coat, and there was a row of old photographs on the manteltree, some of them pictures of Mrs. Polling's house in earlier days, with a carriage in front and people on the porch.

Quince sat down on a stiff, gleaming little chair. He was conscious of his ragged sweater and his dirty hands. Mrs. Polling brought him the cookie on a plate, and a glass of milk. The tomahawk was stuck behind an oval picture on the wall, and after she put down the milk and cookie she crossed the room and got the tomahawk and brought it over to him. She was puffing from all the walking back and

forth. She stood before him, breathing hard but smiling, a bent old woman in a print house dress, holding out the tomahawk in both hands as she had held it the first time he had seen it. Quince was lifted up on a sudden wave of well-being that seemed a culmination of all the good feelings he had had each time he had seen the tomahawk. In the midst of this he was excited by a thought, springing for no reason at all from his sense of pleasure and excitement, that maybe Mrs. Polling was going to give him the tomahawk for a graduation present, but he knew that couldn't be.

He gulped down the last of the milk and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and took the tomahawk. He couldn't keep from grinning, because he felt so fine.

Mrs. Polling sat down in a rocker. They were silent for a long time, while Quince held the tomahawk.

Mrs. Polling said at last, "I hope you'll not stop coming to see it, Quince, just because you won't be going by to school."

Quince said, "Heck, no."

Mrs. Polling sighed. She said, "My, I haven't had company for ever so long."

Quince grinned.

"All the friends I used to know moved away from around here years ago," Mrs. Polling said. "I never see them any more. But this house means so much to me, I don't believe I ever could give it up. Everything here reminds me of when my husband was living and my children were growing up. Both my boys died of the typhoid when they weren't much more than youngsters."

Quince, holding the tomahawk and studying the strange, ancient gouge that ran up from the bit, wondered what Mrs. Polling would say if he would ask her for it. But something told him his contentment would be shattered if he said anything like that.

"I suppose it means you've stopped growing when you let a place get such a hold on you," Mrs. Polling said. "But land, surely I'm old enough to stop growing."

Quince said nothing. They were quiet again, while the afternoon sank away and the room was filled with shadow.

Quince said, "I guess I'll go." He put the tomahawk down on a table. He said, "I've got a job for summer. It's helping Mr. Mangahas with his gardening business, over on the other side of town." He hesitated, and then blurted, "I won't get back over here very much."

Now maybe she would offer to give him the tomahawk.

"That will be a real good job, I should think," Mrs. Polling said. "When you do come back, you stop by."

Quince concealed his disappointment. It wasn't exactly disappointment, anyway. He had known

all the time she didn't mean to give him the tomahawk.

He said, "Okay." Mrs. Polling opened the front door for him and he went out.

On the porch, Mrs. Polling said, "I'm awfully happy about you, Quince."

He didn't know what she meant, and she seemed to realize she had embarrassed him. She said, "Good-by," and closed the door without giving him a chance to answer.

5

THE summer job was hard work, and it was in a strange part of town. In the beginning Quince was unhappy, and after a few days he came back to Quincy Adams one night after dark, hoping to see the tomahawk, but Mrs. Polling had gone in from the sidewalk for the night and there was no light on in her house, so he had the trip for nothing.

Later, he came over on a Sunday and found her in her chair on the sidewalk, and she went in and got the tomahawk and brought it out for him to look at. He came back once more in the summer, and then it was autumn and he was going to high school downtown and working for Mr. Mangahas in the evenings and on Saturdays and Sundays, and he was too busy to think about the tomahawk for a long while. He came over again in the spring, when school was out. Mrs. Polling kept him sitting by her on the sidewalk for an hour, looking at the tomahawk and listening to her tell all over again the story of how her grandfather had chased the miner who had stolen it. Then Mrs. Polling kept him even longer while she made him tell her all about how he had gotten along in his first year in high school. His grades had been all right, not too good, but he had passed in everything. High school math was sure hard. They were having algebra.

After that he only came to see Mrs. Polling at the end of each school year, in the early summer, and forgot about her and the tomahawk the rest of the time. Mrs. Polling thought about him frequently and was sorry he could not come over, but she knew he was kept terribly busy. She found out all she could about how he was getting along. Gloria, who was going with a policeman now, kept her informed about Quince, because her boy friend, the policeman, knew everything about everybody in all parts of town, not just in the Quincy Adams district. Gloria had not married Ollie at the tavern after all.

Gloria said Quince was getting along real good. Gloria thought it was amazing, the way Quince was working hard and behaving himself. She said no one would ever have thought that Quince would grow up right. Gloria said that Quince was even thinking about studying landscaping at college after he got through high school, so Mr. Mangahas had told her boy friend. Mr. Mangahas said maybe Quince had a talent for landscaping.

Mrs. Polling was extremely proud of these reports. In her own mind she exaggerated the importance of the tomahawk in shaping Quince's character until, in her own private thoughts, she saw her tomahawk as the only thing in the world Quince lived and worked for. It was an instance of true magic, she sincerely believed, but wondrous as it was she never spoke of it to anyone. Her happiness about it was inarticulate.

When the time came for Quince's graduation from high school, Mrs. Polling decided to make him a gift of the tomahawk. It would be hard to give it up, it was one of the most precious of her keepsakes, but that would make the gift all the more momentous. She pictured over and over, while she waited for Quince's visit after the end of school, his joy and astonishment. She was certain he had never dreamed that she might ever give it to him, all his, to keep. But she did feel he had earned it, turning out as well as he had.

It might be better, if Quince was really going on to college, to wait and give him the tomahawk after he was through college. It would mean still more as a college graduation gift. But Mrs. Polling was afraid to wait another four years. She wanted to be on hand herself to see his face when, all unexpected, the tomahawk became his.

She waited eagerly for Quince to come and see her, expecting him each day after the end of the school term, but he didn't appear. Weeks passed, and it was midsummer. She asked Gloria about him, and

Gloria said he was working extra hard and still studying too. He had gotten some kind of scholarship that would help him go to college. He had a girl, too, Gloria said.

Mrs. Polling told Gloria to ask Quince to come and visit her, if she saw him. Gloria reported later she had seen Quince downtown and he had said he was coming to see Mrs. Polling right away, the first chance he got. Gloria said his girl was with him, and she was real cute.

But Quince didn't come to see her, in spite of his promise. The summer passed. Gloria said Quince had left for college, and her boy friend had heard from Mr. Mangahas that he was going to try to get through in less than four years. He was very serious about his girl, and they wanted to get married, but they would wait until he was through with college and had a job. He was one levelheaded, steady boy, Mr. Mangahas said.

Eventually Mrs. Polling had to accept the fact that Quince had altogether forgotten the tomahawk. She supposed that meant it had done its work well and he didn't need it any more, but she couldn't help feeling neglected and disappointed, almost as if Quince had betrayed her. She thought a time or two of getting his address and sending the tomahawk to him as a gift, but she decided that the selfishness of age had as many rights as the thoughtlessness of youth, and if he wanted the tomahawk he would have to come and visit her to get it. But he never did.



OLD JUBAL

by HERBERT MERRILL

THE only place I know where time stands still
Is Jubal's farm on Stony Lonesome Hill.
He was an old man there when I was born,
And on the day that Gabriel blows his horn
He'll still be there, to follow with persistence
Whatever lines remain of least resistance.

He owes his immortality, I guess,
To never doing more but doing less,
To rocking on the porch and rarely thinking
And only raising corn enough for drinking,
And to his notion that it takes less trying
To keep on living than to start in dying.



HERBERT V. PROCHNOW, *general vice president of The First National Bank of Chicago, is one of the top-ranking financiers who were called to Washington by President Eisenhower. There, as Deputy Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs (1955 and 1956), he had the responsibility of dealing with our foreign trade policy and with those pressure groups, now no longer confined to the North, who fear free trade and plead for protection.*

FOREIGN TRADE IS A TWO-WAY STREET

by HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

1

A FEW years ago when the retail price of coffee rose above one dollar a pound American housewives vigorously protested and organized an informal but effective boycott against their grocers. The result was a sharp slump in imports of coffee by the United States, a nervousness in commodity prices in the principal markets of the world, and considerable official agitation over what should be done in the circumstances.

The impact of the American people on foreign trade, as the coffee situation showed, is enormous and stems from the fact that they possess the highest standard of living in the world. Their income dwarfs that of any other people. Their currency, the dollar, is the most sought after in the world. Their capacity to consume and to produce has been described as Gargantuan. It is an influence that determines every day whether longshoremen will load cargoes at Santos, Liverpool, and Marseilles. It determines how many of his trees an Indonesian rubber planter will tap for the fluid that will be transformed into tires for American automobiles. It determines whether a Chilean copper miner will dig the ore that will be smelted into the metal on which our electronics industry depends. In a word, the American consumer's decisions not only help to determine how well he will live, but also how well much of the rest of the world will live. Because of this, American foreign trade policy is a matter of vital concern to governments throughout the world.

Evidence of America's ability to absorb the products of the world was presented by the President's Commission on Materials Policy in its 1952 report. This report pointed out that in the middle of the century the United States with a population of 151 million was using over 2.5 billion tons of material each year to support its standard of living. Each American in 1950 was consuming on the average eighteen tons of materials annually. In comparison with his parents at the turn of the

century, the American at mid-century was taking from the earth two and one-half times more bituminous coal, three times more copper, three and one-half times more iron ore, four times more zinc, twenty-six times more natural gas, and thirty times more crude oil. Since the publication of this report, the American population has risen to more than 168 million, and in 1956 the gross national product rose to a new peak of more than \$410 billion.

The American propensity to consume emphasizes the necessity for a trade policy that will take into account the tremendous growth of the American economy, and *the reliance of that economy on foreign as well as domestic sources of supply.*

The United States has a long and in many ways romantic foreign trade tradition. During the colonial period, New England sea captains plied the ruthless multilateral trade between Massachusetts, West Africa, and the West Indies. In Massachusetts they loaded aboard their vessels the rum distilled from the molasses of the West Indies. In West Africa they traded rum for slaves, and in the West Indies they sold the slaves for more molasses, and for gold and silver.

After the Revolutionary War closed British markets to the new nation, American merchants outfitted their ships for the Pacific northwest to reach its rich harvest of furs. From there, the islands of the Pacific beckoned them onward, and before long the new American flag was being unfurled in the teeming harbors of the East Indies and of China. The most stirring period of this early American overseas commercial expansion occurred during the decade preceding the outbreak of the Civil War when American clipper ships, such as the *Flying Cloud*, with their fast, clean lines carried the products of the United States around the world.

Following the Civil War, there was a great surge of industrial and agricultural expansion which radically changed the character of American foreign

trade. We began to develop trade balances against other countries, selling more to them than we bought. Some of our economists described these as "favorable" in the sense that it was probably better to be a creditor than a debtor. As is often the case with economic matters, however, the picture was not quite so simple. This fact was brought home to us by World War II, which seriously impaired the delicate patterns that had made it possible for Europe to buy more from us than it sold to us and to make up the difference in dollars owed to us through earnings in other parts of the world. The loss by Europe of these other sources of dollar earnings has been made up since the end of World War II by United States economic assistance in the form of loans and grants, and by the dollar expenditures of our overseas military programs.

A basic question of United States foreign trade policy is whether these various forms of assistance should be regarded as a more or less permanent way of allowing the rest of the world to buy more from us than its own dollar earnings would permit. When you freeze a nation's boundaries to an area and to resources upon which its people cannot exist without trade with other nations, what responsibility do you have to that nation? The difference between what the United States sells to the rest of the world and what it buys from the rest of the world reached its peak in 1947 when it amounted to almost \$10 billion. In the seven years 1946-1953, our exports of goods and services exceeded our imports by about \$49 billion. In that period, the sale of goods and services by other nations to us was \$49 billion short of paying for the goods and services we sold them. This shortage in dollar earnings was covered almost entirely by loans and grants of the United States government.

Despite the marked economic recovery of the world since the end of World War II, the extension of massive United States economic assistance over the years, and the operation of the United States technical aid for productivity programs, in 1956 we had a balance against the rest of the world, measured in terms of goods and services, of about \$4 billion. To accept \$4 billion more in imports would mean accepting goods and services equal to less than one per cent of our gross national product. If we were to increase both our exports and our imports gradually, the imports increasing with slightly greater rapidity, the difference of \$4 billion might be reduced with a minimum of economic difficulty.

We are pleased to sell the world our raw materials, finished goods, and services. But we often seem strangely reluctant to import raw materials, finished goods, and services in payment. We seem willing to deplete our resources, use our manpower, and wear out our productive equipment in order to sell goods abroad. But we hesitate to take imports in return that would build up the resources that have been depleted, return the manpower that has

been used, and replace the productive equipment that has been worn out. As the nation which leads the world in the production and distribution of goods, we need critically to examine the soundness of this economic philosophy.

2

OUR government has given increasing attention to the development of a higher level of mutually advantageous trade between the United States and the rest of the world. Such trade would make it possible for other countries to earn more dollars and, consequently, for the United States gradually to dispense with economic assistance to them. In line with this point of view the United States has participated, since the end of the war, in five major tariff negotiations, which have resulted in a reduction of some barriers to imports.

With the exception of a few import quotas affecting agricultural products, the United States imposes no quantitative restrictions on products from abroad. Laws have been enacted which have simplified United States customs procedures and thereby encouraged foreign manufacturers to sell in the American market. The substantial preference which formerly favored domestic producers bidding for federal contracts has been reduced, making it possible for foreign firms to compete for orders by the United States government of goods to be used in this country. This country has coöperated with other countries in international organizations, such as the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, the International Monetary Fund, and the World Bank, in order to promote the expansion of world trade and the increased convertibility of world currencies.

There is a much greater public recognition now that foreign trade is a two-way street—that the United States cannot expect permanently to sell to other countries more than it will buy from them. Sooner or later foreign governments will seek United States economic assistance to finance their import surplus, or they will take drastic steps to reduce that surplus by restrictions on American goods and tight government controls over their own economies. The prospect of permanent large-scale programs of economic aid is not attractive to the American people. Neither is the prospect of our friends abroad developing planned economies and limiting our foreign trade, which accounts for an estimated 4.3 million American jobs. Policies which stimulate a higher level of mutually advantageous trade are in America's own self-interest.

The extent to which the American people owe their material prosperity to foreign markets for their products was described in 1956 in a report of the House Ways and Means Committee. The committee noted that our agricultural exports represented an estimated annual output of 50 to 60 million cultivated acres, an area equivalent to the

combined cultivated land of Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana, Kentucky, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia. The committee also noted that during the previous year the American farmers had exported 27 per cent of their rice, 27 per cent of their tobacco, 19 per cent of their cotton, 23 per cent of their soybean and soybean oil products, 28 per cent of their wheat and flour, 20 per cent of their barley, 29 per cent of their grain sorghums, and 35 per cent of their raisins.

The stake of the American factory worker in foreign markets is no less impressive. In testimony before a congressional committee in 1955 in connection with the renewal of the Trade Agreements Act, James B. Carey, Secretary-Treasurer of the CIO, declared that many workers in key industries such as auto, steel, electrical products, and machinery are dependent for their jobs on foreign markets for products manufactured in their plants. He noted that in 1952 the United States exported 13 per cent of its production of agricultural machinery, 23.3 per cent of its tractors, 13.3 per cent of its motor trucks, 3.9 per cent of its production of passenger cars, and 6.3 per cent of its output of rolled steel products. Hartman Barber, representing the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, endorsed the renewal of the Trade Agreements Act in 1955 and declared that in the transportation industry approximately 10 per cent of the employment could be attributed directly to foreign trade.

Repeatedly, witnesses before congressional committees have stressed the truism that foreign trade benefits both the importer and the exporter — that the dollars which the foreign producer earns in the United States by his sales to Americans are not lost to us. The principal use of money is still the purchase of goods and services. Whether American dollars are earned by sellers in Rio de Janeiro or London, sooner or later they will buy American manufactured goods, farm products, and services, thereby maintaining and generating jobs for the American people, taxable income for federal and local governments, and the material prosperity of hundreds of communities and millions of workers throughout the United States.

3

THE United States foreign trade policy that has been developed since the end of World War II has undoubtedly done much to make trade a two-way street between the United States and the rest of the world. This policy has posed some problems as well, which go to the heart of America's role in world trade and its position of leadership in the free world alliance. One of these problems arises from the now general recognition that domestic economic policy and the foreign trade policy of a nation are inextricably linked. Let me illustrate the importance of this linkage and the problems it creates.

Both of the major political parties are firmly attached to the principle that the American farmer should share fully in the American prosperity. They recognize that a sound, healthy agriculture is a necessary part of the American economy. Sharp declines in farm income adversely affect not only farmers but also the producers of automobiles, farm equipment, electrical appliances, and scores of industrial products. A decline in farm income can mean a decline in industrial production and the loss of jobs in the cities for many industrial workers.

A prominent feature of the government program to assure the American farmer of his share of the national prosperity has been the price-support system, which places a floor under the prices of certain crops, such as wheat and cotton, through a system of loans which the government extends to producers of the crops. The level of world prices has tended to be below our supported prices.

The domestic price-support system has had important effects on American foreign trade policy inasmuch as the United States has been required to impose restrictions on lower-priced competitive agricultural products from abroad in order to protect the operation of the system. The government imposes the restrictions to avoid having to support the world price for agricultural commodities. Without import restrictions foreign producers can undersell our farmers in the United States. Government stocks of our surplus agricultural commodities would rise higher and higher as the government took over the American farmer's collateral on his loan — his crops. The accumulation of these stocks would increase the cost of the price-support program to the American people. It would also augment the problems the government now faces in its efforts to decrease these surplus stocks by sales abroad for foreign currencies instead of the American dollars it would prefer to receive. These foreign currency payments must be negotiated in a manner satisfactory to the United States and the foreign governments concerned, and the sales should not displace our regular commercial exports of agricultural commodities.

Import restrictions on foreign agricultural products have to be imposed whenever such imports interfere with our domestic price-support operations. But do not trade restrictions inevitably place pressures on us to engage in bigger programs of foreign economic aid?

The extent of United States import restrictions on agricultural commodities over the years has actually been relatively slight, and some that have been imposed by the government to protect the price-support program have been subsequently either eliminated or relaxed. Nevertheless, the peoples of foreign nations have been concerned about what they regard as the contradiction represented by these import restrictions with the professed American policy of encouraging a higher

level of world trade. For some countries, such as the Netherlands, Denmark, and New Zealand, agricultural exports form an important part of their total export trade, and foreign restrictions on those exports hurt.

What is the United States to do in this situation? It has an obvious interest in making certain that serious weaknesses do not develop in its domestic economy as a result of an agricultural situation. It has an equally obvious interest in making it possible for friendly foreign countries to sell their products to us in order that they may be cut loose from the United States economic aid programs, with consequent benefits to the American taxpayer. How can the foreign trade and domestic economic interests be given their true weight and balanced? How can we develop a national trade policy, one recognizing and weighing the various interests at stake, all of which appear to be equally valid?

There is no easy answer to these questions. National defense considerations also enter into questions of foreign trade. The President's Commission on Materials Policy recommended that the United States reject a policy of national self-sufficiency. The commission felt that it was better to develop a coordinated materials policy in conjunction with the other countries of the free world. In this way, the commission suggested, the economic defense of the free world would be strengthened and broadened; whereas self-sufficiency by the United States would be not only dangerously expensive but also tantamount to a self-imposed blockade.

4

SINCE the publication of the commission's report, foreign trade policy and the relationship of this policy to the national security of the United States have continued to receive careful study by the Congress and the executive branch of the government. No other aspect of foreign trade policy has created such apparently insoluble paradoxes. The reason for this arises in part from the massive character of modern warfare, in which virtually every American industry would be called upon to play a part. The Congress recognized this situation in June, 1955, and inserted into the Trade Agreements Act a provision which makes it possible for a domestic American industry to seek relief from import competition in the American market on the ground that it is essential to the national security.

Even before the new "national security" section was added, the Trade Agreements Act had "escape clause" procedures, which were put into force for the first time in 1951. Under these procedures, a tariff concession which the United States has made to other nations may be withdrawn or modified. In this way, they help to protect a domestic industry against serious injury from imports. They reflect the view of the Congress that notwithstand-

ing all the precautions taken to ensure that American tariff reductions do not injure a domestic industry, such injury might, in fact, occur.

By October, 1956, there were more applications from American industry for relief from import competition on grounds of national security than there were requests for relief under the "escape clause" procedures.

Now, everyone is prepared to recognize that certain industries have obvious national defense characteristics and are essential to our national security. The steel industry is a good example. It would be impossible to wage a war without the tanks, the shells, and the ships for which the steel industry provides the basic material. Similarly, the petroleum industry is an essential part of our defense because it provides the fuel for our Army, Navy, and Air Force.

The United States is a major petroleum producer, but it is also a major importer of petroleum from such important areas as Venezuela and the Near East. Should the United States restrict imports of petroleum in order to lessen the impact of low-cost competition on our domestic petroleum producers? If we do not restrict imports, our own producers claim, we shall make it impossible for them to continue the exploration necessary to maintain production, in view of their higher labor costs and the significantly greater costs involved in the discovery and recovery of new oil resources in the United States. In time of war, they say, we may find ourselves cut off from foreign sources of petroleum, and the result would be a national disaster.

Opponents of restrictions on oil from abroad contend, on the other hand, that the lower-cost oil from foreign wells conserves our own reserves and makes it possible for the United States to operate at such high and efficient levels of production; that if we are to maintain the strong defense base we already possess, we cannot afford to build into our economy a high-cost energy factor that could seriously increase the defense budget. They also argue that United States restrictions on imports of oil could throw into complete turmoil the economies of countries of vast strategic importance to the United States and thereby expose these sensitive areas to Communist subversion. The petroleum problem is further complicated by the fact that many American petroleum producers also import oil from the wells they own abroad. In restricting imports of foreign oil we would be open to the charge of favoring one segment of the American petroleum industry against the other. But the same charge could be made by exclusively domestic producers if no import restrictions of foreign oil were imposed.

In time of war or international emergency, Canadian and Mexican oil would presumably be as available to the United States as would oil from its own wells in Oklahoma and Texas. Consequently,

the argument that American producers of petroleum should be protected against lower-priced imports of oil in order to guarantee the survival of the American petroleum industry overlooks the fact that a war would probably not interrupt the flow to this country of oil from at least the two countries contiguous to the United States. Thus, the case for import restrictions based on the contention that foreign sources of supply could be cut off from the United States in wartime may require some important qualifications.

An additional fact that must be taken into account in weighing the case for import restrictions is the unique character of any future war. Much has been written of the necessity for industrial dispersion in order to minimize the impact of atomic bombing. For example, it is sometimes contended that too much of the American steel industry is located in the Northeastern part of the country and in the Middle West and that more of it should be located in the South, Southwest, and Great Plains areas. Similarly, it is argued that the aircraft industry in the United States is particularly vulnerable because of its location on the seacoasts — California in the West, and New England and Long Island in the East.

If there is any merit to this argument for the geographic dispersion of industry, then it would seem that the United States must consider the consequences of impairing the industries of its allies by restricting their exports to the American market.

The advantages to our armed forces of having a strong logistical base abroad were demonstrated during World War II when the Allied armies could draw on the British economy as well as the American supply depots in the United Kingdom. These advantages were demonstrated again during the Korean War when Japan fulfilled the same role against the Communist aggressors. In any appraisal of the case for import restrictions on the grounds of "defense essentiality," a judgment must be made regarding the validity of the concept of a worldwide defense base.

Increasing attention is being given to the possibility of preserving strategic domestic industries by means other than import restrictions. Such means might include government subsidies chargeable to the national defense budget, training programs to improve the technical efficiency of the industry concerned and therefore its ability to compete against imports, stockpile operations providing government markets for strategic commodities in times of surplus production, and indirect financial assistance such as rapid amortization arrangements for new plants and increased depletion allowances for producers of strategic minerals.

Decisions on these matters require a high degree of coordination between the government departments directly concerned: the Departments of State, Treasury, Commerce, and Agriculture, the

International Cooperation Administration, and the Office of Defense Mobilization. Many of the answers, ultimately, must be referred to the President for final decision. Moreover, concerted attempts are made to make sure that the public is consulted directly on many issues of foreign trade policy.

The "escape clause" procedures of the Trade Agreements Act include public hearings at which arguments may be presented for or against an application for import restrictions on a particular commodity. Before tariff negotiations are held with foreign nations, our government publishes a list of all the commodities being considered for possible tariff concessions by the United States.

In addition to formal arrangements such as these for ascertaining public opinion on matters of trade policy, government officials frequently meet with individuals and public groups interested in national trade matters. These meetings afford a firsthand opportunity for members of the government to learn what national trade policy looks like to those affected by it, and to explain the basis for it.

To develop such a policy, it seems to me that three things are necessary. The first is an increased public awareness of the importance of foreign trade policy to every American. Too often the only Americans who are aware of what is happening in the foreign trade field are those whose economic interests are directly at stake.

The second requirement is that there must be an end to the use of such terms as "free trader" and "protectionist" in evaluating the reliability of the sources of arguments against and for import restrictions. Such terms are of no help in making decisions. We should make certain that our fact-finding machinery is as perfect as it can humanly be, so that when a decision is made on foreign trade policy the basis of it will be firmly and clearly established.

Finally, we must recognize that decisions on foreign trade policy are not decisions affecting banks, steamship companies, import-export firms, and commodities alone. They affect people. As such, they are certain to affect our political relations with the rest of the world and the chances of the attainment by the United States of its worldwide objectives. The machinery of government must never be so impersonal that the impact of its decisions on our own people and on those abroad is ignored. To ignore it in making decisions on foreign trade policy would be to commit a cardinal blunder, for trade is the economic lifeblood of us all.

Western civilization is now faced with its supreme opportunity to organize its common interests for a period of significant economic progress for mankind: therefore we need the vast material benefits that will flow from steadily expanding trade. Increasing world trade is imperative to a stable and peaceful world where people can live and work and hope with faith in the future.



*A native Canadian, FARLEY MOWAT lived in Saskatchewan before the war and in 1935 accompanied an uncle to Churchill on the south edge of the Barrenlands. From that time on he was strangely attracted to the arctic expanses. After his service in the Canadian Army during World War II he teamed up with a young native of the Barrenlands and together they explored about 1200 miles of that territory. From this experience came his book *People of the Deer*. Mr. Mowat is now married and living near Toronto, where he and his wife raise Huskies for fun and vegetables for insurance against the vicissitudes of a wandering writer's life. The following account of his life in Saskatchewan is part of a new book, *The Dog Who Wouldn't Be*, published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.*

THE LANDLOCKED SAILOR

by FARLEY MOWAT

I

ALTHOUGH my family's five-year sojourn on the western plains satisfied my father in most respects, he nevertheless knew one hunger that Saskatchewan could not still. Before coming to Saskatoon he had always lived close to the open waters of the Great Lakes, and he had been a sailor on them since his earliest days. Nor is this purely a figurative statement, for, by his own account, he was conceived on the placid waters of the Bay of Quinte — in a green canoe.

During his first year as librarian of the Saskatoon Public Library, he was able to stifle his nautical cravings beneath the weight of the many new experiences the West had to offer him; but during the long winter of the second prairie year, he began to dream. When he sat down to dinner of an evening he was with Mother and myself in the flesh only, for in spirit he was dining on hardtack and salt beef aboard one of Nelson's ships. He took to carrying a piece of marlin in his pockets, and visitors to his office in the library would watch curiously as he tied and untied a variety of sailor's knots while talking in an abstracted voice about the problems of book distribution in prairie towns.

Knowing that Angus was not the kind to remain satisfied with a dream world, Mother and I were not surprised when he announced that he intended to buy a ship and to prove that a true sailor could find fulfillment even on the drought-stricken western plains.

I was skeptical at first. Only the previous summer we had made a journey to Regina, the capital of the province, where I had spent some hours on the banks of Wascana Lake. Wascana was made by men, not God, and by just such men as my father. It boasted a yacht club and a fleet of a dozen sailing

craft. But it could boast of no water at all. I have never seen anything so pitiful as those little vessels sitting forlornly on the sun-cracked mud of the lake bottom, their seams gaping in the summer heat. I remembered Wascana when Angus told us of his plans; and supposing that he must also remember that phantom lake, I asked him if he was contemplating dry-land sailing — on wheels perhaps?

I went to bed early, and without my supper.

Angus bought his ship a few weeks later. She was a sixteen-foot sailing canoe that, by some mischance, had drifted into the arid heart of Saskatchewan. Angus spent the balance of that winter laboring over her. With meticulous and loving care he built leeboards, splashboards, a mast, a steering oar, and a set of paddles. He borrowed Mother's sewing machine and made a sail out of the finest Egyptian cotton, shipped to him from New York. As for the canoe herself — he burnished her sides with steel wool, scraped them with glass, and painted and repainted them until her flanks were as smooth to the touch as the surface of a mirror.

Then he applied the final coat of paint — bright green — and with some ceremony christened her *Concepcion*. He said that she was so named after an island in the Philippines.

Her launching took place on a day in early May. I helped Angus carry her down to the riverbank beside the 25th Street bridge, and en route we collected an interested group of followers. Vessels of any sort had been unknown in Saskatoon since the time of the prairie schooners, and *Concepcion* was an eye-catching maiden in her own right.

As my father went about the task of stepping the mast and preparing the canoe for her first voyage, the crowd of onlookers increased steadily. High

above our heads the ramparts of the bridge darkened with a frieze of spectators. They were all very quiet and solemn as Angus nodded his head to tell me that he was ready; and then he climbed aboard and I eased *Concepcion* into her own element.

It was early spring, and the Saskatchewan River was still in flood. Although Angus knew all there was to know about water, or so he believed, it had not occurred to him that there would be much difference between the Bay of Quinte and the South Saskatchewan. There was a good breeze blowing down the deep valley and it riffled the surging brown surface of the water, effectively concealing the tell-tale swirls and vortexes of the fierce current beneath. The watchers on the bridge were not deceived as Angus was. They knew a good deal about prairie rivers in the spring, and there was something funereal about the hush that lay upon them as they watched Angus and *Concepcion* begin their maiden voyage.

The launching took place several hundred feet above the bridge, but by the time Angus had everything shipshape, and was able to raise his eyes to look about, the bridge had inexplicably changed its position in relation to him. It was now several hundred yards astern and receding from him at an alarming rate of speed. Angus became extremely active. He ran up the sail and began frantically hauling in the sheet in an effort to come about.

From the parapets, where I now stood watching with the rest, there came a gasp of mingled awe and admiration. Most of the watchers had never seen a sailing vessel before and they had always understood that sail was a painfully slow way of getting about. Their eyes were being opened.

Concepcion was skittering downstream at about fifteen knots. She should not have been making five in that light air, and Angus knew it. He was distressed. He began to understand about the current. He got out his paddle and with almost demoniac frenzy strove to bring her bow upstream.

Concepcion beat back and forth across the river like a wood chip on a frothing millrace. She tacked and beat, and though she kept her head resolutely upstream — and though she was sailing like a demented witch — she nevertheless continued to diminish in our view until at last she vanished altogether in the bright distance to the north.

Some of the men standing on the bridge beside me began making bets as to when Angus would reach the town of Prince Albert, some hundreds of miles downstream. One of them glanced at his watch and spoke to his companion. "Eleven o'clock. 'Course, he'll be a mite slower now, goin' backward that way, but I reckon he'll hit the Prince Albert bridge by suppertime. I'll lay you fifty cents he does."

He would have lost his bet, however, for Angus and *Concepcion* did not go to Prince Albert after all. They might have done so had they not been fortu-

nate enough to run aground some ten miles below Saskatoon. Shortly after midnight they arrived home together in a farm cart that was being towed by two noncommittal horses.

2

THE setback to Angus's design was only temporary. "Never mind," he said at breakfast the next day. "Wait till the spring flood passes, and *then* we'll see."

But what we saw when the flood was gone was not encouraging. The South Saskatchewan was back to normal, and normal consisted of a desert expanse of mud bars with, here and there, a pool of trapped brown scum and, in a few very favored places, a sluggish trickle of moving water.

It was a sight that would have discouraged any man except my father. He refused to be discouraged. He had made his plans, and the river would have to conform to them. We closed up our rented house and moved our old caravan some ten miles south of the city to the Saskatoon Golf and Country Club. Here, on the wooded banks of the Saskatchewan, we established our summer residence.

It was a fine place for a boy to spend a summer. There were enough pools remaining in the river bed to provide swimming of a sort. There was a stretch of virgin prairie where coyotes dened and where determined gentlemen batted golf balls into gopher holes. And only a few miles away there was an Indian reservation.

My time was my own, for the summer holidays had begun, but Angus had to commute to work in the city every day. He might easily have done this by car, but he had *planned* to commute by water.

At seven o'clock on the first Monday morning, he and *Concepcion* set out bravely and full of confidence in one another. But when they returned late that evening, it was as passengers in, and on, a friend's automobile. Angus was very weary, and uncommunicative about the day's adventures. Years later he admitted to me that he had actually walked eight of the ten miles to Saskatoon, towing *Concepcion* behind him through the shallows or carrying her on his head across sand bars. There had also been a brief but exciting interlude upon a sand bar that turned out to be quicksand.

Through the next few days Angus wisely, but reluctantly, commuted in Eardlie, our Model A Ford. But then there came an unlikely rainfall somewhere to the south and the river rose a few inches. Eardlie was at once abandoned, and *Concepcion* returned to a place of favor. During the weeks that followed she and Angus became intimately familiar with the multitudes of sand bars, the quicksands, and the other mysteries of the shrunken river's channels. And to the astonishment of all observers, Angus began to make a success of

his water route to the office. It was true that he still walked almost as far as he was able to paddle, but at least he was spared the ignominy of having to haul the canoe along in front of an audience, for there was a relatively deep channel running through the city which enabled him to paddle the final mile of his route to the landing place, near the Bessborough Hotel, with Hiawathan dignity.

He would not leave *Concepcion* on the riverbank to await his return from the office, but carried her with him to the library building. The first few times that he came trotting through the morning traffic in the city center, with the green canoe balanced gracefully on his head and shoulders, he caused some comment among the passers-by. But after a week or two, people ceased to stare at him and no one, with the exception of a few ultra-conservative ice-wagon horses, so much as gave him a second glance.

Mutt (a dog of parts and the fourth member of our family) often accompanied Angus and *Concepcion* downriver. He early developed the requisite sense of balance and would stand in the bow, his paws on the narrow foredeck, poised like a canine gargoyle. This was not mere posturing on his part, for he had taken it on himself to give due warning when the canoe approached shallow water or a hidden bar. His efficiency as a pilot was not high, despite his good intentions, for he was notoriously shortsighted. Nor could he, as they say, "read water." After an hysterical outburst prompted by a current-boil that he had mistaken for a submerged log, he would very likely be staring placidly into space when *Concepcion* ran hard aground. If the canoe was traveling at any speed, Mutt would be catapulted overboard to land on his face in the muddy water. He took such mishaps in good part and would return to his piloting duties with increased vigilance.

Angus was able to paddle *Concepcion* (more or less) on the Saskatchewan River, but that mean-natured trickle gave him no opportunity to sail. Since it was sailing he really craved, he was forced to look for other waters, and one weekend he announced that we would visit Manitou Lake, a vast saline slough some hundred miles from Saskatoon.

It was not a satisfactory excursion. Manitou is one of the saltiest bodies of water in the world, and *Concepcion* was not designed to float in a medium that was hardly more fluid than molasses. She would have no part of Manitou. When we launched her, she hardly wet her keel, but sat on the surface of the lake like a duck upon a slab of ice.

Angus was vexed by her unorthodox behavior and he set about forcing his will upon her by loading her with rocks. It took an unbelievable quantity of boulders to force her down to her marks; and when Angus and I finally clambered aboard, it was to find her about as maneuverable as a concrete coffin floating in gelatine. The water in which she stuck

was so thick with salt that I could almost hear the stuff rasping on her sleek sides. And when we hoisted the sail, the wind had as little effect upon her as it would have had upon the Carnegie-built walls of the Saskatoon Public Library itself.

My father was now thoroughly infuriated by *Concepcion's* lack of response, and unwisely he began to jettison the ballast. He had heaved half a dozen large boulders overside when the canoe decided she had had enough. One gunwale rose buoyantly, while the other sank, and in seconds Angus and I were floating on a serene sea, while below us *Concepcion* was slowly dragged toward the bottom by her bellyful of stone.

We were in no danger. It was physically impossible for an unweighted human body to sink in Manitou Lake. On the contrary, we rode so high that we had trouble navigating to the nearby shore. And when it came to salvaging *Concepcion*, we found that we simply could not dive down to the canoe. In the end Angus had to weight himself, like a South Sea pearl diver, with a basket full of stones. Clinging to this with one hand, he managed to reach the sunken ship and fasten a line to a thwart. Then he rather thoughtlessly let go of the basket. He came up from the depths like a playful salmon leaping after a fly. He shot half out of the water and fell back with a resounding thwack that must have hurt him almost as much as had *Concepcion's* base behavior. But he kept hold of the end of the line and, with the aid of a borrowed punt, we managed to salvage our sunken ship.

Nevertheless the frustrations which beset my father's desire to sail were no match for his perseverance. In August of that year we hitched the caravan to Eardlie, placed *Concepcion* on the roof, and went off on a search for sailing waters. And we found them. Far to the north, in the jack-pine country beyond Prince Albert, we came to a place called Emma Lake, and it was an honest lake, filled with honest water and caressed by amiable winds.

We launched *Concepcion* with some trepidation, for there had been so many unfortunate episodes in the past. We climbed aboard and hauled up the sail. It was the kind of day that often graces the western plains. The sky was crystalline and limitless, and the hard sun cut the surface of the lake into a myriad of brilliant shards. Flocks of black terns swirled in the westerly air that came down upon us from the pine forests and gently filled *Concepcion's* sail, bellowing it into a curve as beautiful as any wing. We sailed all that day until the sun went sickly behind the blue shield of smoke from distant forest fires and sank away taking the breeze with it. And we sailed aboard a little ship whose swift and delicate motion was more than sufficient reward for the rebuffs that we had suffered. Landlocked we may have been; yet on that day and on many another too, we knew as great a fullness of heart as any mariner who sails a shoreless sea.



The sphere above is a "core" for one kind of research atomic reactor. The metal tubes in the foreground and at the right show various test designs for holding the small uranium fuel pellets in other kinds of atomic reactors.

Strange new "tools" of atomic-electric power

These are some of the strange new "tools" used to produce, test, or experiment with atomic-electric power. They are among the things that will help bring electricity from the atom.

"Tools" like these are being used in developing several atomic-electric plants now under way. A number of

electric light and power companies from many parts of the country are working with each other and with equipment manufacturers and the Atomic Energy Commission to develop the plants.

For more than 75 years, America's independent electric light and power

companies have produced more electricity than any other nation in the world. And they have helped develop ways to produce it more efficiently year after year. That's why you can expect electric companies to continue to do their part to advance the new science of producing electricity from the atom.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

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Books and Men

Poet, novelist, and scholar who resides
in Majorca and makes his intellectual

home in antiquity, ROBERT GRAVES became an addict of mushrooms at an early age. But it was not until his maturity, when his reading and research for his novel, *I, Claudius*, resulted in his friendship with R. Gordon Wasson, the New York investment banker, and his wife, Dr. Valentina Wasson, that he fully understood where the mushroom trail has led in times past.

MUSHROOMS, FOOD OF THE GODS

by ROBERT GRAVES

I

ONCE, as children, my sisters and I spent a summer holiday on our grandfather's Bavarian estate. Our mother, who had been brought up there, used to send us into the forest most afternoons with some young German cousins. They taught us to recognize by sight and smell the many different sorts of edible mushrooms growing under the pines or in the forest clearings. Nobody seemed worried that one of us might get poisoned: we soon learned to know the *Täubling*, the *Eierschwamm*, the *Pfifferling*, the *Steinpilz*, and the rest. Our harvest would be cooked with delicious sauces for supper by fat Fannie, the cook. That must have been in 1906. Next year, spending the holidays as usual in North Wales, we came on several patches of Bavarian mushrooms growing abundantly near our house. Naturally we filled all available baskets and hats and hurried home. Mother, however, threw up her hands: "Throw them away at once, dear children! They are deadly poison!"

"But, Mother, they look and smell exactly the same as . . ."

"Throw them away, I tell you! No, bury them in the garden, it's safer. The mushrooms here may look and smell like those at Laufzorn, but they are poisonous for all that. Here one can trust only the white field mushrooms."

I have since wondered whether she really believed our Welsh *Täublinge* and *Eierschwämme* to be poisonous — which they certainly were not — or whether she feared that Mrs. Nelson, the irreplaceable cook, would give notice if told to serve them for supper, as fat Fannie had done. But I am now pretty sure that Mother was not telling even a white lie; because only the other day a Russian mushroom-lover assured me in all seriousness that some of the varieties he liked best at home were highly poisonous in Czechoslovakia. He turned out to be wholly mistaken; his information must have come from Sudeten Germans, who had not quite so catholic a taste for mushrooms as Czechs and Russians. In

North Wales, I ought to add, we could pick all the white field mushrooms that grew around, without fear of competition, since the local villagers thought them just as poisonous as the rest.

People of British stock are usually content to dismiss mycophobia (fear of mushrooms) as a social phenomenon hardly worth discussing. "After all," they say, "most mushrooms are poisonous, so why not play safe? You have plenty of other things to eat, surely, without grubbing under rotten tree stumps for nasty-looking fungi. Leave that to the Slavs. Life has always been pretty cheap behind the Iron Curtain."

I first began thinking seriously about the subject in 1949, when Dr. Valentina Wasson, a New York physician, wrote to ask me my views on the circumstances of the Emperor Claudius's death. She and her husband were writing a book on mushrooms which has recently been published under the title *Mushrooms, Russia, and History*, by Pantheon books in a lavishly printed and illustrated limited edition. (The two volumes sell for \$125 a set.) I did not realize at the time that her husband, R. Gordon Wasson, was a leading Wall Street banker; which may have been as well — poets feel a natural suspicion of financiers, and I might not have taken the book seriously. At all events, the Wassons and I exchanged several letters, as a result of which we solved, to our satisfaction (and, we hope, also to that of historians), the problem of how Claudius was murdered by his wife Agrippina and Seneca the orator, her son Nero's tutor.

The Wassons had proved that Agrippina, advised by the eminent poisoner Locusta, gave Claudius a dish of his favorite edible mushroom, *amanita caesarea*, but — an ingenious trick — poisoned it with juice of the *amanita phalloides*, the only really lethal mushroom (except for two almost indistinguishable subvarieties) to be found in European woods. Its poison resists cooking, freezing, and desiccation; and, what is worse, the mushroom

tastes very good indeed. Claudius sat down to his last meal at 2:30 P.M. on October 12, 54 A.D., the height of the mushroom season; by noon on the following day he was dead. Yet this amanite does not kill so quickly; he should have lingered on for two or three days. The fact was that Claudius, having drunk a great deal of wine, threw up the meal, a misadventure which alarmed Agrippina and Seneca; they had already made arrangements with the Praetorian Guard for the accession of Nero. Agrippina therefore called in Xenophon, the imperial physician, and forced him to cooperate. He administered a second poison — by enema, it is said: a poison calculated to produce the same symptoms of acute abdominal pains and diarrhea as an *amanita phalloides* would have done if accidentally introduced in the dish of edible *amanita caesarea*. "What was this poison?" the Wassons asked me.

We settled for a massive dose of colocynth, or wild gourd (2 *Kings* iv. 38-41), too bitter to administer orally but, as we know from the writings of Scribonius Largus, a medical contemporary, recently introduced as a fashionable laxative among the Roman aristocracy. We could be pretty sure of the *amanita phalloides* because Seneca, in a letter written ten years later to his friend Lucilius the Stoic, mentions its initial tastiness and the considerable delay (which varies from six to forty hours) before the poison takes effect. As for the colocynth, Seneca published a cruel satire on Claudius's death and deification, entitled "Apo-colocynthosis" — a word telescoping *apotheosis* with *colocynthis*, and capable of meaning either "turning into a gourd" or "carried off by colocynth poison."

The Wassons and I had fun solving that problem, but none of us realized at the time the importance of Nero's heartless joke about murder. When one of his Greek guests at a banquet quoted the proverb "Mushrooms are the food of the gods," he answered, "Yes, they caused my late stepfather's deification."

2

How Gordon Wasson relinquished his mycophobia is a charming idyl. It should be prefaced by a glance at a map of the two main mushroom-eating areas in Europe. The western embraces Provence, Catalonia, Valencia, and the Balearic Islands. The eastern embraces the whole Slavonic area, with extensions into Bavaria, Austria, and Italy. All the rest of Europe fears mushrooms to a greater or lesser extent. One finds certain anomalies on the map, such as the early-nineteenth-century conversion of the Swedes to mushroom-eating by their alien king, Marshal Bernadotte, a Gascon; or the eating of blewits, an azure-colored mushroom, by the English Midlanders — which seems traceable to a Bronze Age settlement by a migrant tribe from the Black Sea.

The Pilgrim Fathers carried their ancestral fear of mushrooms to the New World; and in 1927 Gordon Wasson, a native American, on his honeymoon in the Catskills with Valentina Pavlovna Wasson, a beautiful young Russian *émigrée*, had to take a momentous marital decision. He saw his bride go down on her knees with joyful cries of "*Lisishki, lisishki!*" before a colony of nasty toadstools, and fill her handkerchief with them! "Throw them away at once, they are deadly poison," he pleaded. But a bride has her privileges, and that night, of course, he nobly ate the dish she prepared — consoled only by the thought that they would at least die together.

The momentousness of his decision was proved by their subsequent agreement to collaborate in a book on edible mushrooms. A busy banker and a busy physician living in New York are apt to see little of each other, once their children are safely away at boarding school; and this book would give them a common interest on weekends and during their rare holidays. They had originally planned a botanical and geographical study of edible mushrooms designed to persuade mycophobes of their foolishness in rejecting such wholesome, toothsome, and hearty food just because a few easily recognized varieties are toxic. And foolishness it surely is. Does anyone become a carpophobe (or fruit-fearer) merely because certain fruits such as the deadly nightshade berry or the manchineel apple happen to be poisonous?

The Wassons, however, thought it only fair to discuss famous cases of mushroom poisoning, including the Claudius affair and the *affaire Girard* of 1918. Girard, a Parisian poisoner who relied too closely on a mushroom textbook he had carefully studied, took out insurances on his friends' lives and then invited them to dine. Some died a day or two later in agony, some suffered no ill effects. The fact was that Girard had accepted the author's description of *amanita phalloides*, which was not sufficiently distinguished in his book from *amanita citrina*, a perfectly harmless mushroom. Evidence by the lucky survivors condemned Girard to the guillotine.

Any widespread disgust for wholesome food, such as horseflesh among all Indo-Europeans, implies that it was once taboo. What is tabooed becomes both very holy and very disgusting — as the Church has made the human sexual act — and in accounts of ancient European sieges the besieged always eat grass, cats, and leather jerkins before they slaughter and eat their horses. Yet this taboo on horseflesh was formerly relaxed once a year during October, and Jens Jensen's *Fall of the King* describes an ecstatic horse feast celebrated in Denmark as late as 1520 A.D.

Another thing: every taboo originally had its relaxation. Either all classes are expected to break it in some particular circumstances, as when tribes-

men hunt and sacrificially eat their totem animal; or else it is perpetually binding on all except a royal or priestly clan. In Classical Greece, even the general ban on the eating of human flesh was relaxed on certain privileged occasions.

Important taboos are usually protected by precautions against their breach. In this spirit, the Pharisees argued about the Deuteronomic injunction "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk!" — a warning against participation in an Orphic sacrifice: "To avoid this grave sin, Israelites should not eat *any* kid seethed in milk, for fear this may be its mother's; nor any lamb either, for fear that a flayed kid may have been mistaken for a flayed lamb. In fact, they should never take meat and milk at the same meal." This became orthodox Jewish doctrine.

The English aversion to frogs' legs, a great delicacy across the Channel, seems due to ancestral awe of the toad, the frog's cousin, an animal closely associated with the mushroom taboo and treated with the same unreasoning hate, though its sweat, when people frighten or ill-treat it, is indeed extremely poisonous. Thus the Wassons guessed that the sanctity of a particular mushroom, eaten only by privileged people at rare love-feasts, must have caused the general ban on all mushrooms whatsoever. (In North Wales and Brittany, even the white field mushroom is not exempt.) This theory they strengthened by a study of mushroom nomenclature in mycophobic areas.

Now, nearly all mothers discourage their children from trying grown-up food or drink not meant for the nursery by making grimaces of disgust, and calling it *ca-ca!* — an appeal to the toilet taboo, one of the few that they understand — though it may be harmless and even delicious. This principle, the Wassons guessed, had been applied to mushrooms in all mycophobic countries. The general Greek word for mushroom is *myces*, from which, of course, are derived the words "mycophobe," "mycology," and ultimately "mushroom." It means "nasal mucus," or snot. Particular mushrooms have far coarser names — the sort of words one finds scrawled on the walls of privies in the worst quarters of the larger cities. Yet one should not feel surprised that growths with so foul a reputation are also called "the food of the gods" and, according to popular belief in Greece and elsewhere, thought to have been spontaneously generated by the holy stroke of lightning. It is only, so to speak, Mother saying "Ca-ca! Don't touch that, children!"

Taboos on particular trees, plants, and vegetables mean that they have some peculiar sacred virtue. Among pastoral tribes, for example, the oak and ash were worshiped because they are more easily struck by lightning than other trees; and lightning denotes the presence of the Sky-god, who sends rain to the pastures. Ivy was sacred to Dionysus apparently because the beer drunk by his devotees was laced

with ivy juice, which gave it greater potency. The vine also became sacred to Dionysus when wine from Crete displaced beer. Yet none of these trees and plants was so holy that people shunned it in horror and disgust, as they do mushrooms. Mushrooms must surely possess some unique virtue; but what?

The Wassons hit on the answer, or rather two complementary answers. The first was that certain mushrooms, especially the shelf mushroom which grows on birch and other trees, were the earliest form of touchwood, or tinder, in Europe. This mushroom — *fomes fomentarius* — has been found at prehistoric Danish settlements of 6000 B.C. in Maglemose, associated with flint and iron pyrites. It was also used to assist the wooden fire-drill. Fire-making, if we may judge from the myth of Prometheus, who stole the sacred fire from Heaven, seems originally to have been a privilege of priests.

The second and more important answer emerged when the Wassons' study of toxic mushrooms led them to investigate the scarlet-capped fly amanite, which — this is significant — mycophobes regard as the most poisonous mushroom of all, though no one is ever recorded to have died from eating it! Oddly enough, its earliest appearance in English literature is a charming one: Lewis Carroll's account of how Alice ate the mushroom on which the Caterpillar sat smoking his hookah, and could thus become shorter or taller at will. ("Curiouser and curiouser," said Alice.) This hallucination, produced by the fly amanite, was described in a textbook, M. C. Cooke's *Plain and Easy Account of British Fungi*, published on October 4, 1862, just before *Alice in Wonderland* was put on paper. Other effects, no less curious, of fly amanite are a delirium during which the eaters "prophecy wildly, engage in feats of prodigious physical exertion, and enjoy illusions of miraculous mobility and metamorphosis." It has been claimed by certain Scandinavian historians that the Vikings of the *Sagas* who went berserk and performed superheroic feats had doped themselves with fly amanite.

In this light, mycophobia became more intelligible. Are the hallucinations and frenzy which the fly amanite induces the reason why all mushrooms were tabooed in Greece, except for adepts of certain divine mysteries — and what substantiation of this theory could be found, or what analogies in other parts of the world?

3

THE Wassons had already been sent proofs of their book by the Italian printers about four years ago, when something occurred that turned it from merely an interesting work into a wildly exciting one. It happened to send them a reference to a pre-Columbian mushroom cult in Mexico, reported by Spanish missionaries at the close of the sixteenth

century; and a friend sent them from Switzerland a photograph of a Mexican god sitting under a mushroom. By a coincidence the two letters arrived almost simultaneously. Gordon Wasson took this as a sign — alert bankers obey their hunches, then check up on the facts — and the Wassons therefore took a short vacation among the Mazatecs in the high mountains of Oaxaca province, where the cult had originally been reported. They found it still active, though driven underground by the Catholic priesthood and disguised as Catholicism. The devotees used it mainly for oracular purposes, especially in diagnosing illnesses or detecting crime.

As an excuse, the Wassons asked Don Aurelio, an adept, whether the mushrooms could tell them what was going on at home during their absence, and attended an all-night séance in a darkened hut to hear the answer. Don Aurelio treated the mushrooms with the utmost reverence and, after an address to the Trinity and certain saints, began eating them in pairs, until he reached fourteen.

We were eight in all, with the two children around the corner making ten. The setting for us strangers had its unusual aspects. Throughout the long ceremony the only illumination inside the room came from tapers or an oil wick, and sometimes from a single taper, and for more than an hour we sat in complete darkness and silence. The air grew foul, for the bean-eating Indians are not an inhibited people. After 11 o'clock a terrifying rain storm with thunder and lightning broke on Huautla, and through the knot-holes and chinks of the flimsy board walls of our hut the lightning would suddenly reveal every detail of the room and the huddled figures in it. After the storm ended there was more excitement. A shot was fired in the night and Demetrio cried out: "*Un homicidio!*" — a murder! Then there was the running of naked feet in the path outside our house, a loud knocking at a door not far away, and three more shots, but not a single human voice. Throughout the storm and the shooting Aurelio proceeded deliberately with the ritual. . . .

Though we could not enter into the subjective associations that the ritual evokes in Mazatec believers, it was easy for us to perceive the mystery that bathes each successive step in the ceremony. For us as mycophiles and ethno-mycologists it was a stirring event to see our Mazatec *curandero* reverently raise the mushrooms from the cloth, pair after pair, a mushroom in either hand held by the stipe; and then see him eat the pair, first one and then the other, beginning with the pileus and then the greater part of the stipe, masticating each mouthful of the fresh raw mushroom a long time and then swallowing it, and depositing the stub of the stipe carefully in a piece of paper on one side. . . .

At one o'clock in the morning Don Aurelio reached a state of prophetic ecstasy. He then told the Wassons a fantastic story of what their son was

experiencing in New York; and when they reached Mexico City a cable proved it to be uncannily true. The Mazatecs do not know the fly amanite; they eat nine varieties of a small brown, long-stalked, scented mushroom not hitherto known to science.

On a second visit, Gordon Wasson attended a mushroom oracle among the Mije, some hundreds of miles away, and found much the same ritual being practiced. On a third visit to Oaxaca, he took a photographer, Allan Richardson, with him, and one Doña Maria Sabrina, who controlled a second oracle, allowed them to take flashlight photographs during a séance. What is more, they ate the mushrooms themselves, after a fast. Despite the rancid and bitter taste, the toxic effects were — they say — so wonderful that opium, mescaline, marijuana, and the rest must be poor things by comparison. Gordon Wasson wrote of these visions:

They seemed the very archetypes of beautiful form and color. We felt ourselves in the presence of the Ideas that Plato had talked about. In saying this let not the reader think that we are indulging in rhetoric, straining to command his attention by an extravagant figure of speech. For the world our visions were and must remain "hallucinations." But for us they were not false or shadowy suggestions of real things, figments of an unhinged imagination. What we were saying was, we knew, the only reality, of which the counterparts of every day are mere imperfect adumbrations. At the time we ourselves were alive to the novelty of this our discovery, and astonished by it. Whatever their provenience, the blunt and startling fact is that our visions were sensed more clearly, were superior in all their attributes, were more authoritative, for us who were experiencing them, than what passes for mundane reality. . . .

On Wasson's fourth visit, Professor Heim, France's leading botanist and a devoted mycologist, also attended the ritual. One puzzling discovery was that the elaborate visions of rich landscapes and splendid cities which Wasson, Richardson, and Heim experienced (and also Wasson's wife and daughter, when he brought back some mushrooms to New York) contained no single modern incident — neither cars, trains, nor planes. Landscapes seen combined the oddness of Hieronymus Bosch with the wildness of El Greco. The architecture could not be placed as Moorish, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, or anything else, but was no less lavish with precious metal and precious stones than the visions of the Heavenly Kingdom enjoyed by Ezekiel and the author of the Apocalypse. Mushroom-eaters remain conscious throughout these experiences, and able to take notes if they please. The "mushroom stones" of Guatemala, some of which date from before 1000 B.C., suggest that this cult was once active there too, though no memory of it survives.

One of the stones shows a toad with a human face supporting the mushroom! Toads are associated with mushrooms in most European languages, as they also are in Japan, Nigeria, Central Africa, and Madagascar.

There remains to be solved the problem of the fly amanite's sacred use in Europe. Mythological references to mushrooms are few, but important. The inhabitants of Corinth, seat of a fire cult, claimed to have been born from mushrooms; and according to tradition Perseus built Mycenae, the capital of the Peloponnese, because he found a mushroom growing on the site. The gods of Olympus had a special food, ambrosia, described as a porridge of honey, water, fruit, olive oil, cheese, and pearl barley; also a special drink, nectar, consisting of honey, water, and fruit. No mortal might partake of either, under pain of everlasting torture. Then there was a special beverage which the goddess Demeter drank during her search for Persephone, and which the adepts of the Eleusinian Mysteries were privileged to taste before their final breath-taking vision. This consisted of mint, water, and pounded pearl barley.

Now, what is so holy about ambrosia porridge or nectar? And how could the visions at the Mysteries, the memory of which haunted the adept all his life and prepared him for death, have been caused by mint-flavored barley water? Well, I have tried writing down in Greek characters the ingredients of ambrosia, nectar, and Demeter's *cyceon*, and my impression is that the mythologists have presented us with a riddling answer to our questions. What did Olympian gods eat? The initials of the ingredients spell *myceta* — accusative of *myces*, a mushroom. What did they drink? The ingredients of nectar and *cyceon* spell out, respectively, *myc* and *myca*. *Myca* is the nominative of a secondary word for "mushroom."

The very words "mystery" and "mystic" may well be named for the fly amanite; and so may "myth," meaning an authoritative or poetic utterance. Gordon Wasson, for one, is convinced that the first mystic concept of divinity comes from hallucinations provided by mushrooms, though Jews and Christians agree to repudiate any prophecy produced by toxic agents. He writes:

But behind the interweaving of these innumerable words and ideas, there lies the Mystery of the divine mushrooms. We have now learned that many species of these strange growths possess a power such as early man could only have regarded as miraculous. Indeed they may have given to him the very idea of the miraculous, and inspired many of the themes that come down to us in our heritage of folklore. Mushrooms were doubly associated with fire. They were used as primary tinder in that miracle of divine copulation, the generation of fire by the fire-drill, and the divine mushrooms were the offspring of the union of the Lightning Bolt with the Mother Earth. We have suggested that the divine mushroom played a vital part in shaking loose early man's imagination, in arousing his capacity for self-perception, for awe, wonder, and reverence. They certainly made it easier for him to entertain the idea of God. In Europe the secret of the mushrooms was lost long ago, but it lingers on, fossilized and misunderstood, in our vocabulary, as when the Greeks spoke of mushrooms as the "gods' food," the Flemings of "devil's bread," the demonic *crapaudin* of France, and demonic "toad's stool" of the English, yes and the "fly" of the German *Fliegenschwamm*. Our legacy of mycophobia; what is it but a simple tabu, the aftermath of the emotional hold of those mushrooms on our own ancestors? There were other hallucinogens in the vegetable world, but we think the mushrooms were primary.

Mystic visions can, of course, be induced by fasting, concentration, prayer, and a rejection of normal social life. Yet it seems that Gautama Buddha himself did not disdain the food of the gods:

In the Buddhist world there is another clue to explore. According to orthodox tradition, the Buddha died after a Last Supper with his disciples at which he reserved for himself a dish of tender boar's flesh, *sūkara-maddava*. Some have seen not pig but mushrooms on that fateful plate. *Sūkara* is cognate with the Latin *sus*, English "swine"; our readers will recall that *suillus* in Latin is also a fungal name. In Russia there is also a "swine-mushroom," the *svinukha*. In the light of our discoveries, should not this problem of exegesis be re-examined? That the Buddha should have died as a sequel to eating bad pork seems a shocking discord in the rarefied spirituality of the Buddhist legend. What could be more fitting than for the Master to be translated to Nirvana by the divine mushroom?





The need to KNOW

It starts early, the impulse to find out, to look into, to KNOW everything.

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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

IN FATHER-AND-SON fishing the father takes the stern of the canoe. This arrangement is dictated by youthful eagerness and by the acceptance on the part of the elder that it is as enjoyable to see a trout well hooked as to do the job oneself — a conditioning which is the result of age and affection. Time compels us to surrender our competitive spirit in tennis and golf, but with the fly rod one can retain a degree of authority even in the back seat.

The wind from the southwest had been gusty all day and in the late afternoon showed no sign of slackening. We agreed, as we hoisted our green aluminum canoe onto the car rack, that the Upper Reservoir would give us the only chance of protection. Omens are important: on the way in we surprised an otter, head out of water, in the wind-streaked Lower Reservoir; we parked the car at the sandy entrance to the Upper and a kingfisher went screaming our arrival upstream; as we slid the bow in we could see that the water was high and clear and the current strong.

Nothing showed till we reached the Poacher's Pool where the big pine had been mushroomed over by the hurricane. The water is eight feet deep here, and a little arrow darting toward the shallows could be a small trout pursued by a larger. The May alders were not as interfering as they would be in full leaf, but there was no freedom in back or overhead. With the bow shoved into the ooze of the left bank the angler made a side-arm cast toward the dark hole. He worked the little red and white streamer not too fast and had an immediate follow. The first two fish came from the upper or freshman layer; the seniors were probably lurking down below.

"Let the fly sink before you retrieve," suggested the stern. This time there was an "Uugh!" as something solid hit underwater; but the uugh fish had survived by rejecting, and when the angler

struck, the fly shot ten feet up into the alders. We left it there.

Positions were reversed when we came to the weir, and paternity added two half-pounders to the creel; they were reversed again as we headed for the upper pools. The sun had set, and by the time we approached the final T the water was jet in the silver half-light. This is a beautiful right angle with a brook flowing in at the crossing, the channel deep and the bushes to either side holding beneath them delightful summer houses for trout of size. The art is to drop the fly like an earring as close to the bush line as you can without hooking the same. It was past eight o'clock and the man in the stern was beginning to think of bourbon and supper; the wind had ceased and the redwings were voluble about us. "That's about it," said the senior as he applied the priest to the seventh. "It'll be dark before we get back to the car." But the bow was still eager. "There's deep water to the left," he said. "We'll never hit it under better conditions." So the canoe crept forward, past the big beech whose roots were underwater, with the fly flicking the narrow stream that led straight toward the wooded ridge and the still sky in which rode the very slimmest of new moons.

Suddenly a hump of water swirled into the path and there was a surface explosion. This time the elbow was well cocked; the tip of the rod went down and the hook was set. It was a big fish and strong. We could tell that from our glimpse of the black square tail. The stern back-paddled for the deep water, but nothing could stop the trout as it crossed under the canoe in its rush downstream. It fought as a brookie, not a rainbow, and what worried us was whether the gut leader, already horsed and worn, would live up to its Hardy reputation. So we came to him, following through the pool and taking great care to dislodge him from his grassholds along the bank. Twice the man with the net failed to intercept, and then at 8:25 the great trout, his strength spent, came dripping aboard. After a struggle like that the thought of release stays the hand and the priest is always reluctant. Two pounds, ten ounces he weighed, something of a record for that little stream in the cranberry bogs, an evening etching to be treasured by father and son for keeps.

The war to end us

"I wonder if all this radiation has anything to do with it?" More and more people seem to be

asking that question about phenomena they can't explain — the fall-out of tornadoes which have scarred the Middle West or the number of deformed babies which hearsay has been multiplying. It was ever thus — in times of threat and apprehension people looked for auguries and feared the worst. **Nevil Shute**, formerly of the British Navy, is one of the most prescient of novelists; his novels, warm-blooded and appealing in their depiction of human nature, have a way of looking ahead and of warning and foretelling. In *Ordeal*, which was published nearly twenty years ago, he foreshadowed the Blitz and what it would do to England, Southampton in particular. In *On the Beach* (Morrow, \$3.95), his latest, which the Book-of-the-Month Club, prompted by the disarmament discussions, has moved up for midsummer publication, he makes the appalling revelation of how lethal radiation had become in 1963 in the aftermath of the third world war.

This is not the story of that war, but of its result. The beginning was accidental, as such things often are. The Albanians dropped a bomb on Naples; then someone, identification unknown, lobbed another on Tel Aviv. The British and Americans made a demonstration over Cairo, and next day the Egyptians sent out all their serviceable Russian bombers, six to Washington and seven to London. A couple got through and the fat was in the fire. We turned on Russia; so did China. And when the seismic records were computed, more than 4000 hydrogen bombs had been exploded around the globe. This is the recapitulation which Commander Dwight Towers of the U.S.S. *Scorpion*, one of our two surviving nuclear-powered submarines, brings to his Australian hosts in Melbourne.

Propelled by the circulatory winds, the radioactive dust from the fall-out eats its way south. It has already reached Australia and is scheduled to blot out Melbourne, the last of the big metropolitan areas, in September. *On the Beach* tells of the illusion and fatalism with which decent people face up to the extermination — naval officers like Dwight Towers and his Australian counterpart, Peter Holmes; scientists like John Osborne; Moira Davidson and her steady-going father on their big sheep ranch. Children are cared for, gardens are planted, and plans made for the year ahead. Meantime the *Scorpion* is sent on its long submerged mission to see if there is any lessening in the creeping radioactivity to the north. Only a very humane writer could have told a story as desolate as this and made it seem at once so close and implacable. The book held a kind of cobra fascination for me. I didn't want to keep on looking, but I did to the end.

The glen and the sheep

Dr. R. B. Robertson is a Scotsman who writes with a vivid sense of participation and a lively sense

of humor. He likes the out-of-the-way. In his first book, *Of Whales and Men*, he told of a far voyage to Antarctica and of his life as senior medical officer aboard a floating blubber factory. His wife, a Connecticut Yankee, was excluded from that expedition, but she made up for lost time by proposing the next: they would live for a year in a shepherd's cottage on the Scotch Border and reproduce the true story of pastoral Scotland, he with his prose and she with her photographs. The spot chosen was in a wee glen not far from the River Tweed, a community totally devoted to sheep, salmon, and kindred quiddities. In his medical service with the British Eighth Army and the American Fifth, in his doctoring of mental patients in London and in Lebanon, Dr. Robertson has become an exceptionally shrewd judge of men. The bucolic adventure in which he tested and was tested by the people of Lanzier forms the material for his amiable and informative book, *Of Sheep and Men* (Knopf, \$5.00).

A little sheep go a far way for me, and you can have my share of the clippin', dippin', and lambin'. I am much more attracted to Kenneth's dogs, Tim and Meg, and I enjoy Dr. Robertson's encounters with the shepherds and even better with their wives. Mrs. Tam is his favorite and mine, and it is easy to succumb to her doings and her talk. Mrs. Tam is the legal agent of the glen. She supervises the government returns concerning the sheep; she is efficient at milking the cow, checking the lamb sales, and changing a cylinder-head gasket on the tractor. "What d'you do with your spare time?" Dr. Robertson once asked her by way of a feeble joke. He got a serious reply. Her hobbies included carving ram's-horn and ash for "lambin' sticks"; rug making — she had made every one in the house and had two new ones on the loom — growing potted plants, and making gloves, slippers, and mats out of lambskins which she scraped and cured herself.

The men, particularly Barry Caven, the happy Highland vagrant; Auld Kenneth, chief midwife to the flocks; the talkative bartender, and the poacher, have juice and local color. The dialect falls musically on the ear; the isolation from world worries is calming to the spirit. When Dr. Robertson urged Mrs. Tam to send her promising young Tom to college, she became "roosed," and here is what she said: "If my laddie gangs on tae they superior establishments, he'll be takkit in twa or three years, pittit into uniform, an' sent off to Formosa tae fight for Mr. Dulles or somebody he doesna' give a bugger aboot. An' if either o' you twa college men can tell me what the hell Formosa and Mr. Dulles have got to do wi' the three glens or the comin' lambin' season, then I'll send my lad tae high school tomorrow!" Incidentally, in the course of the year Dr. Robertson and his wife also went down to hear the Golden Eagle, Billy Graham, hold forth as he described in our June issue.



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FUNK & WAGNALLS



Reader's Choice

BY

PHOEBE ADAMS

Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch (New Directions, \$6.50) is a title that promises the forced marriage of irrelevant subjects, a feat by no means beyond the powers of **Henry Miller**, whose mind has always had something of the capacity of an electroplating vat. Anything that goes into it comes out with a good heavy coat of Miller, first quality, high polish, and lifetime guarantee, and in that respect becomes related to everything else that has gone into it, no matter how dissimilar the objects were to begin with.

The Millerplate process is neither violent nor obvious, however, in his new book. Bosch's oranges are used primarily as a metaphor. The literal subject is simply *Big Sur*, where the author has been living since 1944. This beautiful, wild, empty country, uncluttered by the more useless refinements of civilization and populated by self-reliant individualists (necessarily — nobody else could survive), delighted Mr. Miller from the first. The setting and the people both conform remarkably well to his pantheistic view of the world as a system "of indestructible order, beauty, harmony, which it is our privilege to accept as a paradise or convert into a purgatory."

Once he has explained Bosch's oranges as the symbol of the ideal world, and established *Big Sur* as its nearest earthly counterpart, Mr. Miller proceeds with sketches of his neighbors and descriptions of his own misadventures. As a man sorely tried by circumstance, he fancies himself in a martyr's crown; as an irrepressible humorist and critic, he cannot resist pointing out that it's a poor fit and unsuited to the backdrop. The double view, with its sudden shifts from genuine pain to bizarre comedy, does not apply to the other residents of the district. Mr. Miller is pleased by anyone with the courage to be himself. He may detest the result, but the act itself commands his interest and respect. Since there are no stinkers regularly domiciled at *Big Sur*, his accounts of his fellow citizens are affectionate, enthusiastic, bubbling

with perceptive appreciation of each person's peculiar gifts.

The one real horror in the book is Mr. Miller's own responsibility. Learning that an old, not particularly intimate acquaintance was virtually starving in Europe, he exerted himself to raise some money and import this broken-down astrologer to California, with the idea of maintaining him, modestly but adequately, at *Big Sur*. Once rooted in Miller's house, the man proved to be a touchy, ailing neurotic, for whom no kindness was ever enough, no attention sufficient, no cure effective. The affair became a confused disaster, through which Mr. Miller picks his way with ironic brilliance, revealing his own bafflement and the character of his albatross with terrible precision.

A good part of the book seems to have been tossed together, the author, in an unusually mellow mood, simply following his nose around *Big Sur*, but the section on his troublesome guest is a small masterpiece. It is appallingly alive, tightly organized, penetrating, and it never wavers from that colloquial, conversational prose that is one of Mr. Miller's finest achievements. It looks so casual, and it can accomplish, as it does here, such subtleties of both meaning and emotion.

The bloody-minded tyrant

In *Tiberius, the Resentful Caesar* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$3.75), **Gregorio Marañón** undertakes to reveal the character of this efficient but unattractive emperor and to explain how it developed. Dr. Marañón is a psychiatrist, a classical scholar, and a medical man. He brings his experience in all three fields to bear on his subject and, assuming that the translation of Warren Bradley Wells follows the original Spanish precisely, not a word of professional dialect is taken from any of them.

Dr. Marañón begins with a description of the resentful man as a type, in terms drawn largely from ethical and religious doctrine, and then discusses the respects in which *Tiberius* fits the pattern. To do so requires a fairly detailed exposition of the affairs of the imperial house, which make the most enterprising revelations of *Confidential* sound like a Sunday-school picnic. Even so, Dr. Marañón takes a conservative view on poisoning, insisting that most of the sudden deaths among those who outranked

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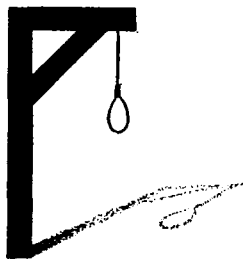
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Tiberius in the succession were natural, caused by disease, debauchery, and the unquestionable physical degeneracy of both the Julian and the Claudian families.

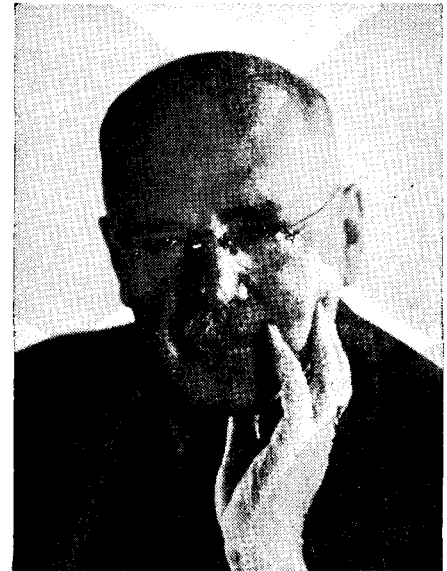
The basic deficiency of the resentful man, according to Dr. Marañón, is an incapacity for affection, generosity, and forgiveness, usually combined with lack of imagination or inventiveness and frequently with sexual timidity. If life treats such a type well, he may be an inoffensive and even technically a good man. If it treats him badly, his anger piles up unrelieved by any outward expression and undiminished by time, for he has the memory of an elephant. If he finally attains a position of uncontested authority (the only position in which he has the courage to act), all hell may be expected to break loose. The author makes a persuasive case for accepting Tiberius as such a man.

Like most biographers with a thesis, Dr. Marañón has been obliged to pick and choose among his sources. Along with the traditional phials of poison he has jettisoned the stories of Tiberius's exotically lecherous old age in Capri and a few other defamatory items, arguing that they represent not fact, but feeling—the hatred of the Romans for their emperor. Where other historians have drawn inconvenient conclusions from Roman portrait heads, Dr. Marañón dismisses sculpture as unreliable evidence. He cheerfully uses sculptural evidence himself when it supports his own case. Throughout, he accepts responsibility for his conclusions with refreshing boldness. The elaborate entrenchments of quotation from other scholars, the breastworks of Freudian reference, the artillery of footnotes are not for Dr. Marañón. He sallies out, alone and unsupported, to make his case on Latin records and his own observations. Agree with him or not, it's a real satisfaction to come upon a biographer who assumes that his readers are more interested in his ideas than in the number of books he has read.

Revolutions in tropical climates

P. H. Newby, who usually writes satirical novels about the inability of well-intentioned people to comprehend each other's merits, has complicated his formula by introducing into *Revolution and Roses* (Knopf, \$3.50) a love affair that, in the hands of a less clever author, would raise

The man who reads dictionaries

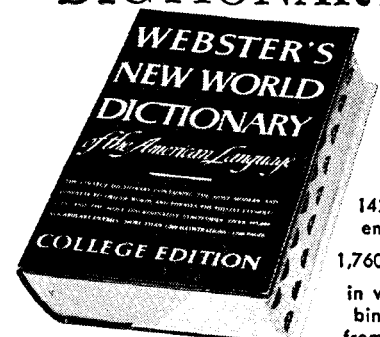


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horrid memories of *The Sheik*. It's a risk, and he just barely gets away with it.

The story is set in Alexandria, during the few days between the outbreak of revolution and King Farouk's departure from Egypt. A resident Englishman smuggles into the country an English lady journalist who has no entry permit but, finding herself on vacation in the neighborhood of a revolution, determines to cover it. Her idea is to be promoted from the woman's page. His idea is to be helpful. His Greek wife is charmed by any break in her domestic routine. Her parents are appalled but too sunk in their private obsessions to take action. The Egyptian officer who should be arresting the lady falls madly in love with her on sight.

What with the Egyptian's clumsy attempts at English courtship and the lady's clumsier attempts to play foreign correspondent, chaos comes to a boil in no time. Mr. Newby shifts rapidly from high comedy to burlesque to melodramatic suspense, always preserving a pseudo-pedantic precision of style which holds his disparate episodes together and somehow, heaven knows why, makes them believable.

Alejo Carpentier's *The Kingdom of This World* (Knopf, \$3.00), translated by Harriet de Onís, is a short novel, ostensibly about revolution, and it is as different from Newby's story as south from north, and very nearly as poetry from prose. Mr. Carpentier's handling of his materials is, in fact, basically poetic. His emphasis is arbitrary. He condenses, compresses, crams into a sentence what a naturalistic novelist would blow up into half a book, omits acres of description but evokes a whole countryside from one leaf, and piles up trivialities which assume unexpected and powerful meanings. He creates a brilliant, improbable world which has the stylized reality of the great myths.

Specifically, the book is about Haiti from the French colonial period through the fantastic rule of Henri Christophe and on to something foreshadowing the present day. Ti Noël, who begins as a slave and ends as a vagabond, is the figure holding the story together. Ignorant, shrewd, dream-haunted, and practical, he observes the world. What he sees is a series of extraordinary enterprises that end in failure. The greedy violence of the French colonists, summed

up in a wonderful comparison between wax models displaying wigs at the barber's and the waxy pigs' heads in the butcher's window next door, fails. The African magic of the first revolt, calling up old gods and the ghosts of kings "whose horses went adorned with silver coins and embroidered housings . . . bearing the thunder on two drumheads that hung from their necks," fails. The glittering Pauline Bonaparte tries to adapt magic to her European purposes, with no success. Henri Christophe's imported European logic and luxury vanish in the smoke of his burning palace. Even anarchic individualism fails, for Ti Noël, in his old age, makes a serious try at joining a flock of geese, who haughtily refuse to admit him.

In a moment of revelation, Ti Noël perceives that failure is unimportant: "man's greatness consists in the very fact of wanting to be better than he is. . . . In the Kingdom of Heaven there is no grandeur to be won, inasmuch as there all is an established hierarchy, the unknown is revealed, existence is infinite, there is no possibility of sacrifice, all is rest and joy. For this reason, bowed down by suffering and duties, beautiful in the midst of his misery, capable of loving in the face of afflictions and trials, man finds his greatness, his fullest measure, only in the Kingdom of this World."

Wigged fossils of justice

Although it was written as part of the current campaign against capital punishment in England, Arthur Koestler's *Reflections on Hanging* (Macmillan, \$4.50) is pertinent here, for the United States and France are the only Western nations besides Great Britain that still hold by the public executioner. Mr. Koestler once spent three months in a Spanish jail under sentence of death as a spy. It left him with "a vested interest in capital punishment."

The arguments against hanging put forward by Mr. Koestler are not new: that it is barbarous, that it is un-Christian, that if the murderer is a criminal the state that legally murders him is equally so, that it cannot discourage the crime because almost all murders are done out of insanity, imbecility, uncontrollable rage, or sheer accident, and finally that any miscarriage of justice is irretrievable. These points have been made before, but can seldom have been advanced with more conviction or a heavier

supply of confirming evidence. The author's barely restrained fury does not preclude flashes of macabre humor. The arguments of English judges in defense of hanging, exactly the same in 1956 as in good King George's glorious days and unsupported by events in countries which have abolished the death penalty, rouse him to gleeful invective against "this chain of Abominable Snowmen . . . a conspiracy of wigged fossils."

Mr. Koestler is sometimes high-handed with figures. What boots it that in the year X, England hanged twenty men while Denmark hanged two, unless one also knows the total population of each country at the time? When it comes to matters of principle, however, Mr. Koestler is lucid and scrupulous, and it is the ethical and philosophical side of the question which is truly important. The discussion of criminal responsibility turns into a debate on free will and predestination, and ends by proving capital punishment unjustified from either point of view. Even a hangman could hardly fail to admire this impassioned ingenuity.

Outwitting the brainwashers

In 1950 Robert Ford, an English radioman, was working for the Tibetan government, operating one of the country's two radio stations and training some young men from India who would eventually take over radio in Tibet, for the Tibetans did not intend to become slaves to their two European technicians. *Wind Between the Worlds* (McKay, \$4.50) is Mr. Ford's story of what happened when the Chinese Communists marched in to "liberate Tibet from American and British imperialism."

Half the book is devoted to this pitiful little war. Mr. Ford, who liked the Tibetans, watched with dismay while his friends put up larger prayer wheels and burned more incense, apparently giving no thought to weapons or transport. There were some men of a more practical turn of mind, and a couple of commanders who fought cannily and well, but on the whole the result was just what might have been expected. During the rout, the Chinese scooped up Mr. Ford and carted him off to prison, where they charged him with espionage, murder, and other degenerate capitalist habits.

Mr. Ford describes his five years in various Chinese jails with a curious lack of emphasis. It is possibly quite unintentional, but he gives the im-

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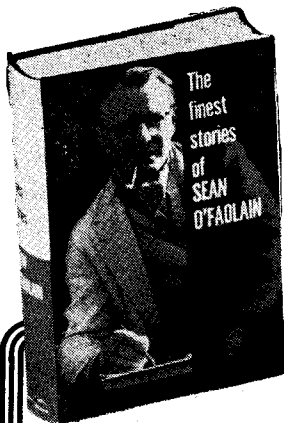
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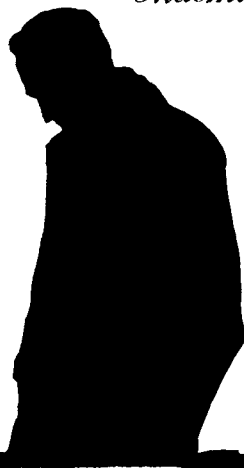
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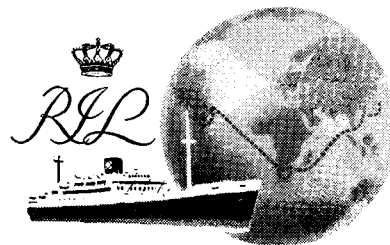
pression of feeling a contempt so profound that it has produced a sort of paralysis of other emotions. He was, of course, horribly frightened, for the charge of espionage, though unfounded, was obviously reasonable from the Chinese point of view. He was ill, humiliated, tormented by solemnly idiotic instructions in proper Communist thinking, threatened and locked up in conditions that would have depressed a half-witted dog. He was never physically abused, however, and some of his captors seem to have been inspired by sincere missionary zeal. Taking advantage of their soul-saving ambitions and a fortunate loosening of international tension, Mr. Ford lied his way out.

It would be exaggerating to call *Wind Between the Worlds* a high point among the many accounts of Communist captivity, but it adds its unpretentious testimony to the indictment. It also demonstrates, reassuringly, that a clever and stubborn man can cooperate with the brainwashers and outwit them.

The ten stories in Irwin Shaw's latest collection, *Tip on a Dead Jockey* (Random House, \$3.95), are united by a neat, reserved style which, if it takes no risks, certainly makes no errors, and by unusually amusing dialogue. The author balances between conversation that is possible and therefore hideously dull and conversation that is wildly witty and therefore improbable. He manages to combine the best of both types every time.

Although the stories as a group do not reveal any single overwhelming preoccupation on the writer's part, it is noticeable that Mr. Shaw leans toward stories about opportunities missed through too much caution, and stories about jealous women. He is not above a story or two about adolescents Facing Adult Reality, a theme which deserves a rest. He branches out into a comically sympathetic study of romantic delusion, a burlesque protest against the over-organized modern world, and a bit of supernatural suspense. The supernatural — or, at least, supernormal — story is the only one that misses fire; not even Mr. Shaw can revive this bloodless corpse, which was worn out years ago. Altogether, *Tip on a Dead Jockey* is a well-balanced collection, positively not one of those books in which the author unloads ten versions of the same story.

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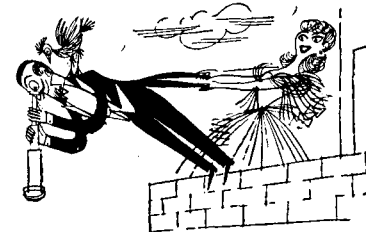
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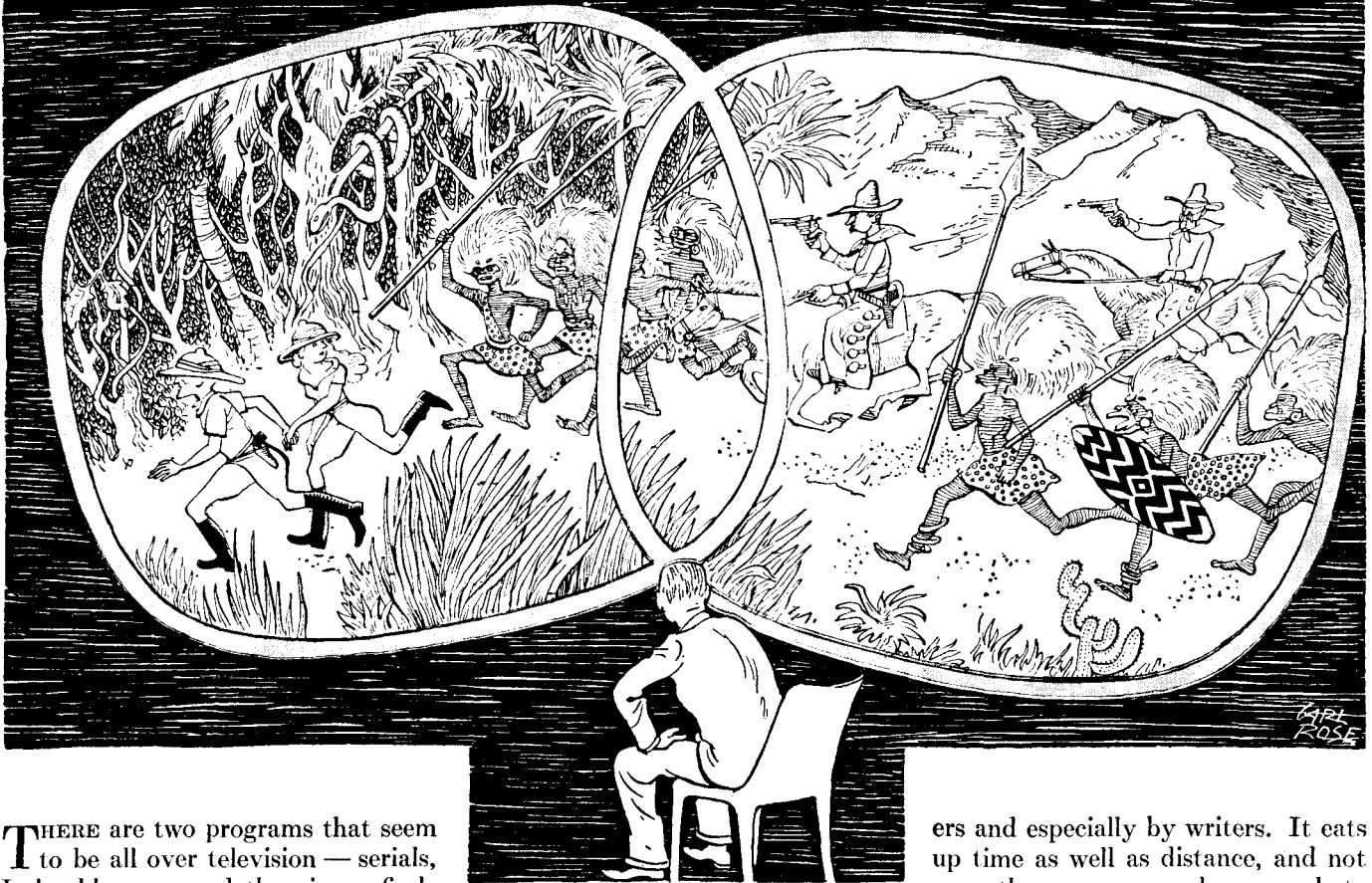
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ACCENT ON LIVING



THERE are two programs that seem to be all over television — serials, I should say — and the viewer finds that he is always getting in on the same installment. It's quite baffling.

Always, in these two programs, people are fleeing and other people are chasing them. Let us examine briefly the ingredients of these situations. The situations are really identical, but there are enough differences in their details to make one distinguishable from the other. I am told that these are probably children's programs, but there is nothing in the scripts to that effect, and they are acted by adults, although I must admit by not overly bright adults.

In the first of these programs we see a white man and a girl of indeterminate race in what is presumably a jungle. They are running. The man is thin and is wearing a white pith helmet; therefore we know he is on the level and probably a doctor, and if not a doctor at least one possessing a kit of powerful medicines. (Any fat white man who wears a white pith helmet is always a bad lot who drinks too much, ogles the native

women, and violates important taboos.)

As I say, the man and the girl are on the dead run, and into the jungle glade which they have just vacated comes pelting after them a pack of savages, each brandishing a spear and wearing an ostrich-feather head-dress. We know they are savages because of the primitive language they speak to each other, the word which occurs most frequently sounding something like "Boonk" or "Boink," emitted in a sort of yelp as if the speaker had just been stuck by a pin.

"BOONK-BOONK?" barks one of the savages.

"BOINK!" responds one of his companions. Both scowl balefully and wave their spears at the camera before taking out after Pith Helmet and the Girl.

More running by all hands. Running (in fact the entire interval of hot pursuit) is highly regarded by produc-

ers and especially by writers. It eats up time as well as distance, and not even the savages can have much to say to each other as they go crashing through the underbrush. The whole episode of the chase is enlivened from time to time by quite arbitrary glimpses — just library shots — of a lion, and occasionally a leopard, growling and looking thoroughly out of sorts. We are shown a vulture wheeling overhead. But these come to nothing and are not developed further. After all, what would happen to the serial, or indeed to the installment of it, if the principal characters were eaten up at what looks like the halfway mark?

Quite a lot of running brings the white man and the girl to the savages' village, where they outwit their pursuers for the moment simply by getting behind the grass hut of the chief. We know it's the chief's because it's the biggest.

The savages, baffled, are waving their weapons and barking at each other near by. The man ducks around the hut and in through the door. These savages can track Thomson's

gazelle by scent, so keen are their senses, but the man makes it without attracting their notice.

Inside the hut is a less ferocious looking savage, flat on his back and unconscious. He is either the chief or the chief's son, it matters not which. The witch doctor, a thoroughly wrong sort, has put the whammy on him, and it remains to be seen whether the white man's magic medicines will have more force than the jinx. The trouble is, as the man in the pith helmet muses, there at the bedside, so to speak, his medicine is new and relatively untried, potent and dangerous. It will kill or cure, he tells the girl, who, like the man, has entered the hut unperceived by the savages.

If the unconscious man is the chief, the girl is his daughter. If he is the chief's son, the girl is his intended bride, and either way will keep the runners on the move in further jungle outings. Sooner or later he regains

consciousness, stares wanly at the camera, and totters to the door of the hut.

The savages sight the convalescent and come leaping across the clearing. BOONK-BOONK-BOONK-BOONK-BOONK. The chief — or the son, as the case may be — points to the witch doctor. "BOINK!" he says, and then if not in Oxford at least in Hollywood English: "The white man's magic is good." At which the witch doctor nips off by himself behind the hut. BOINK-BOINK-BOINK.

The TV viewer can readily see the flexibility with which this kind of drama can double back on itself, mark time, or branch out in various directions, and this is equally true of the second program, which seems to occupy any channels not already given over to the savages and their running.

In the second program, the changes are nominal, the action much the same. The running is not through a

jungle but up and down a rather barren countryside in the American West, not on foot but on horseback. Instead of the grass hut there is a lonely prospector's shack. In it someone — man or woman, girl or boy — is bound and gagged. The pith helmet is replaced by the ten-gallon hat and the savages' spears by about the same number of unaimed revolvers.

In the earlier years of television, considerable lament was expressed over its disinclination to show the same production twice. Here was a wonderful new medium developing wonderful new programs, so the argument went, and the pity was that anyone who failed to see one of these marvels on its first showing would never get another chance at it. It was a great shame.

Things are different today.

After them, boys! BOINK-BOINK-BOINK!

CHARLES W. MORTON

COTTON PICKER

by DOROTHY OTIS WYRE

A Missourian and graduate of the University of Missouri, DOROTHY OTIS WYRE now makes her home in Conway, Arkansas. She is the author of "Hunting," which appeared in the October, 1952, Atlantic.

EVERY year since I've lived in Arkansas I've had the urge to pick cotton. Everyone I know picked cotton in his or her youth, and speaks with nostalgia of the good times and the fun. "You never picked cotton?" is asked in a "You poor thing. What kind of childhood did you have?" voice. My miserable, deprived childhood barely even hinted that cotton grew anywhere except in the medicine chest.

I just had to pick cotton. I was afraid if I didn't satisfy this urge soon, it would be too late. I read that cotton farmers were plagued by surplus, foreign competition, increasing use of synthetic fibers, boll weevils, and droughts. As if that wasn't enough, "An economic revolution in Arkansas is changing the face of the cotton industry. One fifth of the Arkansas cotton crop is expected to be harvested mechanically this year. The mechanical cotton picker has become a familiar sight, and the

picturesque, sunbonneted cotton picker, although still present, is on the decline."

But it still wasn't too late for me to pick cotton. "All available persons are needed to pick this year's crop." I was ready, willing, and available, and a little crazy, according to the man at the employment office who



told me to drive down the river road, stop wherever I saw cotton and a lot of cars, and ask the boss if he needed another hand.

Pulled off to the side of the road in a field were the cars, and a truck with scales, and seven or eight pickers weighing their cotton. I said that I would like to pick cotton. A

man who reminded me of my grand father replied. "Girlie, you're hired."

Just like that. "Girlie, you're hired." No questions about previous experience, employment, social security card, age, or anything. And he called me "Girlie." I guess I did look sort of young in my jeans, shirt, and pigtails. Then Grandpa asked, "Where is your cotton sack?" For the last time I had to admit that I had never picked cotton. The only sack I had, contained my lunch. The usual "You never picked cotton before?" was followed by a friendly "We're glad to have you." I was told to go back to town and buy a 9-foot sack. "Don't get a 7½-foot one, because the larger sack won't pull down on your shoulders."

After I bought my sack the salesman told me not to get discouraged the first few days. "Keep at it and you'll be earning \$5 a day easy."

Oh boy, \$5 a day. I bet I'd be the only cotton picker in Arkansas paying for a wool suit that was in lay-away.

In ten minutes I was back in the land of cotton, twenty acres of it, to be exact, with my 9-foot, \$2.50 sack, manufactured by a tent and awning company. I pulled off the attached card, "*Volteese Antes de Usarse* —

Turn sack before using," which I didn't understand in English either. Grandpa turned the sack inside out, dropped in a green thing, and tied a wire to it. He looked at me kind



of funny when I inquired about the name of the green thing.

"Girlie, that's a green cotton boll. Don't pick the green ones like that. The wire? We can weigh the cotton sack easier that way."

"What is the pay?" I asked.

"Two dollars a hundred," said Grandpa.

"A hundred what?"

"Girlie, a hundred pounds. But it will go to \$2.50 and \$3.00, because the boss is a nice fair man." (I found out later that the boss was Grandpa's son-in-law.) I also found out that the average picker picks 200 or 250 pounds a day. Grandpa used to pick 350 pounds, but he couldn't do that any more.

A woman called over to me and suggested I use both hands at once. She added that some found it faster to straddle one row, but she preferred to pick two rows at a time. So I tried that. By now it was eleven on a hot day in the middle of September. The hot dry weather may have been ideal for picking cotton, but it was too darn hot for Girlie. Maybe I needed a sunbonnet. My baseball cap didn't seem to help much. But I stuck it out until noon, and I do mean stuck. The bolls stuck and pricked both hands at once.

The others, of course, were way ahead of me, but their happy conversation about the huge ironing already done this morning, or the number of cows already milked, not to mention last night's television programs, drifted back to me on the heat waves.

The others bent over all the time while they picked. If I bent down for even five minutes, it would take the others to straighten me up. So I sat down on the ground and scooted.

Then I sat down on my cotton sack, which was somewhat softer, and scooted. My packing the cotton down might make it weigh more, but I was too tired to care if I was doing something wrong. At noon the others gaily carried their sacks over to the truck to be weighed. I dragged mine over, and waited hopefully with the others, and drank the cold water provided by nice boss.

Some weighed in with 33 pounds. Mine weighed 14 pounds, and I was thinking that wasn't too bad. Then the boss deducted 3 pounds for the weight of the sack. So I had only picked 11 pounds, but Grandpa said that was pretty good for the first time. After lunch I managed another 11 pounds; then I left the others out in the hot sun still gaily talking.

The next day I didn't really have the urge to pick cotton, but I made myself return to the land of cotton at 6:30 A.M. The others had said they didn't like to pick cotton when it's damp, but that seemed preferable to me, instead of the hot sun. Besides, maybe the cotton would weigh more when damp. With the help of gloves I was rapidly scooting up my row in the peaceful, wet field. The others arrived at seven and the sun was as hot as ever. I was soon left behind, but not before learning that I had picked in the wrong row, and that there was a difference between pulling and picking cotton. We were picking the stuff. I had been pulling, snatching, grabbing, jerking, and sometimes picking; anything to remove the cotton from the tenacious, prickly bolls. I was told that the trick was to grasp the cotton in such a way as to pull it all out at once. That was picking it, and that was a good trick. I never mastered it. All up and down my row there were little bits of cotton sticking to the nasty bolls.

By now, the others had reached the end of their rows, and one shouted back to me, "All right for us to help you out?" Help me out? Chances were they would have to help me up, too. After two hours of snatching and grabbing I weighed in at 25 pounds. Grandpa had 28 pounds, and we were both a little surprised at my success.

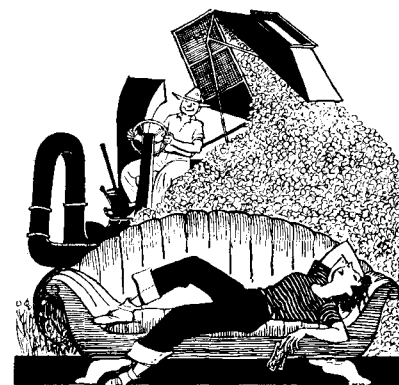
While I was debating whether to tell him that I sat on my sack, and probably made it weigh more, he told me to soak my fingers in turpentine that night to keep them from being stiff and sore. He didn't tell me what to do to keep them from

dropping off. Anyhow, I thought turpentine would remove the rest of my fingers that hadn't already been pricked off. One of the sturdy, picturesque, sunbonneted ladies told me that I would probably be stiff all over the next day. It was 9 A.M., so I ate my lunch. Two hours and 20 pounds later, Girlie went home almost too tired to crawl up on the bed.

I figured out that I had picked 67 pounds. I no longer had the urge to pick cotton. Maybe I could make myself pick 100 pounds, and the urge would be satisfied for the rest of my life. If I picked much more than that I would be laid away in my wool suit. As it was, I would be too tired and bent over to wear it anyhow.

On the third day I did not spring out of bed. I was stiff all over, and my fingers were numb. The day was made brighter when the boss showed me my first boll weevil, the little bug with the long snout that was causing so much trouble. The boss said he wasn't going to raise cotton next year. What with the expensive spraying and other troubles, the pickers were making more profit than he was. I knew one picker who wasn't making any profit. Had he considered using a mechanical picker? Yes, he had, but the mechanical ones sucked up everything, including green bolls. I hadn't picked any green bolls; but plenty of green leaves, and dead ones, too, had been sucked into my sack.

I finally explained to the boss that I just didn't seem to have the knack for picking cotton, and I thought I'd quit. It seemed to me that he gladly, almost eagerly, paid me my



earnings — \$2.38. That was \$0.12 less than the cotton sack had cost. I went home to bed. I was one cotton picker definitely on the decline. But at least in the future I too can speak with nostalgia, if not authority, about picking cotton.



NO COMPARISON

by R. G. G. PRICE

R. G. G. PRICE lives in Sussex and has contributed much light writing and literary criticism to *Punch*. He writes for the *Atlantic* on a variety of subjects.

ONE of the basic human rights ought to be the Right to Choose the Men You Are Compared with. As it is, the sight of me moving through my second plateful of curried prawns reminds my family not of the kind of man who comes back for more after his fourth helping but of the kind of man who pays a dietician to emaciate him. Similarly, my reading gets tested against a professor's, never against the literary knowledge of a man who finds five headlines a day tough going.

My beauty has to stand comparison with the perfection of stars in stills, when I know just the man I would choose and often manage to stand next to him at parties. There are warts even inside his ears, and ginger hairs stick out of them; he smacks his lips and squints at the end of every sentence; and he would make any impartial observer whose eye rested on him pass on to discover me with delighted relief.

Take gardening. I am not much of an earthworker. I like to think that my garden belongs to Nature rather than to Civilization. I have nothing but pity for the man next door, who seems to be driven by something, probably remorse. In the early morning he is out behaving like an excavator. After a day at the office he returns home and moves streams about his land and makes ponds and builds dams, the conduct of a beaver rather than of a member of the human race, to which, judging by his clothes, he belongs.

On the other hand, Heaven forbid that I should ever sink to enjoying my garden from a hammock. I fix my own chair, and as the sun moves I move too. I have known men who not only lay in hammocks but insisted that someone should be working within sight. Well, it is always the man in the sweat, never the man in the hammock, whom my family take as the fixed point for the comparison.

When I was at school I used to feel injured because the fact that I did less well than the boys who did better was considered more worth comment than the fact that I did better than boys whose work was worse. I often tried to persuade my parents that a boy called Frank Foster was the boy to judge me by. I harped on how much better I could do things than Frank, how much more reliable I was in the home, how much brighter were my prospects in life.

It was difficult to fight off their requests to invite him home to be inspected. He did not give the impression of being used to cooked food, and though he could imitate human speech he could never use it successfully for communication. One day he was removed from the school, probably to a zoo, and I did the best I could with a boy who had learned the right-hand columns in the seven- and eight-times tables the wrong way round, which hampered him in arithmetic; but he soon caught up with me and bounded past up the educational ladder. The last I heard of him he was a bishop.

I need hardly waste time mentioning that my family prefer to compare my literary earnings with Hemingway's rather than with Milton's (he sold *Paradise Lost* for £10, about \$29 at present exchange rates, which I make about 2700 words a dollar).

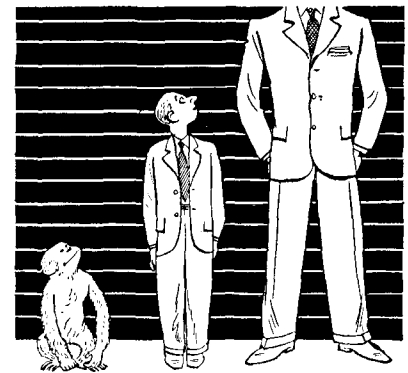
Most men I know understand the future. They feel at home in it and are not surprised when it turns up as the present. Prediction comes as easy to them as memory. They know when to buy and when to sell, where Russia or Argentina or Norway will be in five years' time, and what the lumps under the brightly colored sauce are going to taste like. Me? The future baffles me until the moment of its arrival. Then as I read the paper my cries of "Lawks-amussy" and "You could knock me down with a feather" resound through any place where I happen to be.

I cannot predict; but I claim to

be superior to the people who predict wrong. I knew a man who insisted all through 1944 that World War II would end with Japan smashing Germany while the United States, Britain, and Russia looked on. I once had a landlord who believed the world would end on January 1, 1935. (It is a horrible thought that I cannot *prove* he was wrong.) When I was eight a little girl told me if I did not stop I should be turned into a dog by a witch the very next minute. Well, I am typing this with hands, not paws. This is the grade of seer for me to be compared with, not men whose buying has the same effect on the stock markets as a match to a rocket.

The human race is very large and the average member is stunted, poor, and not very gay. If you think of it as a pyramid—and all too many teachers do—I am somewhere over halfway up. After all, I have television, a degree from a university, and a desk with nine drawers. In the Congo or the Gobi desert I should seem a pretty solid citizen and cause widespread envy. It is quite irrelevant that I do not have a car the size of a small yacht, or a private chapel, or a herd of deer, or a hat in which the original shape is still detectable.

Evolution has carried me up from the plain past the foothills. The topmost peaks may have been scaled by others; but then they like it up there. I like it down here. It is true I should like to inch my way up just a little bit higher, but that is virtuous repulsion from those below, not snobbish emulation of those above—not keeping up with the Joneses but keeping away from the Browns.



Taking the Browns as the datum line, my rating is plus one. I do not see why I should always be tested on a scale where the Joneses provide the datum line and my rating is minus five.



THE BIG TOP

by CRARY MOORE

CRARY MOORE has written stories for the Atlantic and is now at work on a book-length fiction scheme.

CHALLENGED by "the new American leisure," we are a nation grimly rededicated. Horizontal, crammed with Miltown, we will relax or bust. Our emblem, in fact our uniform, is a politer pajama.

It just caught on, like rabbits in Australia or t.b. among the Eskimos. You can't blame Mr. Truman for the sport shirt. Nor is the dervish at fault who designs it; nor the woman who buys it; nor, certainly, the reclining American who wears it. (For anything strenuous, like lawn mowing, he wears a demoted white button-down; his sport shirt is too "good" or too fragile.) When he puts it on, he is not of sound mind. Lately mangled and extruded by the subway, railway, or parkway, he is weary, desperate, prone to grab at straws — in a word, suggestible. He sheds his working getup and is reborn in another ritual garment, of spinnaker cut this time, and radioactive hue. He feels fine, now: comfortable, attractive, emancipated, off his feet.

He is off his head.

Comfortable? He may think so, but consider how he has swaddled his waist. He wears shorts (which have a thick waistband, to keep them up), an undershirt (if his sport shirt is cobweb-thin; many are), pants (another waistband, at least three layers of heavy material), belt, to keep the pants up, and finally the shirt proper. Five layers, three of which are heavy and tight.

Is he attractive? Not at present. Supposing him to be the optimum

specimen, a man normally splendid as Apollo, this is what you see of him. Arms, etc., check. Feet, ditto. Voluminous pants are de rigueur with the Shirt, but you assume they contain legs. Head, check — though it stoops like a turtle's, out of the graceless collar. Adam's apple, double check — his most prominent feature, apparently. But you wouldn't recognize the rest of him. Those T-square shoulders are rounder than muffins. Chest, subsided; stomach, assertive — insistent, really, with that great palm tree, sailfish, or whatever, slap in the middle. Waist; what waist? (Though in Boston, where the Hoover collar has come to die, the sport shirt is, occasionally, worn inside.) Our man looks pathetically jaunty or else plain gaumless. Who wouldn't, lost in an elephant cooler? The thing is a great leveler.

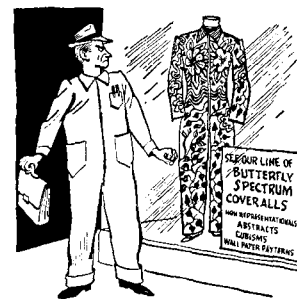
Which brings me to emancipation. We have left armor, smallclothes, and *le frac* behind, but we aren't there yet. Short of woad or tattooing, what about the coverall? There is ample precedent, and English too, which should comfort conservatives: Sir Winston Churchill's "siren suit" and its dashing Tank version, which looked so well on General Montgomery. And there are babies and flyers and gas-station men.

It's comfortable and practical; quick to put on, easy to take care of, the coverall has no belts, buttons, or tight places. The vestigial waistband is no necessity; has been, in fact, eliminated from flyers' coveralls. There need be only one layer underneath, and that thin, if the wearer will consent to a short-handled cotton union suit, rather than ordinary shorts. Without ventilation, I admit, there is too much dead-air space for comfort in hot weather; but why not cool the waist with a modest ring of portholes, like a Buick or a sola topee? On winter evenings a woolen coverall would be wonderfully cozy, and smart too, with braid on the pants in case of a sudden sortie to the opera. Or an astrakhan collar in case of a Homburg.

Thanks, I suppose, to its economy of line, the coverall is universally becoming. Those seriously afflicted with Adam's apples can resort to scarves or bow ties; though fat men might find it binding, they need only have good tailors. A man who can induce a tail coat to stay with a conductor can certainly handle a coverall. It's adaptable to a degree. Its variations, especially of the pockets, could be in-

finite. I foresee the extinction of brief cases and overnight bags.

The coverall actually does what the sport shirt is supposed to, and it has one special advantage: a large unbroken area. At last the madmen of Seventh Avenue, or wherever it is for menswear, will claim their birthright: to paint, as Kipling put it, with brushes of comet's hair. Repetitious patterns are done for already, consistency being the hobgoblin it is; and it is easy to foresee the epics, the heroic conceptions of the future: the Creation, for instance. Chaos at the cuff; suns splitting about knee level; mountains, jungles, and, perhaps, to border the collar, a little parade of one-celled animals. Or, in the Adam-and-Eve version, the serpent going up the zipper. Or Heaven from the collar downward to Hell at the cuff. But why stick at the Renaissance? There's the post-office art of the thirties; politically conscious people could emblazon themselves with the entire body social, meaningfully at work in front, culturally at play behind. Men of vision will certainly adopt the abstract manner. And that's not all. I don't know much about contemporary art, but I do know what I don't like: the apocalyptic prospect of the collage school hard at work gumming up our coveralls.



TWO WEEKS IN AUGUST

by RUTH HOLLEY HEATHERLEY

Little drops of water
Little grains of sand
Make the summer cottage
More than I can stand.

Little swarming insects
Little holes in screens
Little ice delivery
Many cans of beans.

Little children shrieking
Little sleep for me
Is it merely August
Or Eternity?



by JOHN M. CONLY

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, "Eroica" (Igor Markevitch conducting Symphony of the Air; Decca DL-9912: 12"). Mr. Markevitch here renders what might well have been the most satisfactory of all recorded "Eroicas" — the performance is both noble and vigorous — had not the engineers smeared the bass into a thunderous black murk which tone controls can do little to dispel. Still it is exciting and worth listening to.

Borodin: Quartet No. 2 in D with Smetana: **Quartet No. 1 in E Minor, "From My Life"** (Endres Quartet; Vox PL-10190: 12"). Surely two more captivating and endearing quartets never came out of Eastern Europe, and nowhere on microgroove is either set forth so heartily as here. Of the Endres Quartet I know nothing but their name and the way they play, but the latter will make me remember the former. The sound is quite good enough to be true.

Elgar: Symphony No. 2 (Sir Adrian Boult conducting Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra; Westminster XWN-18373: 12"). Elgar went the Brahmsian way, and this symphony, published fourteen years after Brahms' death, is mainly Brahmsian (it has Impressionist elements, but they are incidental), especially in its disavowal of the Wagner-Strauss programmatic thesis. It is less disciplined than anything of Brahms: there is less pressure, needing less restraint. But it is formally abstract music, poetically bent, with a fine balance of sonorous dignity and lyricism and, withal, a certain shy charm. Sir Adrian and Westminster deliver it alive and aglow.

Gluck: Orpheus and Eurydice (two versions: Hans Rosbaud conducting Leopold Simoneau, Suzanne Danco, Pierrette Alarie; Roger Blanchard chorus; Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux; Epic SC-6019. Ferenc Fricsey conducting Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Maria Stader, Rita Streich; RIAS and Berlin Chamber choirs; Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra;

Decca DXH-143. Each two 13"). Gluck originally scored the part of Orpheus for a male alto. Later he altered it for tenor, and much later Berlioz revised it for female alto. Here tenor Simoneau sings the Gluck revision, bass-baritone Fischer-Dieskau the Berlioz version. The role responds well to a male voice, but not enough so to make either of these productions first class. The Decca suffers by being sung in German (the Furies sound really odd shouting "Nein!"), and Fricsey's conducting is almost spiritless. The singers have beautiful voices, unbeautifully recorded. The French Epic is much better, but seems somehow small-scaled and pert, as if the performers really would rather have been singing Offenbach. Still, it is the best now available, the old Stiedry-Ferrier abridgment being too tinny for today. But rumor has it that another French version is being made.

Mozart: "Posthorn" Serenade; Symphony No. 29 (Eduard van Beinum conducting Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra; Epic LC-3354: 12"). There has not yet been a bad "Posthorn" on microgroove, but I

think perhaps this is the best. Its chief rival is the excellent Westminster, but that offers only a quartet of strings, and to my taste the work, really a sort of sinfonia concertante, benefits from the bigger, smoother tone of the Dutch orchestra. Anyway, it is a delight here, and so is the little Symphony No. 29.

Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite with Chabrier: **España; Ponchielli: Dance of the Hours; and Suppé: Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna** (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia ML-5171: 12"). It takes a really great artist to deliver inconsequential entertainment with such ravishing finesse as the Baronet applies to these overfamiliar staples. The sound is appropriately rich.

Geraldine Farrar in Carmen (Geraldine Farrar, soprano; Giovanni Martinelli, tenor; Pasquale Amato, baritone; various orchestras; RCA Camden CAL-359: 12"). Although Miss Farrar, America's first real home-grown prima donna, is still very much alive (in Ridgefield, Connecticut) she has been in retirement a long time, and very few of her recordings are in print. This record will bring back to older listeners, and introduce to their juniors, the effect of her lovely and incredibly eloquent voice. She sings airs — eleven — of both Carmen and Micaela, with equal great ease, and the restored recording seems (as is not uncommon) decidedly better than the original 78s were.

Heroes, Heroines & Mishaps (John Allison and the Connecticut Folk Singers; Ficker C-10001: 12"). John Allison started his folk song collecting in the Hudson Valley, but pursued it finally all across America. Selections here, delivered informally but tastefully, include *The Titanic*, *Wreck on the C & O Road*, *The Cow Chase* (from verses by the ill-fated Major John André), and *The Bowery Grenadiers*. Authentic but not painfully so; much fun.

Spotlight on Strings (various musicians playing stringed instruments old and new; Vox DL-320: 12" with text insert). This fourth of Vox's "Spotlight" series (the others: Percussion, Brass, Keyboards) presents Boston Symphony Orchestra men — not so identified — playing common and uncommon instruments of the string family. Especially notable is the horrid moaning of the *tromba marina*. Instructive, amusing, and very hi-fi.

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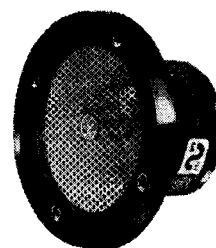
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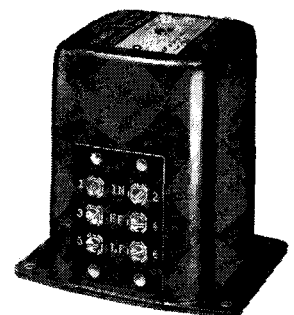
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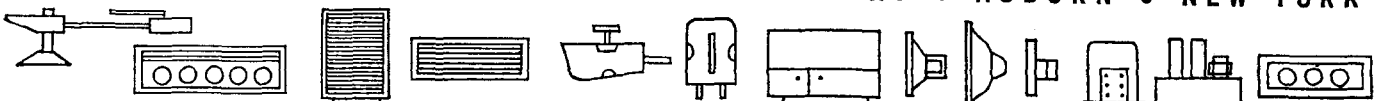


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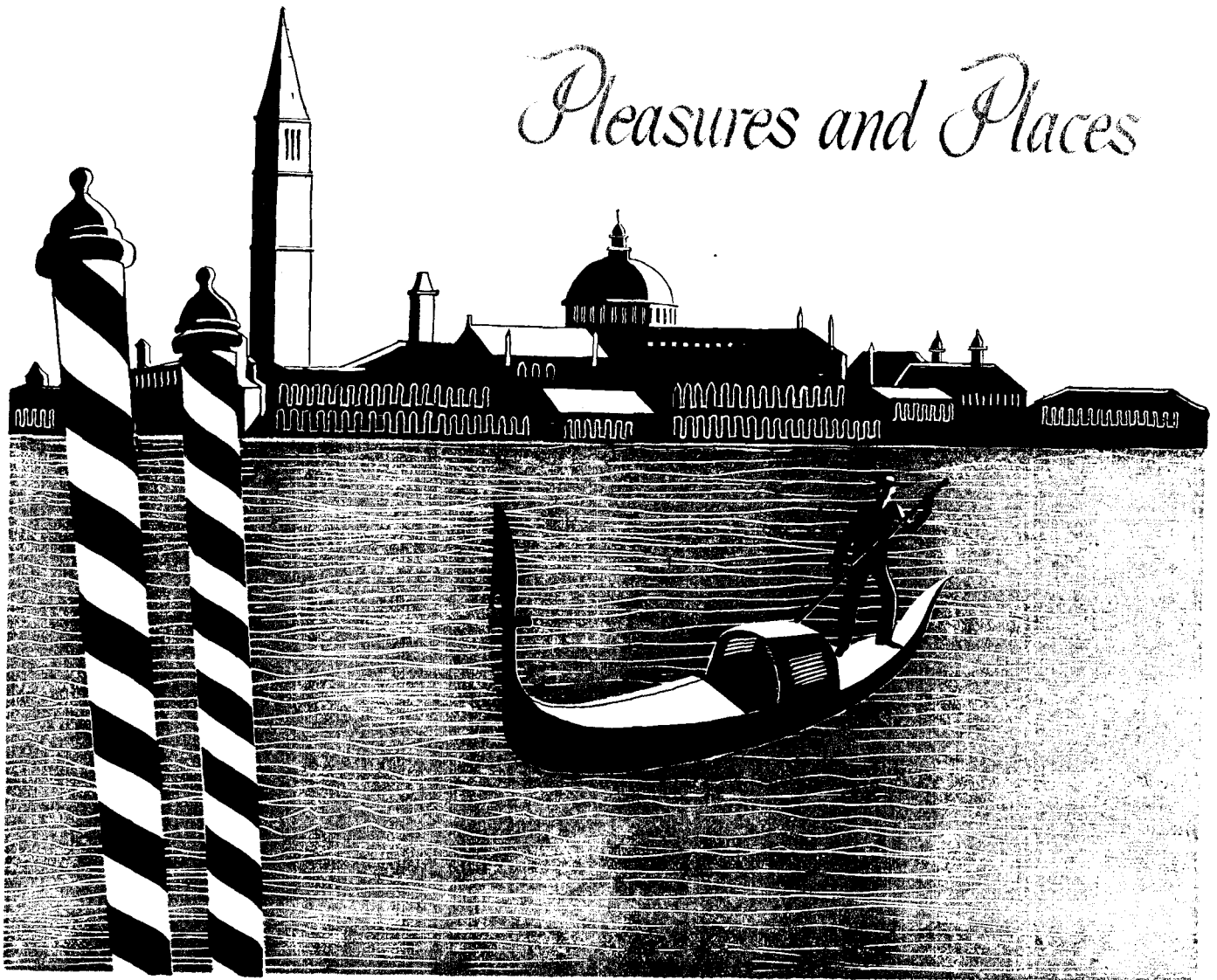


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Pleasures and Places



VENETIAN HOTEL

COLONEL ROBERT CANTWELL, the crusty hero of Ernest Hemingway's novel *Across the River and into the Trees*, refers to the Gritti-Palace Hotel in Venice as "the best hotel in a city of great hotels." Mr. Hemingway has personally endorsed his hero's testimonial by writing in the Gritti's guestbook: "To our home in Venice." After his African air crash in 1951, Hemingway announced that he was going to recuperate at the Gritti — "on a cure of scampi and Valpolicella."

In the course of its relatively brief career — it only opened its doors in 1948, which makes it one of the youngest of the world's de luxe hotels — the Gritti has achieved a clientele of formidable luster. Among its patrons one finds a diversity of royal personages (the King of Belgium, Prince Philip, Princess Margaret);

eminent statesmen and military leaders (Churchill, Marshall, Ridgway, Mark Clark); great names in the arts; leaders of haute couture; ambassadors and movie stars galore, and a sizable cross section of the surviving nobility.

The qualities which have projected the Gritti to this enviable eminence are not at first sight obvious. As a newcomer to the coterie of great hotels, it does not have behind it the long and lordly tradition of Claridge's in London or the romantic associations of that other superlative Venetian hotel, the Royal Danielli (which is under the same ownership). Its public rooms lack the heroic proportions and the ostentatious lavishness of those at the Georges V in Paris or the Madrid Castellana Hilton. It is not as up-to-date, where gadgetry is concerned, as many establishments in

Europe and most first-class hotels in the United States; and it is not run with the machinelike efficiency which makes The Four Seasons at Hamburg one of the wonders of the hotel world. The Gritti's particular distinction is that it gives its clients the sensation of staying in a private house, the kind of private house which the most privileged among them would be delighted to live in.

The choicer suites of the Gritti, with their seventeenth-century Venetian furnishings and Renaissance paintings hanging on the walls; the restaurant terrace on the Grand Canal, facing Longhena's lovely baroque church, the Madonna della Salute; the chef's *mousse de foie gras au porto* and his sole *Primo Amore* — they leave the visitor sharing the feeling once expressed by Winston Churchill: "I am not really hard to please. I am easily satisfied with the best of everything." And the prices one pays at the Gritti are no higher

than those of other de luxe hotels in Italy.

Doge's palace

When the Gritti opened, the first arrivals were a family of three who took one look around and started to beat a retreat. The assistant manager, Leonetto Filippi, inquired if he could be of service, and the visitors explained that they had made an embarrassing mistake — the hotel was obviously beyond their means. Filippi, a superstitious man, felt it would be a sinister omen if the first prospective clients were to go away, and he induced the family to stay by offering them accommodations for whatever they could afford to pay. This gesture must have charmed the spirits who preside over the hotel business, for the Gritti, in the early stages of its career, had two resounding strokes of luck. The first was the decision of the British Ambassador to Italy to lodge Princess Margaret and her party at the Gritti when she visited Venice in 1948. The second was Ernest Hemingway's novel, which gave the Gritti a *réclame* on this side of the Atlantic that no amount of money could buy.

Another famous American novelist, the late Sinclair Lewis, wrote much of his last book at the Gritti; and it was there that Lewis and Hemingway were introduced to each other for the first time.

The Gritti Palace, built at the end of the fifteenth century, came into being as the home of Andrea Gritti, the seventy-seventh Doge of Venice. From the early years of the present century to the late 1940s, the Gritti served as an annex to the Grand Hotel, its next-door neighbor. The



inside of the building was then entirely remodeled; but the exterior, like that of all palazzi on the Grand Canal, remains in its original state. Frank Lloyd Wright has called the

façade of the Gritti "the best expression of Venetian decoration."

About half of the Gritti's rooms are decorated in contemporary style. The remainder, each of them different, have period furnishings, among which are some pieces of considerable value. The "green and gold" suite on the first floor, overlooking the Grand Canal — the favorite of the Aga Khan — is entirely seventeenth-century Venetian. The treasures distributed through the other suites include an early fifteenth-century Venetian vanity chest of mahogany, ebony, and ivory, and paintings by Guercino, by masters of the schools of Giorgione and Caravaggio, and by Rocco Marconi, one of the best pupils of Bellini. Lamps from late seventeenth-century Venetian galleons illuminate the corridors. In the main salon there are several fine pieces of eighteenth-century majolica from the workshops of the royal palace at Capo di Monte near Naples. And on the ground floor there is an ancient clock with chimes rather like those of Big Ben which an American visitor was desperately eager to buy for an extravagant sum.

During the redecoration of the Gritti, when the whitewash was removed from one of the ceilings in the servants' quarters, a fine fresco by Giovanni Tiepolo was uncovered, depicting a symbolic figure of Venice placing a laurel leaf on the head of the Doge, Pisani. The fresco was transferred — somewhat cavalierly, it would seem — to the ceiling of the first-floor corridor, where hundreds of guests must have walked under it without suspecting that a museum piece lay overhead.

The V.I.P. treatment

Perhaps the most crucial element in the Gritti's success is that it is, with the exception of the Avis in Lisbon, the smallest of the world's de luxe hotels. Its seventy-five rooms can accommodate at most 125 visitors; and this enables the management to give each and every guest the V.I.P. treatment. One rainy afternoon when I returned to the hotel soaking wet, the concierge politely scolded me for not telephoning for an umbrella. I pointed out that I was a long way away when the downpour started, and he assured me the Gritti would have thought nothing of sending a page to the furthest end of Venice.

When the Gritti is full, there is one

employee to every guest. For two thirds of the year, the staff outnumber the patrons by as much as two to one. The Gritti's manager, Grand' Ufficiale Raffaele Masprone — his title, higher than Commendatore, is



one awarded for merit — and his assistant, Leonetto Filippi, quite literally discharge the old-fashioned role of mine host. They make a point of knowing each visitor by name, and they inquire daily about his or her welfare and desires. When you leave the Gritti after a first visit, your name is added to a file which records the tastes and idiosyncrasies (generous, stingy, "difficult," and so on) of all the Gritti's patrons.

After an embarrassing incident involving one of the Gritti's precious Persian rugs and the lap dog of a Greek princess, the management regretfully decided that its patrons' dogs would have to be quartered elsewhere; and a member of the Gritti's staff thoughtfully opened a canine *pensione*. The Aga Khan's parrot, however, is a habitué of the Gritti and he has made the most of his opportunities: he is very possibly the only parrot in the world whose repertoire includes the cry of the Venetian gondoliers, "*Vuole di li? — Are you crossing?*"

A great "conductor"

A hotel, it has been said, is like an orchestra — it needs a good conductor. The Gritti's "conductor," Raffaele Masprone, is unquestionably one of the world's most accomplished hotelkeepers. A tall, silver-haired man, always impeccably groomed, Masprone looks much younger than his seventy-odd years. With his monocle and courtly manners, his warm-hearted charm and genuine solicitude, he epitomizes the gentleman of the old school at his best.

Masprone, whose father was in the hotel business in Verona, has learned

his job from the ground up. He served his apprenticeship at Claridge's in London, the Meurice in Paris, the Bristol in Berlin, and the Waldorf in New York. After stints at the Fairmont in San Francisco and other hotels in Philadelphia and Chicago, he became director of the Bristol in Los Angeles, returning to Paris after having acquired further experience in Honolulu, Japan, China, and Russia. After the First World War, in which he served as a captain of infantry, Masprone managed various hotels in Italy and was director of the Excelsior in Naples from 1927 until it was burned down in the Second World War.

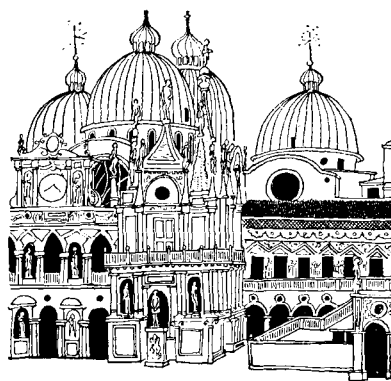
In the fire that destroyed the Excelsior, Masprone lost his remarkable collection of 500 signed photographs of world-famous figures; in it was a snapshot of Rudyard Kipling, whose wife would not let him be photographed, which was taken by a friend of Masprone's through the button-hole of his shirt. Masprone managed, however, to save his equally arresting collection of autographs, which begins in his father's day with signatures of Ulysses S. Grant and Giuseppe Verdi.

The Hemingway touch

The Gritti's assistant manager, 44-year-old Leonetto Filippi, is a good-looking six-footer with an amiably owlish expression and ebullient spirits. He has been associated with Masprone since 1932. Filippi, who claims that his uncle was the first man to introduce a jazz band to Italy, started his career as a cigarette boy in his father's dance hall in Rome, and later worked as a dishwasher, waiter, and cook. He was organizing hotels in Ethiopia when Italy went to war and he spent five years as a prisoner of the British in Kenya. There he became fluent in English, raised tomatoes, and learned a smattering of Swahili, which has greatly endeared him to Ernest Hemingway. When Hemingway arrived at the Gritti after his African air crash, he was greeted in Swahili as "Sir-of-the-aircraft-that-crashed-too-much."

The "Gran Maestro" of *Across the River and into the Trees* — he really did fight with Hemingway in the First World War — is no longer with the Gritti; he married one of the patrons, reportedly an American millionairess, and is now living in the United States. But in this instance nature seems to have imitated art,

and his successor as maître d'hôtel, Cavaliere Renato Corradi, gives the impression of having stepped straight out of a novel by Hemingway (except that he doesn't ever drink). Corradi — a bald, lantern-jawed man who occasionally sports a monocle and who is well provided with a sharp, sardonic sense of humor — has combined a career as maître d'hôtel with active service in three wars, in the last of which he rose to the rank of colonel. "You can say," he volunteered with relish, "that I am a war criminal. *Sì, sì è vero. Sono criminale di guerra.*" Apparently when Corradi was captured by the Americans in Turin in 1944, he did not shilly-shally about having belonged to the Fascist Party, and was stunned to find himself forthwith classified as a war criminal. His



candor, however, made such an impression on the interrogating officer — "You're the first man I've met between Sicily and Turin," he said, "who admits to being a Fascist" — that Corradi, after his record had been found crimeless, was appointed interpreter to the American forces.

Grande cuisine

The restaurant over which Corradi presides is one of the most memorable aspects of the Gritti. There are scores of restaurants in Italy which are admirable but only a few which rise to the exalted level of what the French call *la grande cuisine* — and the Gritti is one of those few. The Gritti's chef, Pietro Balestreki — a venerable artist wisely summoned from retirement by Signor Masprone — has a culinary background which is French and cosmopolitan rather than Italian. He learned his métier in the early years of the century at the Palace and the Ritz in Madrid, and later worked in such exacting establishments as the Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo; the Kulm, St. Moritz; the Stephanie, Baden Baden; and the Crillon, Paris. The phase of his career

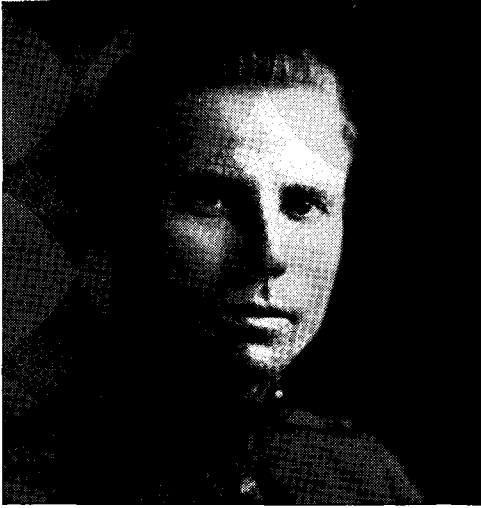
which justly fills him with the greatest pride is his two terms as chef at what in its heyday was perhaps the greatest restaurant in Paris — Paillard's. The former King of Italy, when he was Crown Prince, once dispatched his chef to study under Balestreki.

In his youth, Balestreki was responsible for an innovation in high-toned Parisian cuisine. When he went to work at the Hôtel Loti in Paris, the use of garlic was *absolument défendu* in elegant establishments. Balestreki — determined to prove his thesis that "garlic has the same place in cooking as poisons in medicine: in small quantities it is beneficial" — prepared a dish for an important patron with an undetectable *soupeçon* of garlic. The client was rhapsodic; and when the manager relayed his compliments to the chef, Balestreki triumphantly confessed to use of the forbidden herb. Thereafter a touch of garlic was legitimized at the Loti, and in due course other chic establishments followed suit.

Among Balestreki's masterpieces at the Gritti are mousse of foie gras in port wine; a *suppa di pesce* or Italian bouillabaisse, in the preparation of which the customary olive oil is largely replaced by butter; filet of sole Stephanie, which has come to be known as sole *Primo Amore*; and chicken à la Gritti — chicken quartered and boiled in consommé, then placed on a bed of *fettucini* and baked for seven minutes under a generous covering of sauce Mornay and grated Parmesan.

There are two more key men in Signore Masprone's impeccably functioning team. One is the concierge, Egidio Lis, who, in a profession in which a certain amount of wizardry is a routine requirement, stands out as an infinitely resourceful, courteous, and conscientious operator. The other is Vittorio Paolucci, the barman, who learned to mix drinks the American way after the war when he was in charge of the bar at the Miramonti Hotel, Cortina d'Ampezzo, then an American officers' rest center. Like all of the staff of the Gritti, Paolucci is a Hemingway fan, and nothing delights him more than to be asked for "a Montgomery" — the fifteen-to-one Martini favored by Colonel Cantwell. A connoisseur of Hemingway's drinking habits, he says diplomatically: "*Il signor Hemingway beve con coraggio* — Hemingway drinks with courage."

CHARLES J. ROLO



A bullet for Charlemagne

THE thickset Caco general got slowly to his feet. Behind him, in the darkness, stood an ugly backdrop of a hundred Haitian outlaws. At his feet, a woman stirred a small fire.

Confronting him, the tattered young man in blackface disguise saw the fire gleam on his white silk shirt and pearl handled pistol and knew this was the murderous chieftain, Charlemagne Masena Peralte. The man he'd come for, through a jungle and a 1200-man encampment, past six hostile outposts, risking detection and certain death.

Charlemagne squinted across the fire. "Who is it?" he challenged in Creole.

There was no alternative; Marine Sergeant Herman Hanneken dropped his disguise, drew an automatic, and fired.

The night exploded into gunflame, most of it from Hanneken's second-in-command, Marine Corporal Button, and his handful of disguised Haitian gendarmes. But the shot that killed Charlemagne was the one which would finally end Caco terror and bring peace to Haiti.

Sergeant Hanneken is retired now—as Brigadier General

Hanneken, USMC, with a Silver Star for Guadalcanal, a Legion of Merit for Peleliu, a Bronze Star for Cape Gloucester, a Gold Star, and a Navy Cross. And, for his incredible expedition against Charlemagne, November 1, 1919, the Medal of Honor.

The Herman Hannekens are a rare breed, it is true. Yet in all Americans there is much of the courage and character which they possess in such unusual abundance. Richer than gold, greater, even, than our material resources, it is the *living* wealth behind one of the world's soundest investments—United States Savings Bonds. It backs our country's guarantee: safety of principal up to any amount, and an assured rate of return. For real security, buy Bonds regularly, through your bank or the Payroll Savings Plan, and hold onto them!

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